SLATED TO BE A MAJOR
MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH™
THE SERIES
DDP
ISSUE #1 MAY 2007 $3.50
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY IA
1ST ISSUE
01201
8 82142 00076 2

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH™
THE SERIES
1ST ISSUE
DDP
ISSUE #1 MAY 2007 $3.50
01202>
8 82142 00076 2
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

THE SERIES

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

WRITEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY EMILY STONE COLORS BY COURTNEY VIA

LETTERS BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY DESIGN BY SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

PRODUCED BY DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS VP MARKETING SUSAN BISHOP

ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY

STAFF LETTERER BRIAN J. CROWLEY WEBMASTER CRANK!

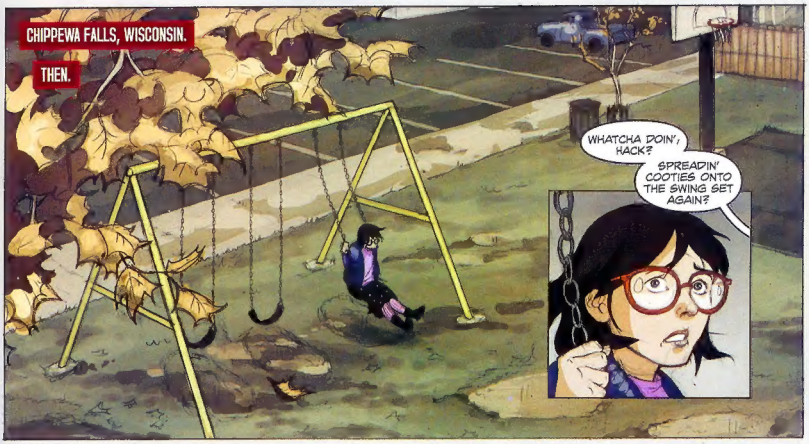
WEBSTORE MANAGER CAITLIN MCKAY

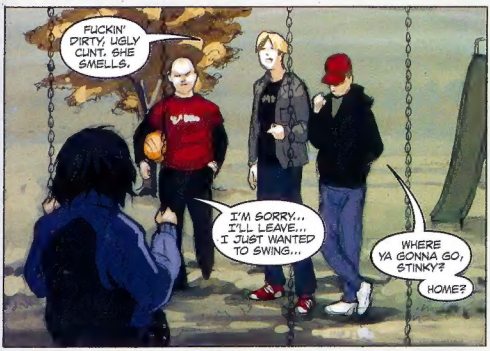
HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #1. MAY, 2007. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 4619 N. Ravenswood Ave. #204, Chicago, IL 60640. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2007 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. KUNDISH AS SALES 773-321-9478. Printed in Canada.

www.devilsdue.net

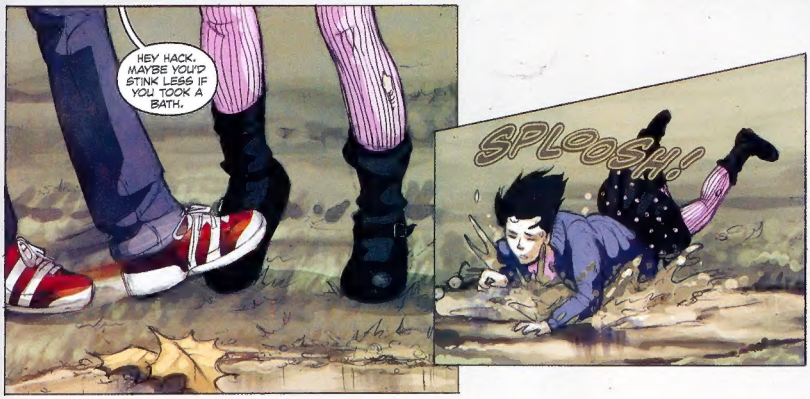
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
NOW.
SVVVNNNNNNNNNN!
SVVVNNNN
I WANT YOU TO FREE ASSOCIATE WITH ME.
COME NOW. TALK TO ME. PAIN. AGONY.
WHAT DOES IT UNLOCK, MS. HACK?

WEE WEE WEE...
WHAT?
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. SPEAK UP.
WHAT COMES TO YOUR MIND?
NNH... THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT WEE WEE WEE...
...ALL THE WAY HOME.
MAKE YOUR JOKES. HIDE WITHIN YOUR CAGE OF FLESH. I STRIPPED AWAY MY OWN MASK TO FREE MYSELF.
AND I HAVE PEELED BACK THE LIES OF OTHERS UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS BONE.
MY TRUTH IS THIS: I DID THINGS TO MY STUDENTS... SICK THINGS. AND THEY TURNED ME IN. THEY RUINED ME.
SO, THERAPEUTICALLY, I TOOK THEM APART... REVEALED THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM.
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF MY STUDENTS. YET YOU SOUGHT ME OUT. WHY?
DID YOU HOPE TO STOP ME? IS THAT IT?
OR DID YOU SIMPLY NEED A PSYCHOLOGIST?
IF THAT IS THE CASE, THEN, LET US DO THIS PROPERLY. MS. HACK...
...TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.


CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.
THEN.
WHATCHA DOIN', HACK?
SPREADIN' COOTIES ONTO THE SWING SET AGAIN?


FUCKIN' DIRTY, UGLY CUNT. SHE SMELLS.
I'M SORRY... I'LL LEAVE... I JUST WANTED TO SWING...
WHERE YA GONNA GO, STINKY?
HOME?

YEAH... SHE'S GONNA GO TELL HER BIG, FAT BITCH *MOM.*
OOH YEAH... WATCH OUT FOR *THE LUNCH LADY!*


HEY HACK. MAYBE YOU'D STINK LESS IF YOU TOOK A BATH.
SPLOOSH!

SHUNHF
SHUNHF

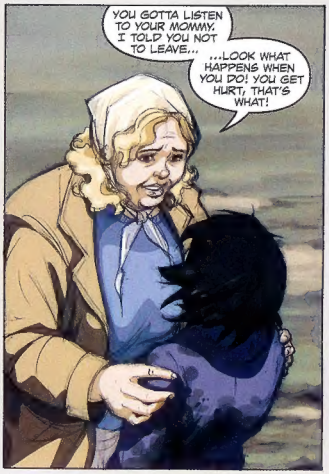
AHUHHH...
AHUHHHHH...

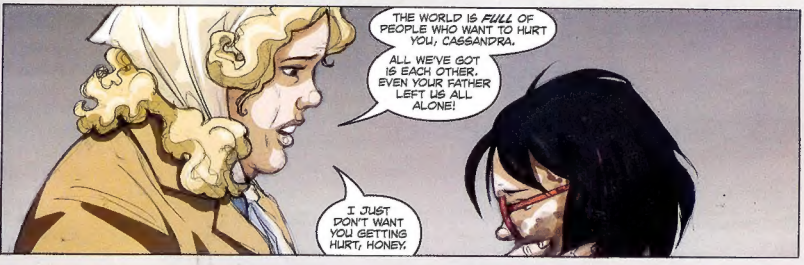
HAH. LOOKIT THAT CRYBABY.
YEAH... JOE, MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE HER ALONE NOW, MAN.
WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING!?

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BOYS! LEAVE HER ALONE!

GET UP HONEY. GET UP.
WHAT'D THEY DO TO YOU?
UN HUNNH... NOTHIN', MOMMA, NOTHIN'...

WHY'D YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE!?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE.
BU-BUT... MOMMA.

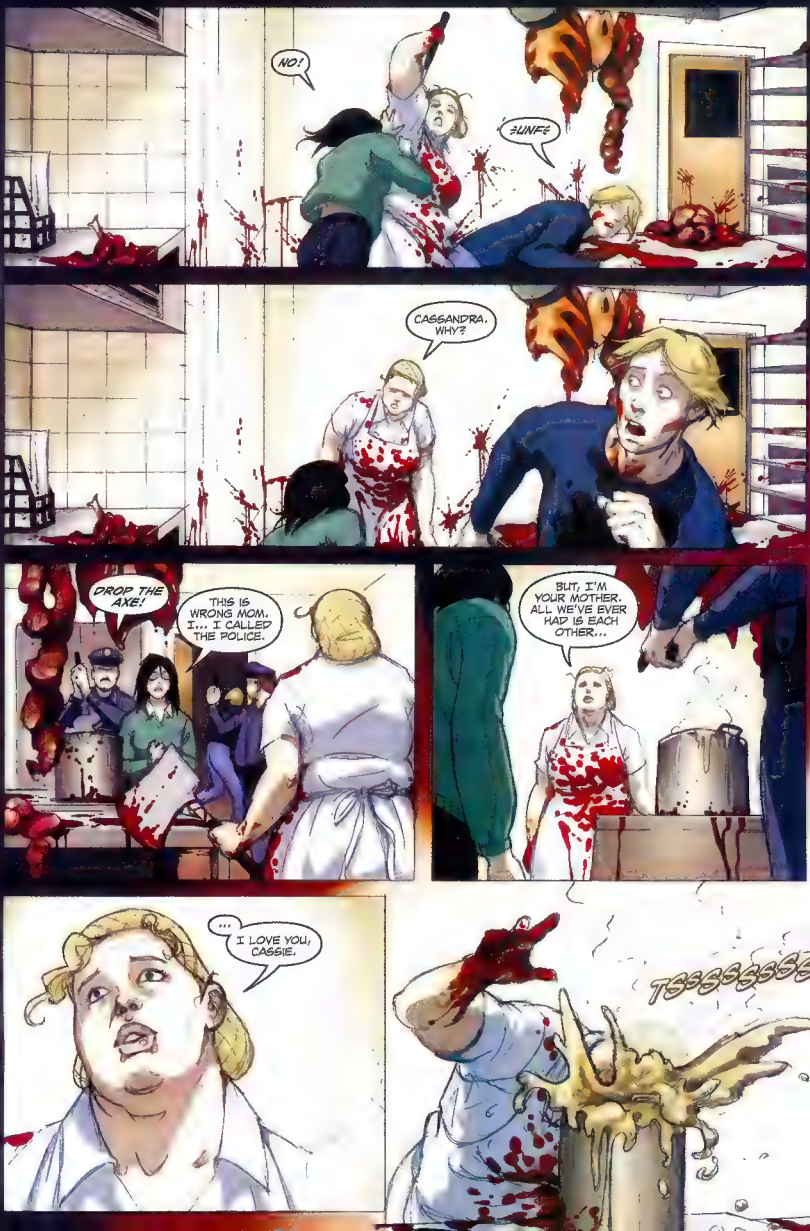

YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO YOUR MOMMY. I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE...
...LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DO! YOU GET HURT, THAT'S WHAT!


THE WORLD IS *FULL* OF PEOPLE WHO WANT TO HURT YOU, CASSANDRA.
ALL WE'VE GOT IS EACH OTHER. EVEN YOUR FATHER LEFT US ALL ALONE!
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT, HONEY.

MOM... NOT... NOT HERE.

NOW.
FUCK YOU.
I'VE BEEN SAYING IT FOR AWHILE... I BELIEVE THE DAYS OF THE SIMPLE SLASH AND STAB ARE ENDING.
THERE'S NO STATEMENT IN IT. THESE DAYS IT'S ALL ABOUT THE GORE AND THE TORTURE.
IT'S DIFFICULT TO BE AN INNOVATOR LIKE MYSELF. BUT IT'S OBVIOUS I'M ON TO SOMETHING.
PHYSICAL PAIN UNLOCKS PSYCHOLOGICAL PAIN.
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WHEN I MENTIONED YOUR MOTHER WAS PERHAPS EVEN MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN YOUR VISAGE WHEN I REMOVED YOUR TOE.
WHAT KIND OF PERSON SEEKS OUT KILLERS AND SADISTS, MS. HACK?
SVVVVNNNN!
WHAT KIND OF PERSON FOLLOWS A TRAIL...
...OF BLOOD?

THEN.
AAAAAH!
ZAHNNE ZHUNHE
OH GOD...
...PLEASE STOP, MS. HACK... PLEASE...
NOT SO BRAVE NOW, ARE YA JOE FITCH?
YOU WERE AWFUL TOUGH WHEN YOU WERE TERRORIZING MY LITTLE GIRL WEREN'T YOU?
WEREN'T YOU?!
MOM...
...MOM, YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS.
THIS ISN'T RIGHT MOM!
YOU CAN'T JUST KILL EVERYONE!
NOW CASSIE...
...YOUR MOTHER KNOWS BEST.
THOSE OTHER KIDS AND THIS BOY...
THEY WERE BEING SO CRUEL TO YOU. YOU'RE SUCH A SWEET GIRL CASSIE.
NEVER HARMED ANYONE. BUT THE WAY THEY TREATED YOU.
THEY LIKED TO HURT YOU. SOULESS CREATURES THEY ARE.
JUST SO MUCH MEAT.


NO!
SUNF!
CASSANDRA. WHY?
DROP THE AXE!
THIS IS WRONG MOM. I... I CALLED THE POLICE.
BUT, I'M YOUR MOTHER. ALL WE'VE EVER HAD IS EACH OTHER...
...
I LOVE YOU, CASSIE.
TSSSSSSSS

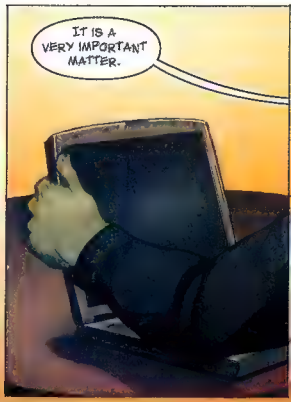
ANOTHER ONE DOWN.
SWALLOWS
LET'S SEE... AN IMPULSIVE ATTRACTION TO VIOLENCE, A LACK OF CONCERN FOR OWN WELL-BEING.
A FAILURE TO CONFORM TO SOCIAL NORMS. NOT TO MENTION THAT FLAT VOICE AND THE DISPLAY OF LOW AFFECT.
I'D SAY YOU'RE A PRIME CANDIDATE FOR A DIAGNOSIS OF ANTISOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER.
A DIFFICULT DISORDER TO LIVE WITH.
WHEN NOT PROPERLY TREATED, THOSE WITH THIS CONDITION OFTEN END UP IMPRISONED OR ENGAGING IN RISKY BEHAVIOR THAT COULD LEAD THEM TO BEING INJURED. MAIMED EVEN.
THERE'S ALSO THE INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS.
THOSE SUFFERING FROM THIS DISORDER HAVE DIFFICULTY MAKING AND MAINTAINING FRIENDSHIPS.
TELL ME MS. HACK...
...DO YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS?

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
THEN.
JESUS. WHO THE HELL DID YOU HIT?
SHIT, MAN... I DUNNO. BUT FROM WHAT WAS GOIN' ON UP HERE...
THIS IS EITHER A VICTIM OF THE MEATMAN KILLER OR IT IS THE MEATMAN KILLER...
WE DID IT... WE GOT THE REAL KILLER.
HURR... YES. WE GOT HIM.
I'M SORRY I ATTACKED YOU.
EVERYONE WAS SAYING THE MEATMAN KILLED ALL THOSE KIDS.
I... GOT CAUGHT UP IN IT.
OFTEN I AM BLAMED.
I HAVE LEARNED THAT MY FACE CAN FIND ME MANY TRUPPLES.
TROUBLES.
YES. ALSO THOSE.
WELL, THE SLASHER IS PASTED ALL OVER THE FRONT OF A TRAIN. I'M DONE HERE.
IT WAS... UH... GOOD TO MEET YOU, MEATMAN.

VLAD. MY NAME...
...IT IS VLAD.
LOOK... VLAD. I'M TRAVELING THE COUNTRY TAKING CARE OF SLASHERS.
AND, WELL, YOU WERE REALLY HELPFUL UP THERE WITH JULIAN...
...I COULD USE THE EXTRA MUSCLE. IT'S NO PARTY, BUT...
HURR... I DO NOT... HURR...
YES. I WILL GO.
WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER WITH OUR TRUFFLES.

NOW.
CAN I GET A SOY CHAI LATTE?
AND ALSO YOUR PHONE NUMBER?
OH.
THAT'S NOT THE REACTION I WAS...
HOLY SHIT
HURR...
...DO YOU HAVE WIFEY ACCESS?
WIFEY?
OH, WI-FI...
...YEAH
...YES.

GOOD. I WILL NEED TO BORROW SOME, YES?


IT IS A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.

PET TRACKS.com
KEEPING TRACK OF YOUR PETS
I MUST FIND MY FRIEND.

HE'S FREAKING OUT THE CUSTOMERS. GO TELL HIM TO LEAVE.
BUT...
PLEASE!

HEY, UM... MAN?
YOU'LL HAVE TO UH... LEAVE?
Y'KNOW, CUZ, YOU UH... CAN'T BE HERE.

HURR... I APOLOGIZE.
IT IS RUDE OF ME TO USE YOUR WI-FI AND NOT BE A PAYING CUSTOMER.
I WILL HAVE A COFFEE YES?
UM... BUT... OKAY.

THIS ADDRESS. IT IS NEAR, YES?
UM... YEAH... THREE BLOCKS NORTH.
CONDOS, I THINK.
PET TRICKS
COLLAR LOCATION
GIVE THIS MAN MY COFFEE.
I MUST LEAVE. THANK YOU.
UM... ONE COFFEE FOR THAT GUY.
MY HERO.
I AM COMING, CASSANDRA.

HMM... STILL NOT TALKING, MS. HACK?
PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO SWITCH FROM THE TOES TO YOUR TONGUE SINCE YOU AREN'T USING IT MUCH ANY--
WHOOF
UHHHH... SUCH VIGOROUS DISDAIN FOR THE MALE SEXUAL ORGAN.
=HUNNNH=
PERHAPS I HAD YOU FIGURED WRONG...
...PERHAPS YOUR DISORDER STEMS FROM A DISLIKE OF MALES.
A RAMPANT CASE OF PENIS ENVY.
A STIFLED ELECTRA COMPLEX.
WHAT'S WRONG, MS. HACK? DID DADDY NOT HUG YOU ENOUGH?

THEN.
HI DEB. YEAH... THIS IS DELILAH.
I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'D SEEN JACK DOWN THERE AT THE PUB.
NO? YEAH. OKAY. NO... NOTHING SERIOUS.
HE JUST... WELL, HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HOME A FEW HOURS AGO. SURE.
WELL, LET ME KNOW IF HE SHOWS UP.
MR. PINK, MOMMY'S WORRIED CUZ DADDY DIDN'T COME HOME FROM WORK.
I'M NOT WORRIED.
DADDY WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND.
ANY SECOND..

I'M AFRAID THAT LAST BIT OF ACTING OUT HAS CONVINCED ME THAT YOU ARE UNTREATABLE MS. HACK.
TIME'S UP. THIS SESSION IS OVER.
WHA--?
HURR...
WHO'S HERE? COME OUT!
HURR...
COME OUT, OR I'LL CUT THE GIRL FROM CHIN TO BELLY BUTTON...
...AND LET HER WATCH HER INSIDES SPILL OUT.

GHUH!
SHUNK!
SHUNK!

CASSANDRA!
YOUR FOOT!
I'M FINE. UNTIE ME. HE'S ALL MINE.
YA WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT ME DOC?
I'M REALLY FUCKED UP.
Noooooooooooooooo!

LATER.
OTEL
ELLO
I DO NOT THINK WE SHOULD USE YOU AS BAIT ANY MORE. IT IS TOO RISKY.
DAMN IT. THAT'S ANOTHER SHIRT THAT I CAN'T WEAR OUT IN PUBLIC.
WE GOTTA STOP BLEEDING THESE GUYS OUT SO BAD. WE CAN'T AFFORD THE WARDROBE COSTS.
DAMN, DAMN, DAMN! I TOTALLY ..OVED THESE STOCKINGS!
I SAID I AM CONCERNED. THIS PLAN WAS TOO DANGEROUS.
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED. NOT TO MENTION WHAT ELSE HE COULD HAVE DONE TO YOU.
CASSANDRA?
CASSANDRA?
AHUNHH... AHUHHHHH...
IT IS... OKAY LITTLE CASSANDRA. IT IS OKAY.
AHUNNH...

THE CRANE CENTER.
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.
THIS IS DR. WHITE.
I'M FOLLOWING UP ON REPORT #6064...
...YOU'VE FOUND NO EVIDENCE THAT CELITOTECH IS CARRYING ANY FURTHER RESEARCH INTO THE PHENOMENON?*
*SEE HACK/SLASH: CLOB HARD
GOOD. ARRANGE FOR ANYONE WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINNESOTA BRANCH'S ACTIVITIES TO GO INTO "RETIREMENT". YES. THE USUAL.
BAG AND TAG EVERYTHING YOU FIND IN THE MINNESOTA FACILITY AND HAVE IT SENT HERE.
I DON'T CARE HOW CRISPY IT IS. I WANT IT.
YES. THANK YOU. GOOD NIGHT.
DR. JACK HACK, PSYD.
DR. JACK HACK, PS

NEW YORK CITY.
WHOOOOO!!!
I TELL YA WHAT, I NEVER BOOKED YOU GUYS CUZ YOU SUCKED, BUT, YOU GOT SOMETHING GOIN' NOW.
YOU REALLY PACKED 'EM IN. HOW'D YOU DO IT, SIXX?
SIMPLE, MAN. I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.
YEAAAHHHHH!
HAH. YEAH. THE DEVIL.
MMMFFF
MMMFFF
SiX SiXX Dressing room
MMMFFF
MMMFFF
TO BE CONTINUED...

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM **ROGUE** PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH™

THE SERIES

DDP

ISSUE #2 JUNE 2007 $3.50

01201>

8 82142 00076 2

TIM SEELEY

EMILY STONE

COURTNEY VIA

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES

HACK/SLASH
THE SERIES

DDP
ISSUE #2 JUNE 2007 $3.50
01203
82142 00076 2

TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

THE SERIES

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY EMILY STONE COLORS BY COURTNEY VIA

LETTERS BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY DESIGN BY SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

PRODUCED BY DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS VP MARKETING SUSAN BISHOP

ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY

GRAPHIC DESIGN BRIAN J. CROWLEY WEBMASTER CRANK!

WEBSTORE MANAGER CAITLIN MCKAY

19 MILES OUTSIDE OF TAMPA BAY, FLORIDA...
9 MONTHS AGO.
Jim & Edna's
TONIGHT:
ACID WASHED
BEER
BUZ LIGHT
Mullet
HIGH LIFE
♫ YOUR LOVE EATS THROUGH MY ARMOR!
♫ ACID WASHED! YOU DISSOLVE MY RESTRAAAAINT! ACID WASHED! YOUR LOVE LEAVES A STAIN!
♫ MELT MEEEEEEE, BABY! ♫
WOO! PLAY SOME SKYNARD!
YEAH!!
THESE ARE ALL YOURS, BOYS!
♫RIGHT

I DON'T GET IT. WHERE'S THE FAME?
WHERE'S THE DRUGS? WHERE'S THE GROUPIES?
WE GOT GERTRUDE.
WE PLAY MUSIC THAT MAKES PEOPLE FORGET THEIR PROBLEMS.
OUR SONGS WILL MAKE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN ROCK AND ROLL AGAIN.
WE SHOULD BE TOURING STADIUMS, NOT SHIT HOLES IN TAMPA.
WE SHOULD BE GETTIN' MORE ASS THAN A CHURCH PEW.
YEAH... WELL, I CALL FIRST DIBS ON GERTRUDE.
YOU EVER STOP TO THINK MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE WE SUCK?
I MEAN, "YOUR LOVE LEAVES A STAIN"?
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
MAYBE WE COULD, Y'KNOW, PRACTICE?
PRACTICE? WE DON'T NEED IT. THIS MUSIC IS IN US. I WAS CONCEIVED TO A KISS RECORD.
I GOT BREAST FED TO MOTLEY CRUE. WE'VE ALL GOT ROCK IN OUR SOULS.
DID SOMEONE MENTION SOULS?
I BELIEVE YOU'RE CORRECT, MR. SIXX. YOU HAVE POTENTIAL.
IT JUST NEEDS THE PROPER INCENTIVE TO BE UNLEASHED.
YEAH, AND WHO ARE YOU? A RECORD EXECUTIVE?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

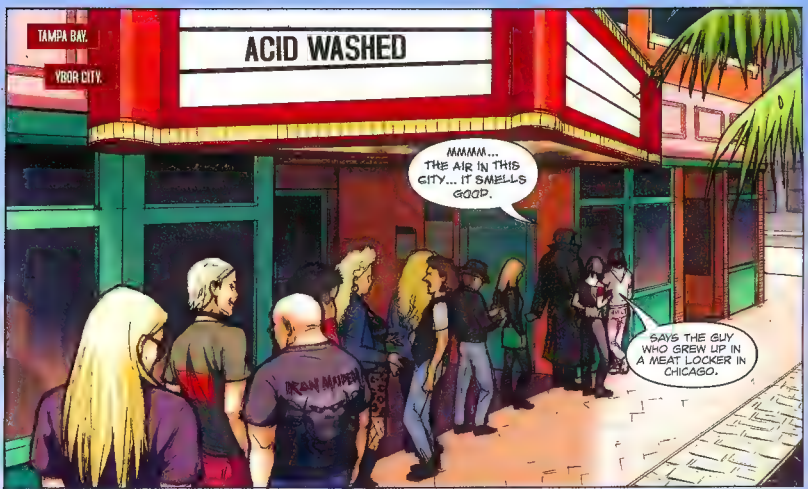
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.
TODAY.
99¢ CASTLE
NOTHING OVER A DOLLAR!
URM... THEY MATCH YOUR HAIR, YES?
99¢
SIGHS CAN'T I EVEN SHOP FOR UNDERWEAR WITHOUT YOU?
GO LOOK AT THE TOYS OR SOMETHING.
BAIT
SPECIAL
SHOTGUN SHELLS 25/BOX
THEY HAVE NOTHING GOOD HERE.
ALL THE SPIDER-MANS ARE COLORED WRONG.
YEAH? AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT SINCE THAT NUT BAG LOPPED OFF MY TOES.
*SEE ISSUE #1! --MASOCHISTIC MIKE
I'M BUYING LINGERIE IN A FUCKING DOLLAR STORE.
PLEASE, LET ME WALK ON MY OWN AND SAVE MY LAST SHRED OF DIGNITY.

SEEZ I'M NOT A CRIPP--
AGHK!!
GODDAMN COCKSUCKING MOTHERFUCKING CHRIST IN A TREE!
GOD'S XXL PROPERTY
WHAAAAAH!
YOU MUST EXCUSE HER. SHE HAS ONLY A SMALL SHRED OF DIGNITY.
BEEP BEEP

CHRIS.
YOU CALLED AT A GOOD TIME.
I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GUYS.
WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHIN', LISA! JUST TALKING TO CASSIE.
LISA?
UM, YEAH... I'M AT HER PLACE IN INDIANA. AFTER THAT WHOLE CHUCKY ORDEAL* SHE ASKED IF I'D STAY FOR A FEW DAYS.
SINCE I'M STILL UNEMPLOYED, I FIGURED I COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HER.
*SEE HACK/SLASH VS. CHUCKY --CHARLES RAY O'SULLIVAN.
ANYHEY, I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE HEADS UP. I STUMBLED ON A POTENTIAL CASE.
I FOUND EIGHT RECENT CASES OF MISSING TEENAGERS AROUND THE U.S., AND I CROSS-REFERENCED THEM.
THE CASES JUST SO HAPPEN TO CORRESPOND TO THE TOUR SCHEDULE OF A BAND CALLED ACID WASHED.
WHAT THE HELL IS "ACID WASHED"?
THEY'RE SOME KINDA RETRO METAL GROUP FROM FLORIDA. BIG HAIR, TIGHT PANTS, GUITAR SOLOS.
THEY'VE EVEN GOT A ONE-ARMED DRUMMER AND A ROOM UNDER THE STAGE FOR GROUPIES.
COPS CHECKED IT OUT, BUT COULDN'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE OF THEIR INVOLVEMENT. I FIGURE YOU'D BE MORE QUALIFIED IN KNOWING WHAT TO LOOK FOR.
WELL, MISSING DOESN'T MEAN SLASHED TO PIECES. NORMALLY, I'D SKIP THIS ONE.
BUT MY RESEARCH INTO 80s SLASHER CASES DID SEEM TO INDICATE SOME SORT OF HAIR METAL/SLASHER CONNECTION.
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. SEND ME THE INFO.

Hack/Slash, Inc.
WILL DO, BOSS. ONCE WE GET ALL OF US INTO ONE HOUSE, HACK/SLASH, INC. WILL BE ABLE TO DO STUFF ...LIKE THIS FOR YOU EVERY TIME.
HACK/SLASH WHAT?
HACK/SLASH, INC.!
I MEAN... IT'S STILL IN THE PLANNING STAGES, BUT A LOT OF SLASHER SURVIVORS WANT TO HELP YOU ON YOUR MISSION.
I FIGURE WE GET US ALL IN ONE PLACE... MAKE IT LIKE A SUPERTEAM, Y'KNOW? WE'LL BE YOUR Q.
GOOD IDEA, CHRIS.
SO WHEN SOME PSYCHO WE BUST COMES BACK FROM THE DEAD AND GOES GUNNING FOR REVENGE, HE CAN DO ALL HIS SHOPPING IN ONE PLACE.
I APPRECIATE THE HELP, BUT THIS ISN'T A FUCKING TEAM EFFORT.
THE SECOND WE SET UP A HALL OF JUSTICE IS THE SECOND EVERY SLASHER LOOKING FOR A SEQUEL KNOWS WHERE TO GO!
OKAY, SO MAYBE NOT ALL IN ONE PLACE, BUT I STILL THINK YOU COULD USE A HELPLINE EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE.
I MEAN, YOU'RE GOOD, BUT YOU HAVEN'T SAVED EVERYONE.
THINK OF JASON...*
*SEE "HACK/SLASH: DEATH BY SEQUEL" TPB --G.I. MIKE.

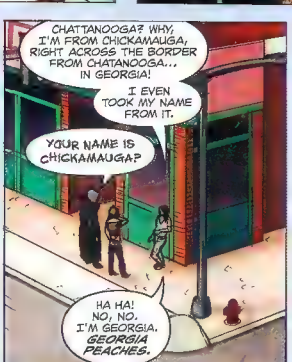
LISTEN, YOU SLEAZY LITTLE FUCK! WHY DON'T YOU SUCK MY BIG, WET, HAIRY, PINK--
--POPSICLE.
C'MON, VLAD. WE'RE GOING TO FLORIDA.
AGAIN? HURR... MORE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY?
WHAT'D CASSIE HAVE TO SAY?
OH... UH... NOTHIN'. SHE SAYS, UH... HI.
TOO LATE TO SOAP YOUR BACK?
YEP.
DAMN.
BUT THERE'S ALWAYS LOTION.


TAMPA BAY.
YBOR CITY.
ACID WASHED
MMMM... THE AIR IN THIS CITY... IT SMELLS GOOD.
SAYS THE GUY WHO GREW UP IN A MEAT LOCKER IN CHICAGO.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN MUSIC PLAYED FOR REAL.
DON'T GET TOO STARRY-EYED. WE AIN'T GETTIN' LUNCH, AND WE'RE SLEEPING IN THE VAN TONIGHT.
BETWEEN THE GAS FOR THE EIGHT HOUR DRIVE AND THE TICKETS, WE JUST BLEW THE REST OF OUR MONEY.
ISN'T ACID WASHED JUST TOTALLY WORTH IT?!

THEY JUST GOT BACK FROM A MINI U.S. TOUR, AND NOW THEY'RE KICKING OFF THEIR BIG TOUR HERE IN TAMPA WITH A TWO NIGHT SHOW FOR THEIR HOMETOWN FANS!
SO, EIGHT HOURS OF DRIVIN'?
WHERE'D Y'ALL COME FROM?
WHAT'S IT TO Y--

CHATTANOOGA. IN TENNESSEE.


CHATTANOOGA? WHY, I'M FROM CHICKAMAUGA, RIGHT ACROSS THE BORDER FROM CHATANOOGA... IN GEORGIA!
I EVEN TOOK MY NAME FROM IT.
YOUR NAME IS CHICKAMAUGA?
HA HA! NO, NO. I'M GEORGIA. GEORGIA PEACHES.

LOOK, WE'RE NOT FROM CHA--
SAVE YOURSELF! DO NOT ATTEND THIS SHOW!

THIS BAND HAS MADE A PACT WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF!
OH, COME ON, NOW...
ACID WASHED: SAT AN

THEIR MUSIC TAINTS EVEN THE PUREST OF SOULS! THEY EXIST TO DENY SALVATION TO THE PURE OF HEART!
OW, LADY! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

LET. HER. GO.
ACID WASHED:

YOU WILL SEE: ACID WASHED WILL TAKE YOU TO HELL WITH THEM!

I WISH I COULD SAY I WAS SURPRISED, BUT THIS IS FLORIDA. CRAZIES EVERYWHERE. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, BIG GUY.
I TELL YOU WHAT... I KNOW YOU'RE BOTH HUNGRY. I'M ON THE WAY TO WORK, ANYWAY. HOW 'BOUT I GET Y'ALL A FREE LUNCH?
WE GOT A REAL NICE BUFFET.
HURM. YES... WONDERFUL.

COME, CASSANDRA! FOOD!
YEAH... I'M COMIN'...

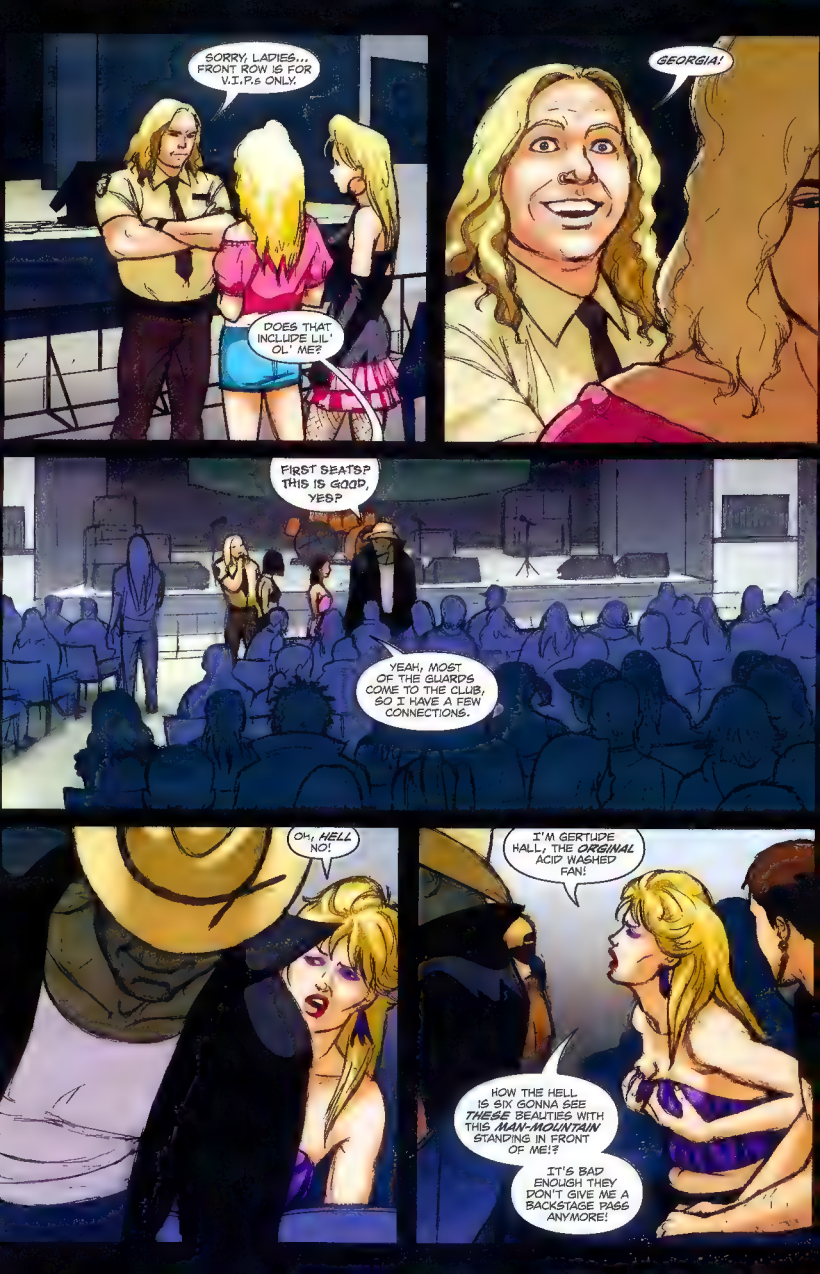
TOP BRASS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB.
HIGH NOON BUFFET.
A BUFFET TABLE AT A STRIP CLUB SEEMS... SO... WRONG.
MMMM... BACON BITS.
GEORGIA IS NICE. SHE IS VERY HAPPY UNLIKE...
YEAH, SO I'VE BEEN IN A PISSY MOOD.
SHE IS AWFUL FRIENDLY...
SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE THAT YOU'RE, Y'KNOW... YOU.
HURR... GEORGIA IS VERY NICE.
GIVE IT UP, EVERYONE...
...FOR MS. GEORGIA PEACHES!!!
GIRL, IF YOU LOVE ME, WHY DO YOU PUSH ME AWAY?
GIRL, IF YOU LOVE ME, WHY DO YOU LET ME BURN?

♫ EVERY TIME I ASK YOU, YOU SAY SOMETHIN' CAUSTIC. ♫
♫ EVERY TIME I TOUCH YOU, YOU ERODE MY LIFE AWAY. ♫
♫ YOUR LOVE EATS THROUGH MY ARMOR! ACID WASHED! ♫
SOON...
DIDJA' GET ENOUGH TO EAT?
YES. AND MUCH TO SEE.
I GUESS YOU REALLY DO LIKE ACID WASHED.

HA HA. YEAH... THEY KINDA MOVE ME, Y'KNOW?
NEVER SEEN THEM LIVE BEFORE?
NOPE. I'M ALWAYS WORKIN'.
I HEAR THEY'RE GOING ALL OUT FOR THIS ONE THOUGH... SOME KIND OF CRAZY PYROTECHNICS DISPLAY AND EVERYTHING. GONNA BE TIGHT.
SO, YOU AL..WAYS GIVE STRIP-CLUB BUFFET MEALS TO COMPLETE STRANGERS?
HAH! NO, NOT REAL..Y. BUT Y'ALL ARE NICE.
I HAVEN'T MET TOO MANY PEOPLE SINCE I MOVED HERE.., OUTSIDE OF WORK, I MEAN.
THE GIRLS ARE REAL NICE, BUT, THERE'S... Y'KNOW... POLITICS.
I CAN IMAGINE.
WHEN I WAS A KID, I USED TO ACT IN THE CIVIL WAR ERA REENACTMENTS THEY HAD IN MY TOWN.
WASN'T A WHO..LE LOTTA ROOM FOR ACTING WHEN YOU'RE A SLAVE GIRL #4"... BUT THAT BUG SORTA BIT ME ANYWAY.
I TOOK THIS GIG TO SAVE UP MONEY TO MOVE OUT TO L.A., GIVE HOLLYWOOD A TRY. HELL, IF STRIPPIN' AIN'T GOOD PRACTICE FOR HOLLYWOOD, I DUNNO WHAT IS!
SO, SMALL TOWN GIRL MOVES TO L.A. CLASSIC TALE.
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: THIS IS GONNA END UP AS A "WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE" VIDEO.
BUT I HAVE CERTAIN ADVANTAGES-- INCLUDIN' A FIRM MORAL CENTER. NO DRUGS. NO ALCOHOL.
PEACHES! CAN I GET A DANCE?
AND NO SEX.
AT LEAST UNTIL I GET MY CO-STARRING ROLE WITH DENZEL.

'HOLEEE SHIT! SIX SIXX! AND OUT OF MAKE UP EVEN!
NINE MONTHS AGO I'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU GUYS. NOW I'M A HUGE FAN!
YOU GUYS BROUGHT METAL BACK.
I ALMOST SHIT WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU WERE PLAYIN' THE ORPH. I EVEN TRADED SHIFTS SO I COULD WORK TONIGHT!
THAT'S AWESOME. THANKS FOR LISTENIN'. NOW, I GOTTA...
WHERE'S THE OTHER GUYS? I'D LOVE TO GET Y'ALL TO SIGN MY BACK!
COME BACK IN A FEW MINUTES... I HAVE A FEELING THEY'LL BE HERE REAL SOON.
SWEET. THANKS, SIX. ROCK ON!
YEAH, ROCK ON YOU FUCK'N' DOUCHE...
ALL RIGHT, BAND...
...IT'S TIME. TIME TO PLEASE OUR BENEFACTORS.
SOUND CHECK.
TESTING. TESTING...
PLEASE, NO!
SORRY, BABY. WE GOTTA TRADE YOUR SOUL FOR SOME ROCK 'N ROLL!
"...I EVOKE THE WORDS OF THE GREAT WIZARDS!"
THEUMMMMMMMM

THERE'S JUST FIVE WORDS TO SAY AS YOU GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.
YOU'RE GONNA BURN IN HELL!*
*LYRICS BY TWISTED SISTER
I CARRY MY CRUCIFIX UNDER MY DEATHLIST, FORWARD MY MAIL TO ME IN HELL. OUR FATHER, WHO AIN'T IN HEAVEN!*
*LYRICS BY MOTLEY CRUE.
HEY, SATAN-- PAID MY DUES...
FCHOO!
FCHOO!
UHHHH...
FCHOO!
I'M ON THE WAY TO THE PROMISED LAND! I'M ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL!*
*LYRICS BY AC/DC
TASTE THE LOVE. THE LUCIFER'S MAGIC!*
ZZZZZZKKKLLLKK
OOOH, YEAH! BABY! DEMONIZE ME!
YESSS!!!
ARE YOU READY TO ROCK!?


SORRY, LADIES... FRONT ROW IS FOR V.I.P.s ONLY.
DOES THAT INCLUDE LIL' OL' ME?
GEORGIA!
FIRST SEATS? THIS IS GOOD, YES?
YEAH, MOST OF THE GUARDS COME TO THE CLUB, SO I HAVE A FEW CONNECTIONS.
OH, HELL NO!
I'M GERTUDE HALL, THE ORGINAL ACID WASHED FAN!
HOW THE HELL IS SIX GONNA SEE THESE BEAUTIES WITH THIS MAN-MOUNTAIN STANDING IN FRONT OF ME!?
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THEY DON'T GIVE ME A BACKSTAGE PASS ANYMORE!

AND THIS ISN'T SOME GOAT-ROAPER SHOW!
IT'S PURE ROCK! SO AT LEAST TAKE OFF THE HAT, YA BIG, INBRED NICK!
HURR?
ER... SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...
YEAH
THANK YOU.
OH! MY! GOSH! THEY'RE STARTING!
HELLOOOOO, TAMPA!
WE ARE HOME, AND WE ARE HERE TO MELT YOUR FACE!

ARE YOU READY TO GET DOWN WITH ME?
ARE YOU READY TO GO DOWN WITH ME?
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN TO THE DEVIL!!
SMELL THE BLOOD, FEEL THE FIRE, WE'RE GONNA MAKE LOVE, NEVER TIRE!
MEH.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, DOWN TO THE DEVIL!

☑ DOWN TO THE DEVIL
☑ TRICK OR TREAT
☑ GRASS ON THE FIELD (I SAY PLAY)
☑ BLACK ROSES
☑ EVERYBODY WANTS THE KITTY MASSAGE
☑ TERROR ON TOUR
☑ WET MOON
☑ ROCK 'N' ROLL NIGHTMARE
☑ DIRTY PILLOW TALK
☐ ACID WASHED
♫ ACID WASHED! YOU DISSOLVE MY RESTRAAAAAINT! ACID WASHED! YOUR LOVE LEAVES A STAIN! ♫
NOW IS THE TIME, MY FRIENDS! THE TIME FOR THE GIVING OF FLESH IN THE FORM OF A SACRIFICE!
SACRIFICE!
SACRIFICE!
SACRIFICE!
BUT THIS ISN'T JUST ANY SACRIFICE. WE ONLY WANT THE PUREST!
THE UNTAINTED! FOR THE GODS OF ROCK DEMAND...
...A VIRGIN SACRIFICE!

COME FORWARD, VIRGINS! COME FORWARD TO THE ALTAR BENEATH THE STAGE!
ONLY THE MOST PURE WILL BE CHOSEN. ONLY THE MOST PURE WILL GIVE THEMSELVES FOR ACID WASHED!
ACID WASHED!
ACID WASHED!
ACID WASHED!
HOLD UP, HULK. YOU'RE TOO BIG AND UGLY FOR THEIR TASTES. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH.
THANK YOU, TAMPA!
GOOD NIGHT!

...MY EARS ARE RINGING.
WHERE ARE WE?
OH, SHIT... THAT OLD LADY WAS RIGHT...
OW...
...ACID WASHED BROUGHT US TO HELL.

HEH... LOOK AT THIS! SOME KINDA STONED RETARD!
CASSANDRA! NO!
ELEVEN
AGH!!
URGGHGH... CASSANDRA...
VLAD? WHAT'S UP? GET THE HAIR METAL KILLERS?
CHRIS. I NEED YOUR HELP.
THE BAND... THEY USED A SPELL. THEY WERE TALKING OF UNTAINTED SOULS AND SACRIFICE.
CASSANDRA, I, AND A GIRL NAMED GEORGIA WERE UNABLE TO RESIST.
CONTROLLED IN THE MIND. THE GIRLS... THEY DISAPPEARED.
"UNTAINTED"? I KNOW CASS IS, AND I ASSUME YOU ARE... WAS THIS GEORGIA CHICK A VIRGIN TOO?
YES. I BELIEVE SHE SAID SHE HAD NOT HAD THE SEX.
I READ ABOUT THIS IN ONE OF JASON'S BOOKS...
...SOUNDS LIKE THESE GUYS ARE USING SOME KIND OF ENCHANTMENT.
HELPS THEM GET THE PURE SOULS THEY NEED. ONLY WORKS ON VIRGINS.
IF YOU WANT TO GET THEM BACK NOW... JESUS! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
YOU HAVE TO GET LAID.
TO BE CONSUMATED...

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR
MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
THE SERIES
ISSUE #3 JULY 2007 $3.50
DDP
acid washed
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA
01401
8 82142 00076 2

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH™
THE SERIES
DDP
ISSUE #3 JULY 2007 $3.50
014027
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER. NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

THE SERIES

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY · ART BY EMILY STONE · COLORS BY COURTNEY VIA

LETTERS BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY · DESIGN BY SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

PRODUCED BY DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK · ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS · VP MARKETING SUSAN BISHOP

ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE · SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN · STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY

GRAPHIC DESIGN BRIAN J. CROWLEY · WEBMASTER CRANKI

HACK/SLASH: The Series ... JULY, 2007. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 4619 N. Ravenswood Ave. ... Chicago, IL 60640. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ & © 2007 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli ... The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. ... No portion of this comic book may be ... by any means ... without written permission of Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. ... ADVERTISING AS SALES 773-321-0478. ... Canada.

www.devilsdue.net

YBOR CITY, FLORIDA.
YOU GUYS, WERE, LIKE, SO AWESOME TONIGHT.
YEAH, I COULD REALLY FEEL IT TONIGHT.
WE'RE GOING TO BE HUGE. LEGENDS, EVEN.
WHICH ONE OF YOU HOT LITTLE BITCHES WANTS TO JOIN OUR MENAGE A TWAT?
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRLS, STU!, OR I'LL PUT YOU BACK IN THE CRATE.
HEE HEE.

I PROMISE YOU, THEY'LL WANT ME BACK THERE.
JUST TELL THEM... TELL THEM GERTUDE IS HERE.
LADY, THE BAND HAS REAL SPECIFIC TYPES AND NOT ONE OF 'EM GOES FOR THE GNAWSAHYDE LOOK. SO, JUST WALK AWAY.
LISTEN SHITFERBRAINS. I HAVE FUCKED EVERY GUY WITH A GUITAR FROM GENE SIMMONS TO TINY TIM.
I'M ROCK ROYALTY: I'M NOT A GROUPIE, I'M AN INSTITUTION.
I HAVE FOLLOWED THIS BAND SINCE THEIR FIRST SHOW.
THEY WERE MINE LONG BEFORE ANY OF THESE LITTLE WHORES SHOWED UP!
PLEASE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR ROCK 'N ROLL, LET ME BACKSTAGE!
NOPE.
HOW ABOUT I SHOW YOU MY TITS?

OUTSIDE.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT MY DAUGHTER WA...KED IN TO SEE THIS BAND, AND SHE HASN'T WALKED OUT.
I NEVER WOULD HAVE LET HER GO TO SEE THIS ATROCITY, BUT HER MOTHER NAGGED ME TO DEATH ABOUT IT.
WELL, THE SHOW IS OVER, BUT SOMETIMES GIRLS STAY TO MEET THE BAND...
...AUTOGRAPHS... THAT SORT OF THING.

ARE YOU SAYING MY DAUGHTER IS SOME KIND OF GROUPIE?! I SWEAR IF THAT BAND TOUCHES HER...
CALM DOWN, SIR.
WE'D BEEN WARNED THAT A NUMBER OF DISAPPEARANCES HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THIS GROUP. WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE IS SAFE...
YOU MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK AROUND?
OF COURSE NOT. COME ON IN.

HURRRM...

ELSEWHERE.
DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HER!
C-CASSIE... JUST DO WHAT THEY WANT...
NEVER DID WHAT PEOPLE WANTED... NOT ABOUT TO START...
THUK!

SOULLOCK
EYYYAAAH!
GRAAAA!
GOHA NA JAFA!
KRRZTTT!
KUMA RORI QUA ZAAD.
OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD...

AHHHHHH!
GUNARTA!
GUNARTA!
OH GOD...
SAHUH!
WHERE THE HELL AM I?!
OH
GLK
AAAAAAAH!!

Voo Roff Kirreeta.
KUMOK!
Mi dararina gunarta. Pash pah maratta!
PAF!
COFFE
COFFE
You. Are. LUCKY. Now we go.

EMINENCE, INDIANA
SO A HOOKER IS OUT OF THE QUESTION THEN?
1:15
YES. NO MONEY.
BUT, I CANNOT FACE THIS DEMON BAND IF I AM VIRGIN.
OKAY. WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO WIRE YOU SOME GIRL-MONEY...
WORST CASE SCENARIO, I CAN GET A RED EYE FLIGHT DOWN THERE AND... Y'KNOW... DO HIM.
EXCUSE ME, VLAD.
UH... WHAT?
WHAT?! IT'S AN EMERGENCY:
CASSIE COULD BE ANYWHERE. WE BOTH OWE HER OUR LIVES.
TOUCHÉ.
ALRIGHT VLAD, WE'RE GONNA WORK ON OUR END TO GET YOU MONEY.
IN THE MEANTIME, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHERE THE HOOKERS ARE, OKAY?

SO... I SHOULD NOT TRY THE... URRP REGULAR WAY?
I... WELL...
LOOK MAN... YOU'RE AN AWESOME GUY. THE BEST.
BUT TALKING TO WOMEN, GETTING THEM TO LIKE YOU, GETTING THEM HOME... WELL, IT'S REALLY HARD. IT'S REALLY HARD FOR NORMAL GUYS EVEN.
NORMAL. HURR...
BUT... CASSIE LIKES ME. AND SHE IS A GIRL.
IT'S JUST, THIS WHOLE THING... IT'S KIND OF A GAME.
IT'S NOT AN EASY GAME, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED, AND PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY IN THIS GAME, ARE REALLY JUDGEMENTAL ABOUT...
SIGH
VLAD, YOU GO FIND A GIRL.. DO THIS THE REGULAR WAY, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO WIRE YOU CASH, JUST IN CASE.
EVERYTHING OKAY?
GOD HELP ME, I THINK VLAD MIGHT BE IN MORE DANGER THAN CASSIE.

ELSEWHERE.
THIS HERE'S TWO GIRLS, KUMOK. THE BIG GUYS ASKED FOR THREE.
Munta cah Vok.
YEAH YEAH, MATH AIN'T A REAL STRONG SUBJECT 'ROUND THESE PARTS.
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO. BRING 'EM IN ; AND WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.
Sha barnah coo.
Marnah po! Move.
OOF! OW!
HEY, KUMOK...
YES?
...YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S LUCKY.

THAT SIX HAS SURE GOT SOME PRETTY FANS. GUESS THE APPEAL OF THE BARGAIN WOULDN'T BE SO STRONG IF WEREN'T FOR LADIES LIKE YOURSELF.
DARLIN', YOU IN PARTICULAR ARE ONE SMOKIN' LITTLE FILLY. THERE WAS A TIME; I COULDA HAD YOU TREMBLIN' IN YOUR SHORTS.
THOSE WERE THE GOOD OL' DAYS. ALMOST SEEMS LIKE ANOTHER LIFE BY NOW.
WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HONEY, THAT IS A LONG STORY, AND I'M JUST PLUM TIRED.
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND JUST SIT TIGHT AND IT'LL ALL BE OVER REAL SOON.
POOCH, KEEP AN EYE ON THEM. I'M GONNA GRAB SOME SHUT EYE 'FORE THEY ARRIVE.
WAIT! DON'T LEAVE US!
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?! WHAT DO THEY WANT!?
SSHHHHS IT'S... IT'S OKAY, HON. WE'LL GET THROUGH.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'LL GET THOUGH.
WHY WON'T THEY TELL US WHAT THEY WANT..?
Pet me.

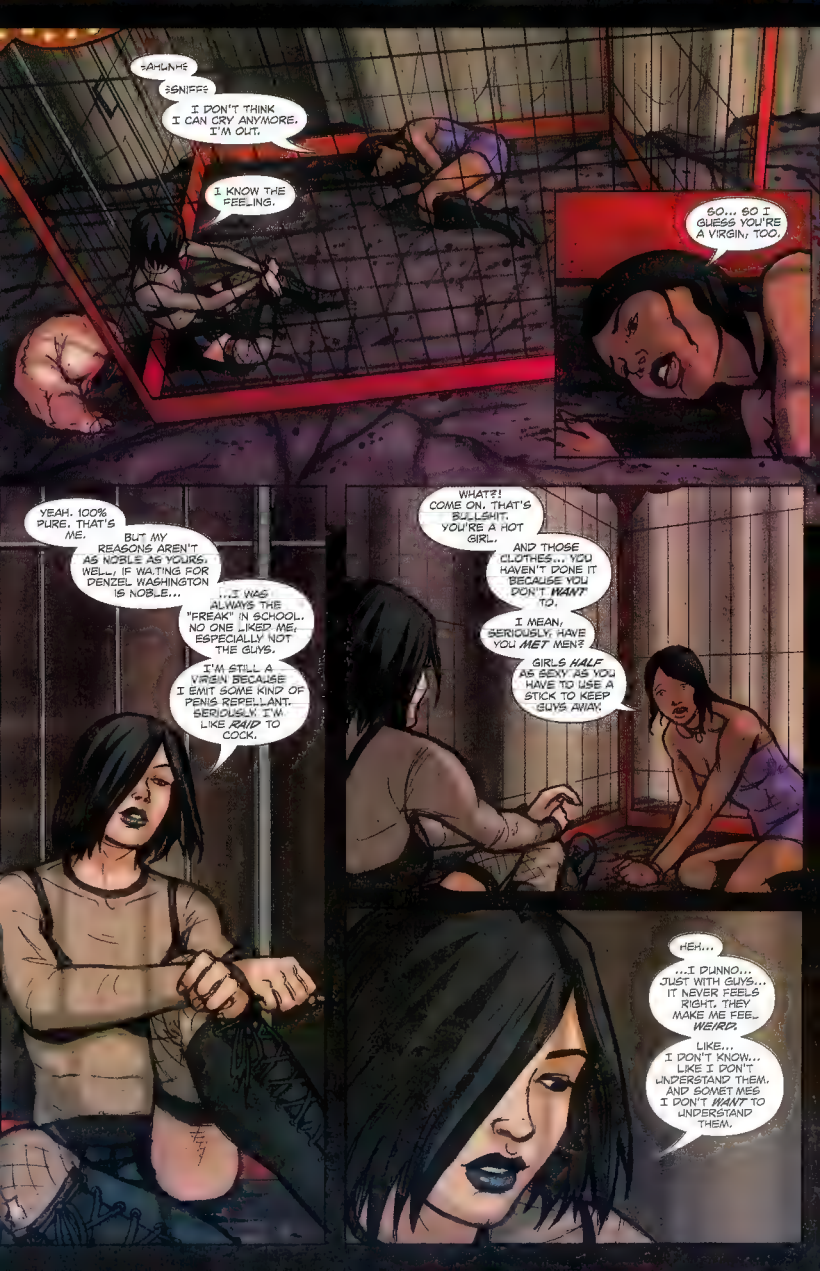
HOLY FUCK! THE... THING! IT TALKS!
Pet me. Pet me and I will tells you what Master not tell you.
I AM NOT TOUCHING THAT THING.
FUCK
SUNHE LIKE... LIKE THIS?
Oooh yes. yesssss. Ask. Ask. Pooch will tell?
LET'S START WITH THE BASICS.
WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE, WHO WAS THAT GUY, WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH US, AND WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH THAT SHITTY FUCKING BAND?
Oooohhh... yesssssss...

This place is... Nef. Home. Nef is ruled by great and powerful gods. Our Gods cannot create.
They are only good for sufferings and deaths. To make, they need creatures from your world.
Pure ones. Good ones. Virgin ones.
They find a hero from your world to help them. They offer him great gifts. Talents. Musics.
This human uses talents. Becomes big famous. Finds glory. Is love by all.
In trade, this human is taught our magicks. This human sends us pure ones for the Gods.
And when his deal is done, his skills go away. Then he finds others. Others who wants the musics and the love.
mmm. Yess... My Master. In your world, he was a King. Here is a hero.
And soon. Soon, you will be mothers.

FLORIDA.
I TELL YA WHAT: NIGHTS LIKE THESE, I WISH I WOULDA STAYED WITH BARRY.
AIN'T NO GOOD REASON IN THE WORLD TO STAY WITH THAT BUM.
AT MY AGE, ALL THE GOOD ONES ARE TAKEN OR GAY.
THERE'S ONE GOOD REASON. AT LEAST I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS, GO OUT TO BARS, TRYING TO MEET MEN.
DON'T I KNOW IT.
OKAY. SCREW IT. IT'S LATE, AND I'VE GOTTEN NOWHERE.
JOSE, MARK MY WORDS, I'M GOING TO GO HOME WITH THE NEXT GUY THAT HITS ON ME.
HELLO. MY NAME IS VLAD...
GOTTA GO, G'NIGHT!
HURR...

LADY, YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK. I CAN'T LET YOU IN.
I JUS WAN' ONE MORE DRINK. JUST ONE MORE.
I'M SORRY LADY, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH--
I WILL WALK HER HOME.
HEEEEYYY I REMEMMER YOOOUU.
WHERE WE GONNA GET ANOTHER DRINK?
WE ARE NOT. I AM HELPING YOU HOME.
SSSS RIGHT DOWN THERE.
Y'KNOW WHAT? THE BAND LEFT ME. LEFT ME ALL ALONE, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
YES, I SAW.

SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALWAYS THAT WAY. I JUST GIVE AND GIVE. AND THEY JUST USE ME UP AND THROW ME AWAY.
EVERYONE ALWAYS SAID I WAS A SLUT. A GROUPIE. BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE SLEPT WITH ALL OF THEM IF JUST ONE HAD LOVED ME BACK.
I JUST LOVE MUSIC SO MUCH. I JUST WANTED ONE MUSICIAN TO LOOK AND ME AND LOVE ME LIKE HE LOVED THE MUSIC.
I WANTED SOMEONE TO BE SO INSPIRED THEY'D WRITE A BALLAD ABOUT ME. LIKE "BETH" OR "MAZALAINE" Y'KNOW? I JUST WANTED TO BE "HAIR-ENADED".
THIS ISH MY PLACE HERE.
SOMETIMES I THINK NO ONE'S EVER GONNA LOVE ME.
I SH'POSE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE...
...WITH THAT FACE OF YOURS.
HURRR... I MUST LEAVE.
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.


SAHUNH!
:SNIFF:
I DON'T THINK I CAN CRY ANYMORE. I'M OUT.
I KNOW THE FEELING.
SO... SO I GUESS YOU'RE A VIRGIN, TOO.
YEAH. 100% PURE. THAT'S ME.
BUT MY REASONS AREN'T AS NOBLE AS YOURS. WELL... IF WAITING FOR DENZEL WASHINGTON IS NOBLE...
...I WAS ALWAYS THE "FREAK" IN SCHOOL. NO ONE LIKED ME, ESPECIALLY NOT THE GUYS.
I'M STILL A VIRGIN BECAUSE I EMIT SOME KIND OF PENIS REPELLANT. SERIOUSLY. I'M LIKE RAID TO COCK.
WHAT?! COME ON. THAT'S BULLSHIT. YOU'RE A HOT GIRL.
AND THOSE CLOTHES... YOU HAVEN'T DONE IT BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO.
I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, HAVE YOU MET MEN?
GIRLS HALF AS SEXY AS YOU HAVE TO USE A STICK TO KEEP GUYS AWAY.
HEH...
...I DUNNO... JUST WITH GUYS... IT NEVER FEELS RIGHT. THEY MAKE ME FEEL... WEIRD.
LIKE... I DON'T KNOW... LIKE I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM. AND SOMETIMES I DON'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND THEM.

MAYBE YOU'RE...
...GAY.
MAYBE. SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S POSSIBLE. OR I THINK I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM.
I THINK I LIKE GUYS, SOMETIMES. I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE I'M JUST NOTHING.
WELL, IF IT WASN'T FOR THESE CHAINS, I KNOW HOW WE COULD MAYBE GET US SENT HOME.
IF I COULD, I'D MAKE US GOOD AND IMPURE AND HAVE SEX WITH YOU RIGHT NOW.
REALLY?
SEE, NOW THAT SOUNDED A LITTLE TOO EXCITED. YOU ARE DEFINITELY GAY.
HEY NOW LITTLE MAMAS...
...IT'S TIME TO GET READY FOR THE BIG SHOW.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
24 HOL
WESTERN UNION
VLAD. WE FOUND A PLACE. WE'RE SENDING YOU SOME DE-VIRGINIFYING MONEY RIGHT NOW.
URR... YES... I MAY NOT NEED THE MONEY. I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.
CHRIS— I NEED TO KNOW HOW TO HAVE THE SEX. WHAT DO I DO?
WHO ARE YOU CALLING, YOU BIG SEXY MAN? PUT THAT DOWN AND FOLLOW ME.
WAIT... WHAT!? WHAT DO YOU MEAN... ?
VLAD?!
MMMH... MM... OH YESSS...
HURR!
VLAD? YOU THERE?

YBOR CITY, FLORIDA.
I HOPE YOU ALL HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, 'CUZ TOMORROW NIGHT IS AN EVEN BIGGER SHOW.
WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF ROCK ROYALTY. SABBATH. MAIDEN. PRIEST. THEY WON'T HAVE NOTHIN' ON US.
WHATEVER, MAN. THIS SUCKS. WE GOT THE BUNK END OF THIS DEAL, SIX.
HOW COME YOU GET TO TURN BACK TO HUMAN FORM, AND WE GOTTA BE UNLIVING, SOULESS THRALLS?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE.
I'M THE FRONTMAN.

ELSEWHERE.
YOU GIRLS BETTER JUST BE GETTING' DRESSED AND NOT PLANNING ANYTHING IN THERE.
I'M A GENTLE GUY, BUT YOU DON'T WANNA SEE ME ALL SHOOK UP.
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! WHAT ARE THESE GUYS? THE GODS OF LAS VEGAS?
FUNNY. NOW YOU TIE HER UP.
THEY GOT ALL KINDS O' STORIES 'ROUND HERE ABOUT WHERE THESE GODS CAME FROM.
ME, I GOT MY OWN THEORY: SEE, GOD CREATED THE UNIVERSE, RIGHT?
I FIGURE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING THERE BEFORE. AN OLD UNIVERSE, PROBABLY A REAL NASTY PLACE... ALL CHAOS, BLACK MAGICKS AND DARKNESS.
THESE FE...AS, WHO'RE GONNA BE THE FATHERS OF YOUR BABIES... I THINK THEY CAME FROM THAT OLD UNIVERSE.
KNOWIN' THAT, YA GOTTA UNDERSTAND WHY THEY MIGHT BE A LIL' OLD FASHIONED...

I DON'T WANT TO BE A MOTHER... I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE...
...PLEASE, SIR... JUST LET US GO HOME.
AW, DARLIN', NOW YOU JUST CALM YOURSELF. DONCHA KNOW?
AIN'T NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS THAN CREATIVITIES
TO BE IMPREGNATED?

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR
MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
THE SERIES
DDP
ISSUE #4
AUG 2007
$3.50
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA
01201
82142 00076 2

DDP
$3.50
AUG 2007
ISSUE 4
01201
8 82142 00076 2

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

THE SERIES

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY   ART BY EMILY STONE   COLORS BY COURTNEY VIA

LETTERS BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY   DESIGN BY SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

PRODUCED BY DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK   ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS   VP MARKETING SUSAN BISHOP

ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE   SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN   STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY

STAFF LETTERER BRIAN J. CROWLEY   WEBMASTER CRANK!

WEBSTORE MANAGER CAITLIN MCKAY

HACK/SLASH: The Series ... [illegible] ... Office of publication 4619 N. Ravenswood Ave. #204, Chicago, IL 60640. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2007 Tim [illegible]

DDP www.devilsdue.net

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
YOU SPENT THE NIGHT?! THAT'S GREAT!
YES. BUT... I AM NOT SURE THAT I HAVE LOST IT.
YOU AREN'T SURE YOU HAD SEX?
HOW CAN HE NOT KNOW IF HE'S HAD SEX?!
QUIET, CHRIS. IT WAS HIS FIRST TIME FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.
NOW, VLAD, DID YOU PUT YOUR PENIS INSIDE HER VAGINA?
URRR... VAH-GINUH?
VLAD!!
HURRP I MUST LEAVE. I WILL CALL LATER.
VLAD? CLICK!
THE COPS ARE LEAVING. GUESS THEY DIDN'T FIND THE GIRLS. IT'S JUST LIKE YOU SAID. THIS WHOLE TIME I'VE BEEN SUCKING DEMON COCK.
YES. NOW, I MUST FIND MY FRIEND.

KNOK
KNOK
KNOK
MR. SIXX? MR. SIXX?
CHRIST ON A FUCKIN' CRUTCH... WHAT?! IT'S EARLY AS SHIT, MAN. WE AIN'T EVEN GOT SOUND CHECK UNTIL TWO!
THE COPS WERE HERE. THEY WERE ASKING AROUND.
GUESS A GIRL FROM THE SHOW DIDN'T MAKE IT HOME LAST NIGHT. I TOLD THE BOSS YOU GUYS HAD FOLLOWED "FRIENDS" TO A FEW HOTELS AROUND TOWN.
SO, I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE I COULD GET THOSE AUTOGRAPHS?
Y'KNOW, I SCRATCH YOUR BACK, YOU SIGN MY AXE. OTHERWISE, I GUESS I COULD MENTION I'D SEEN YOU WALKIN' AROUND THIS MORNING.
:SIGH:
ALL RIGHT. LET ME MAKE SURE EVERYONE'S UP.
FZZRRRAAKSH!
THEY'RE READY. JUST SO Y'KNOW, THE BAND CAN BE A LITTLE IRRITABLE IN THE MORNING...
...HUH?

WHERE DID YOU TAKE MY FRIENDS?!
GOOD BOY. NOT A WORD.
GHYAH!
WHERE!? TELL ME!
I SENT 'EM AWAY, MAN. BUT IF YOU LET ME GRAB MY GUITAR I CAN BRING 'EM BACK.
OF COURSE, WE PROBABLY SHOULDN'T DO THIS IN FULL VIEW OF THE PUBLIC.
GERTRUDE. STAY HERE.
SURE THING.
HANGING OUT WITH OUR CAST-OFFS NOW?
SHUT UP. FRIENDS BACK. NOW.
THEY'RE OFF LIVING THE ULTIMATE GROUPIE FANTASY. THEY'RE GIVING UP THEIR VIRGINITY FOR ROCK 'N ROLL.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND...
...ARE GONNA LIVE YOUR LAST FEW SECONDS IN A HEAVY METAL NIGHTMARE!
FZZRRRAAKSH!
RAGHG!
TEAR THIS UGLY FUCKER INTO LITTLE PIECES...
HEH HEH HEH.

YOU THINK YOU HAVE ME IN A TRAP.
HURR HURR HURR.
GHYAH!
SHOK!
DIE QUICKLY, PLEASE.
YOU'VE GOT A GOOD LOOK. YOU COULD'VE BEEN ON ONE OF OUR ALBUM COVERS.
TOO BAD YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE DEADER THAN GRUNGE.
SHRIIISSH
SHRIIISSH
RRRARGH!
THWAK!
YOU SHOULDN'TA COME HERE, FUGLY--!
SUNF!
SHUK!
SHK!!
SHK!!

AW, MAN! STU MAY HAVE BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COCK-BLOCK...
...BUT EVEN HE DIDN'T DESERVE THAT!
FUCKIN' A! IT'S JUST ONE GUY! NO WONDER WE ALWAYS SUCKED! YOU GUYS CAN'T WORK TOGETHER FOR SHIT.
GUESS IT'S UP TO ME LIKE ALWAYS.
HAVE A POWER CHORD, MOTHERFUCKER!
FCHOOM!
AGHGH
OORF

ENOUGH OF THIS.
I WANT CASSIE. I WANT GEORGIA.
KRAK!
NOW.
AH! FUCK, MAN! FUCK!
SIX, YOU PUSSY!
GRAH!
THIS FREAK WAS AT THE SHOW THE OTHER NIGHT.
THE VIRGIN CULL WORKED ON HIM! HE'S PURE! PLAY THE FUCKING TONE!
SMRRUH

AWESOME. THE SHIT I AM GONNA MAKE HIM DO...
THRUMM-HH
HURR?
P!
SHIT.
HE'S NOT A VIRGIN ANYMORE.
HUR HUR HUR.
I'VE HAD THE SEX!

HURR HURR. VAH-GII-NUH.
AHHH!
SHUK!!
SHUK!!
NOO!
YOU TRADED MY SOUL FOR FAME, SIX. MAYBE, I SHOULD LET HIM KILL YOU.
I SHOULD.
BUT, IT WAS A FUCKING GREAT RIDE.
THWAK!
CHROOOM
SHITSHIT SHITSHITSHIT SHITSHIT.
STILL GOT THE MAGICK. I CAN START OVER. START A NEW BAND...

OR A SOLO PROJECT. YEAH, THAT'S IT...
ZENK!
WHAK!
SIX SIXX. I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST THE HOTTEST THING.
OH, MY BABY.
NOW I SEE, YOU'RE JUST A MISERABLE, SELF CENTERED ASSHOLE WHO THINKS HE'S HOT SHIT ON A SILVER PLATTER.
BUT YOU'RE REALLY JUST COLD DIARRHEA ON A PAPER PLATE. I'M DONE WITH YOU, SIX SIXX.
HERE'S A COUPLE OF THINGS TO REMEMBER ME BY.
MMMMF!
LAST TIME I ASKED NICE.
NOW, WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?

AHUH. HUNH... YEAH.
HYAAH!
MASTERS! I HAVE FINISHED THE DANCE OF BAPTISM.
COME MASTERS! COME AND SPREAD YOUR GLORY ACROSS THIS LAND.
ZZZZAAK
ZZZZAAK
HOLY--

ZZZZAAK
ZZZZAAK
COME, MY MASTERS!
ZZZZAAK
ZZZZAAK
THE VESSELS ARE READY FOR YOUR SEED!
SSSSSHLOOOP!
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK...
HEY, KUMOK... YOU STILL MAD ABOUT THAT MARK I GAVE YOU ON THE FACE?

THAT'S GOTTA PISS YOU OFF, RIGHT? SOME LOWLY HUMAN GIRL, DAMAGING YOU LIKE THAT?
I MEAN, YOU SERVE THE GODS. YOU'RE BIG SHIT.
AND YOU DON'T GET TO EVEN UP.
SILENCE! RA FOR!
RAH!
OUK!
YEAH...
...RA FOR YOU, TOO.
BRZZAKAK!

AHH!
URRK AK!
HEY, KUMOK!
BRZAKAK!
YOUR LUCK JUST RAN OUT.
RRRRRR...
Stop human. Master needs you.
RRRRRR...
YEAH, LIKE I'M GONNA LISTEN TO A TALKING DOG.
AYIPE!
NO! THEY'RE ESCAPIN'! TAKE THEM NOW!
BRZAKAK!
GREAT WORK BACK THERE. BUT THIS IS WHERE WE'RE REALLY GOING TO HAVE TO GET CREATIVE.

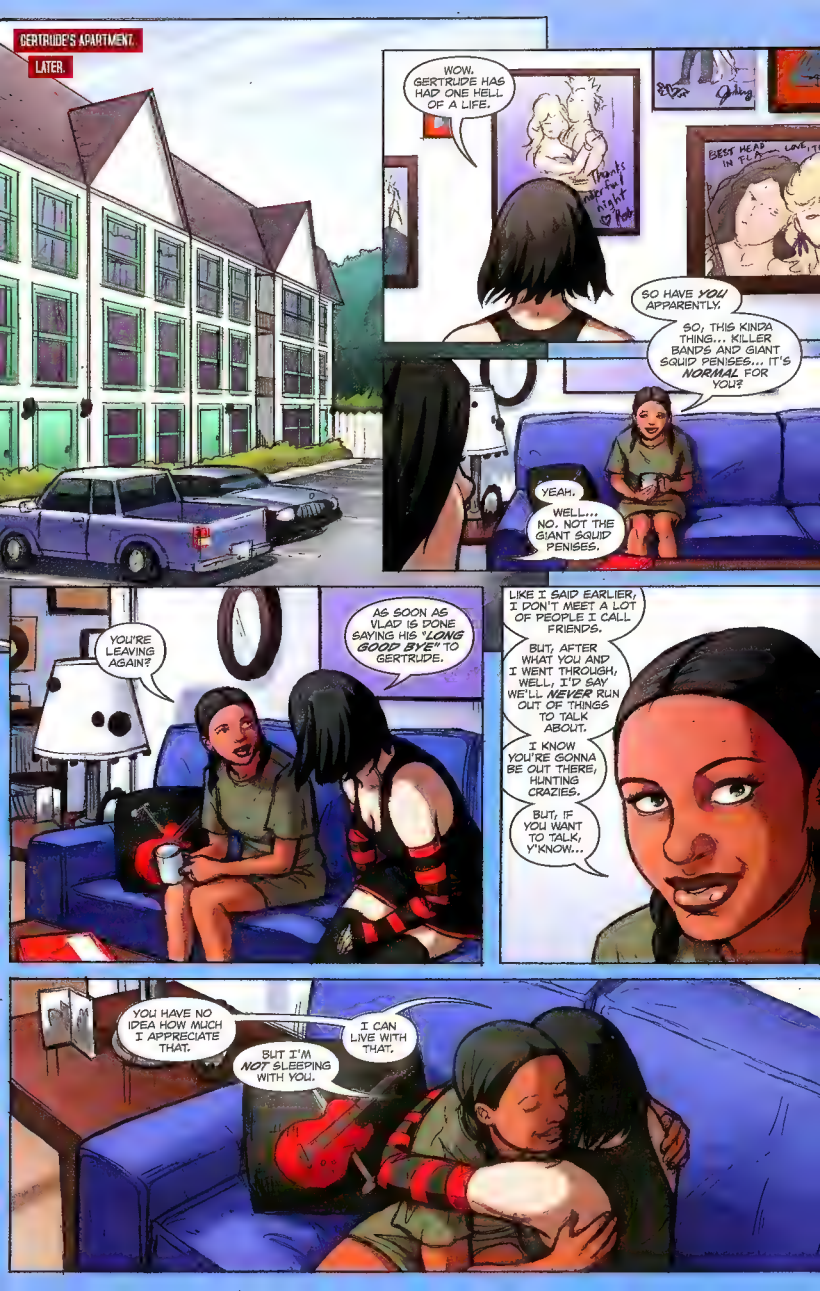
NO ONE IS GETTING ALL TENTACLE PORN ON ME, FUCKER!
BRZAKAK!
SLURRP!
GHYAH!
OH GOD,.. THEY'RE GONNA GET US!
SQUOOSH!
JUST RUN! WE NEED SOME COVER!
THIS FAT FUCK WILL DO FOR NOW.
GET OFFA ME! YOU GOTTA ACCEPT THEIR--
SKAK!!
--SEED.
SURR

:GURRGULLL:
GEORGIA!
OHNO NONONO NO!
SHLOOP
:ERRRRGH: I'M SO SORRY GEORGIA. I TRIED.
I KNOW. I KNOW YOU DID.
SPLORCH

SOOOFF
WHAT?!
RUN! RUN NOW!
SIX! NEED A DOOR! OPEN!
VLAD! THANK YOU!
HOW'D YOU FIND US?!
IT TOOK MANY TRIES. THIS PLACE SUCKS MUCH ASS.
OH, SHIT. THAT'S WHAT I WAS WORKING FOR?
WHEN I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, I WAS THINKING HE'D LOOK LIKE THE GUY FROM MAIDEN'S "NUMBER OF THE BEAST". BUT THAT--
SHUT UP! GO!

SON OF A... I AM CLOSING THIS, MAN!
NOT YET!
FWOOOP!
GRAA!
NOW! CLOSE IT!
VLAD!
FZZRRAAKSH!
VRRRMMM
SQUIT!
SPLORCH

IT'S BEEN REAL, SUCKERS. BUT I GOTTA GO.
GOOD.
WHA?!
AND DON'T COME BACK. YOUR SONGS SUCK ANYWAY.
"YOUR LOVE LEAVES A STAIN"? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
GHYAAAH!
ASSHOLE HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.
VRRRMMM
YOU DON'T HANG AROUND MUSICIANS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WITHOUT PICKING UP A FEW CHORDS.

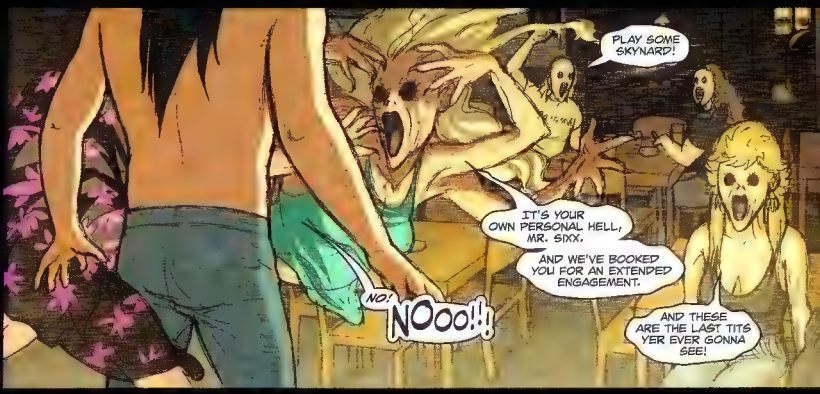

GERTRUDE'S APARTMENT.
LATER.
WOW. GERTRUDE HAS HAD ONE HELL OF A LIFE.
Thanks wonderful night ♡ Rob
BEST HEAD IN FLA
SO HAVE YOU APPARENTLY.
SO, THIS KINDA THING... KILLER BANDS AND GIANT SQUID PENISES... IT'S NORMAL FOR YOU?
YEAH.
WELL... NO. NOT THE GIANT SQUID PENISES.
YOU'RE LEAVING AGAIN?
AS SOON AS VLAD IS DONE SAYING HIS "LONG GOOD BYE" TO GERTRUDE.
LIKE I SAID EARLIER, I DON'T MEET A LOT OF PEOPLE I CALL FRIENDS.
BUT, AFTER WHAT YOU AND I WENT THROUGH, WELL, I'D SAY WE'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.
I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA BE OUT THERE, HUNTING CRAZIES.
BUT, IF YOU WANT TO TALK, Y'KNOW...
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THAT.
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
BUT I'M NOT SLEEPING WITH YOU.

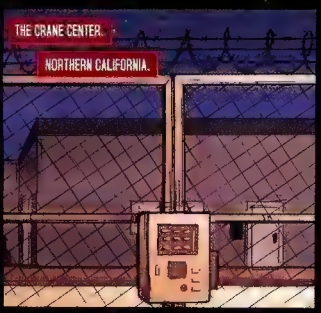
SO, YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND NOW?
NO. SHE IS "MARRIED TO THE ROCK 'N ROLL". BUT IF I AM IN THE AREA, I AM IN TO STOP IN FOR A "HOT 'N SLOPPY". COOL, YES?
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAD SEX BEFORE ME.
BEEEP BEEEP

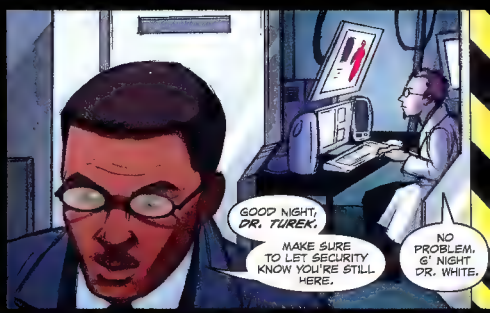
HEY, CHRIS.
EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OKAY? THE FORCES OF EVIL HAVE BEEN THWARTED ANOTHER DAY?
YEAH, THANKS TO YOU AND A COUPLE OF NEWBIES.
YOU KNOW THAT HACK/SLASH, INC. IDEA YOU WERE YAMMERIN' ON ABOUT?
YEAH?

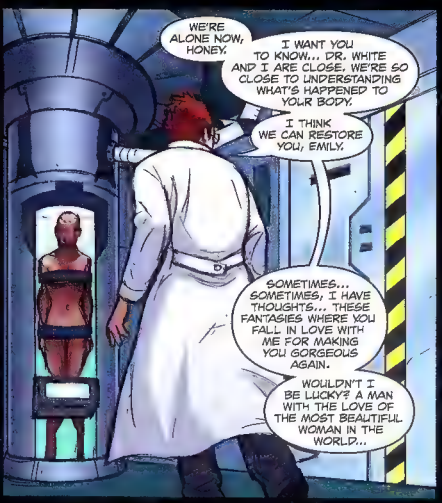
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

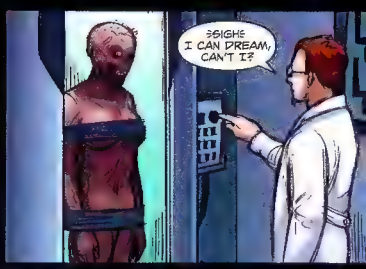
ELSEWHERE.
Jim & Edna's
TONIGHT:
ACID
BEER
YOU'RE UP, MR. SIXX.
THEY'RE WAITING. IT'S YOUR CHANCE AT THE BIG TIME.
WHUU--?! WHERE AM I?


PLAY SOME SKYNARD!
IT'S YOUR OWN PERSONAL HELL, MR. SIXX.
AND WE'VE BOOKED YOU FOR AN EXTENDED ENGAGEMENT.
AND THESE ARE THE LAST TITS YER EVER GONNA SEE!
NO!
NOOo!!


THE CRANE CENTER.
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.


GOOD NIGHT, DR. TUREK.
MAKE SURE TO LET SECURITY KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE.
NO PROBLEM. G' NIGHT DR. WHITE.


WE'RE ALONE NOW, HONEY.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW... DR. WHITE AND I ARE CLOSE. WE'RE SO CLOSE TO UNDERSTANDING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR BODY.
I THINK WE CAN RESTORE YOU, EMILY.
SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES, I HAVE THOUGHTS... THESE FANTASIES WHERE YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH ME FOR MAKING YOU GORGEOUS AGAIN.
WOULDN'T I BE LUCKY? A MAN WITH THE LOVE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD...


SIGHS I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?

NEXT ISSUE:
THE RETURN OF MS. AMERICA!

'Sexiest man' Vlad: "Hurr."

HACK/SLASH

"I'm more than just another bad girl."
Cassie Hack speaks

IS BEAUTY REALLY JUST SKIN DEEP?
Unleash The Inner You!

TIPS FROM MS. AMERICA
EMILY CRISTY
see p.250

THE SEE IT
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA

ISSUE #5 SEPTEMBER 2007 $3.50
01601
8 82142 00076 2
WWW.DEVILSDUE.NET

DDP

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A **SLASHER** CALLED THE **LUNCH LADY**... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER **MOTHER**!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND **VLAD**, HUNTING DOWN AND **DESTROYING** SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND **THEM**!

Cassie Hack in "LOVE STORIES"

WRITTEN BY **TIM SEELEY** ART BY **EMILY STONE** COLORS BY **COURTNEY VIA**
LETTERS BY **BRIAN J. CROWLEY** DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**
EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

COVER A BY
CRANK!
MODELED BY
SANDRA KAMMERER
DESIGN BY
SEAN K. DOVE

COVER B BY
TIM SEELEY

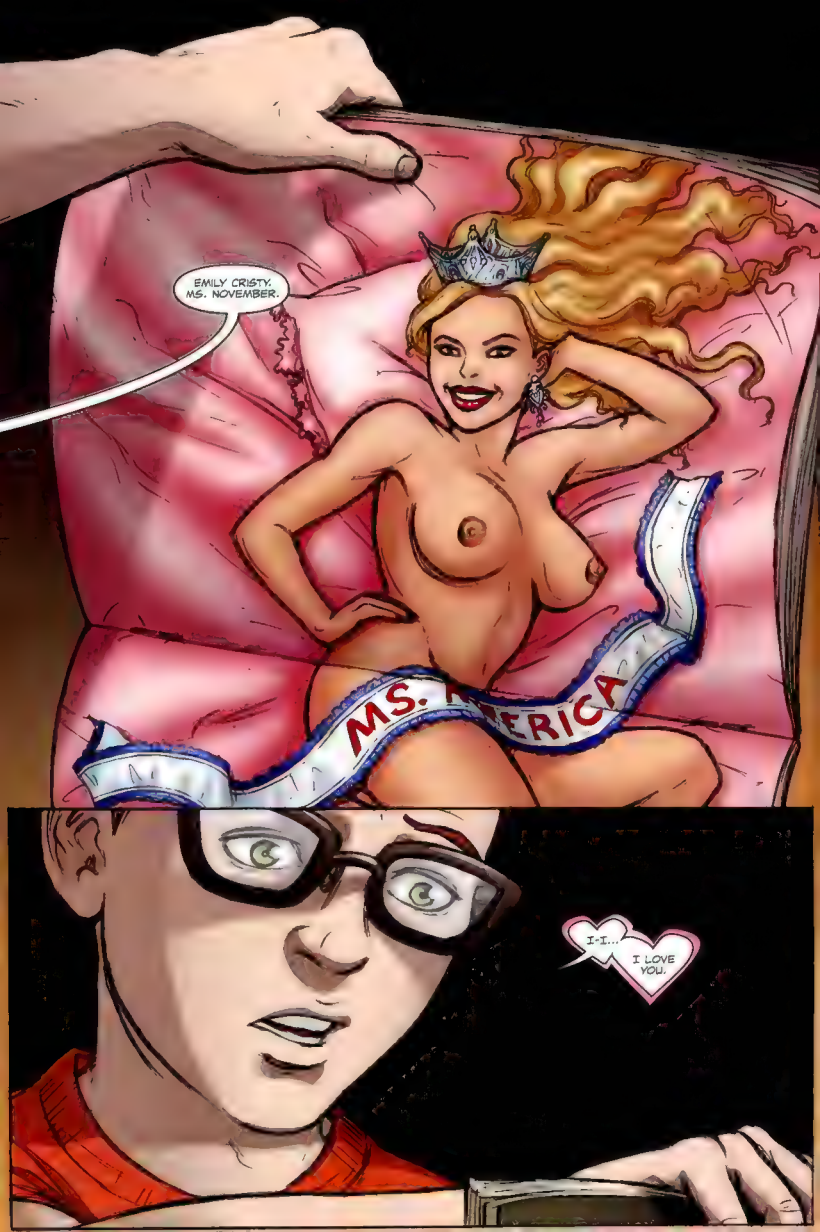
DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PUBLISHER JOSH BLAYLOCK
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR SAM WELLS
EDITOR STEPHEN CHRISTY
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
PRODUCTION MANAGER MIKE O'SULLIVAN
CLASSIFIEDS TIM SEELEY

MARKETING MIKE BEAR
PUBLICITY NORA NICKEY
ADVERTISING IDRIYS GRANT
ACCOUNTING DEBBIE DAVIS
CUSTOMER SERVICE CRANK!

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #15, SEPTEMBER, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: 4519 N. Sheridan Ave. #204, Chicago, IL 60640. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. [illegible] look at these guys. Go Buy HACK/SLASH or something!!! No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. except for review purposes. HORRIBLE SE BILLS 773-321-[illegible] Printed in Canada.

I DON'T KNOW, DAVID. IT ISN'T THAT HIGH.
OH. WELL, I REALLY DO FEEL PRETTY AWFUL. MAYBE IT'S JUST IN THE EARLY STAGES.
IF I STAY HOME TODAY I'LL AVOID BEING SICK LATER.
OKAY. YOU CAN STAY HOME TODAY. BUT, WHEN I GET HOME FROM WORK I WANT YOU TO DO WHATEVER HOMEWORK YOU'VE MISSED.
YES, MOTHER.
YES!
*EH... *SNORT* SICK DAYS ARE THE BEST!
DAD'S
GIRLIE
OH... OH MY

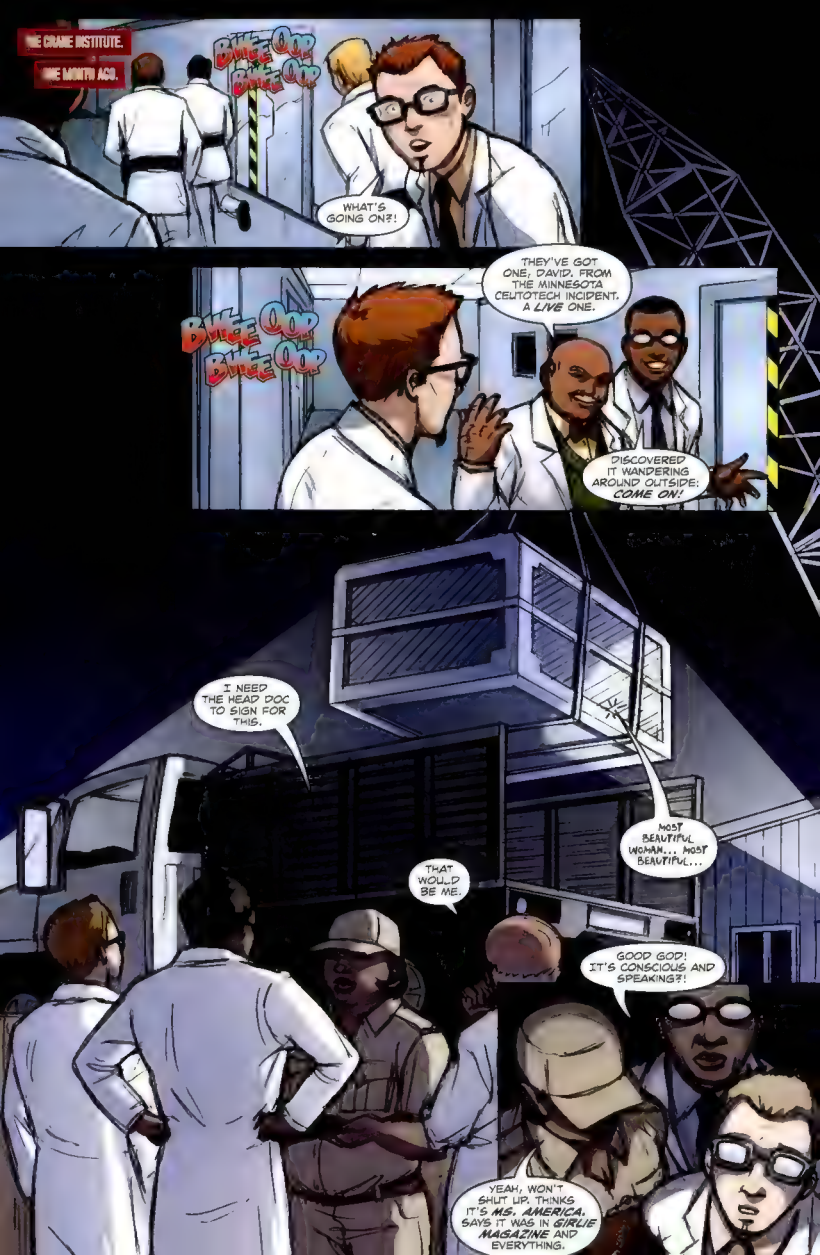

EMILY CRISTY.
MS. NOVEMBER.
I-I...
I LOVE YOU.

EMINENCE, INDIANA
TWO WEEKS AGO
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN SO GLAD TO GET HOME.
YEAH, GETTING KIDNAPPED BY A MUMMY-WRAPPED SCHOOL GIRL AND TAKEN TO NEW ORLEANS HELPS BRING THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE DOESN'T IT?*
* SEE "JACK SLASH VS. [illegible]"
WELL, THANKS FOR THE RIDE BACK TO OUR NECK OF THE WOODS. I CAN WALK DOWNTOWN AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO CATCH A BUS BACK TO MOUNT HEALTHY.
OH, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WE'RE BOTH EXHAUSTED. IT'S BEEN A TRYING COUPLE OF DAYS. WHY DON'T YOU JUST STAY HERE AND CATCH A BUS TOMORROW?
JUST MAKING SURE. I KNOW YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT WE SHOULD JUST BE FRIENDS. DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO BE "WEIRD".
FRIENDS CAN CRASH AT EACH OTHER'S HOUSES AFTER A KIDNAPPING, CHRIS.
OKAY. BUT JUST FOR TONI--
HEY, YOUR DOOR IS OPEN.
OH, NO! IT WAS NEVER CLOSED AFTER LAURA TOOK ME! IT'S BEEN OPEN THIS WHOLE TIME!
YOU'D BETTER STAY BEHIND ME, SO I CAN MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE.
OVER 9000

HRRREEEK!
AHHH! CHUCKY'S BACK!
IT'S... IT'S A RACCOON.
SCHIT? SCHIT? SCHIT?
OH FUCK: A RACCOON?! HA! HA! HA!
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
OH GOD! YES! CHRIS. . OH ..

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
HURR
HURR
HURR
HURR
C'MON, VLAD... KEEP BREATHING.
HURR
EXHALE.
HURR
INHALE.
EXHALE.
INHALE.
VLAD?
COFF
COFF
COFF
COFF

IT'S GETTING WORSE.
NO... IS FINE... ERRME I HAVE HAD THIS MANY TIMES.
I KNOW. EVER SINCE YOU WERE A KID YOU'VE GOTTEN RESPIRATORY INFECTIONS.
YOU'VE GOT SENSITIVE LUNGS. IT'S HALF THE REASON YOU WEAR THAT CREEPY MASK.
THIS TIME IT SOUNDS BAD. SLEEPING IN THIS LEAKY VAN IN THE RAIN ISN'T HELPING.
WE NEED TO GET YOU SOMEWHERE DRY. A HOTEL.
BUT, CASSANDRA. KRRRFF WE ARE OUT OF WHEEEZZ MONEY.
I SAW A PAWNSHOP ON THE WAY IN, JUST DOWN THE STREET. I'LL HOCK SOME OF OUR "PRIZES".
WE'LL BE KICKING IT AT THE HOLIDAY INN IN NO TIME.


THE CRANE INSTITUTE.
ONE MONTH AGO.
BLUEE OOP BLUEE OOP
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
BLUEE OOP BLUEE OOP
THEY'VE GOT ONE, DAVID. FROM THE MINNESOTA CEUTOTECH INCIDENT. A LIVE ONE.
DISCOVERED IT WANDERING AROUND OUTSIDE: COME ON!
I NEED THE HEAD DOC TO SIGN FOR THIS.
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN... MOST BEAUTIFUL...
THAT WOULD BE ME.
GOOD GOD! IT'S CONSCIOUS AND SPEAKING?!
YEAH, WON'T SHUT UP. THINKS IT'S MS. AMERICA. SAYS IT WAS IN GIRLIE MAGAZINE AND EVERYTHING.

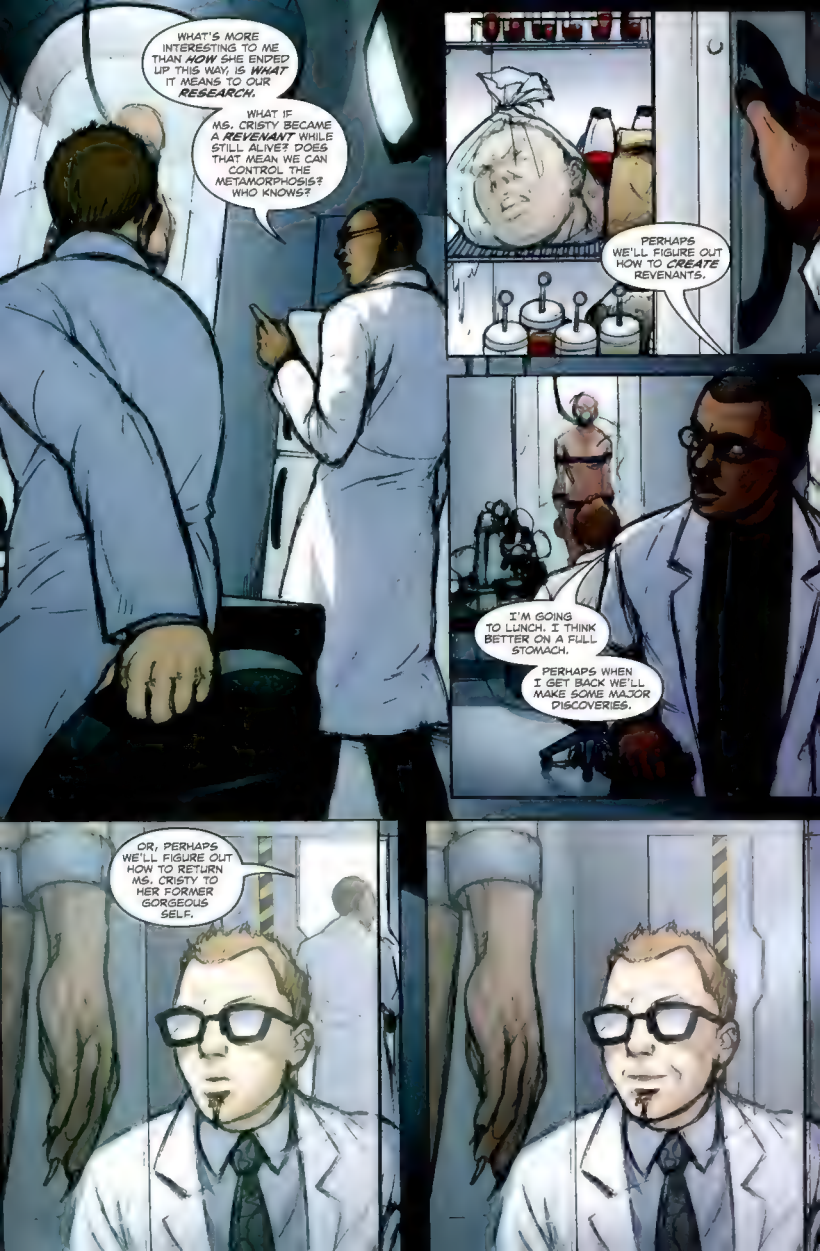
EMILY, WAIT!
YEAH, THAT'S HER. HOW'D YOU KNOW?
I-I WAS A... UH... FAN. HAD A... Y'KNOW, CHILDHOOD CRUSH I GUESS.
HEH. WELL, IF YOU LIKED HER *THEN*, YOU'LL *LOVE* HER NOW. HER NEW LOOK IS PRETTY NICE. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN COURTNEY LOVE...
...AND A MEDIUM COOKED STEAK.
GYEEEAAH!

5 DAYS AGO
YOU'RE ASKING ME TO LEAVE?
NO, I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO LEAVE. I WAS ASKING WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE HEADING HOME. IT'S A TOTALLY DIFFERENT QUESTION.
I DUNNO... I JUST FIGURED SINCE WE'D BEEN, Y'KNOW, DOING IT, I'D STICK AROUND. IT SEEMS LIKE WE SORT OF HAVE A "THING".
GEEZ! DO YOU HAVE TO TELL EVERYONE WE'RE...
...DOING IT?
WHAT, ARE YOU ASHAMED?
NO, I'M NOT ASHAMED! I JUST... IT'S NO ONE'S BUSINESS.
BESIDES, I THINK WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS BEFORE ONE OF US MOVES IN WITH THE OTHER. I MEAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR A JOB?..
OH, THAT'S WHAT IT'S ABOUT...
...LOOK, I KNOW I DON'T HAVE THE BEST TRACK RECORD AS A BREAD EARNER, BUT I'M GONNA WORK ON...
...YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING.
OH, NO.

KYLE.
YOUR EX? THE ASSHOLE THAT BASICALLY CAUSED THE BOBBY BRUNSWICK DEAD PET ATTACK?*
SHIT. HE SAW US.
* SEE JACK SLASH: FIRST CUT TRADE PAPERBACK
LISA! WOW, IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST OUT WITH MY BOYS. WE'RE DOING A LITTLE CELEBRATING.
YOU'RE LOOKING HOT. SO, WHO'S THIS GUY?
I'M CHRIS, I--
I DIDN'T ASK YOU, FAG.
SO, IS THIS YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND, LEES? HE LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE BITCH.
AW... WHAT'S WRONG, KYLE? DON'T KNOW HOW TO IMPRESS A GIRL UNLESS YOU CAN GAG A RETARDED GUY?

NEAR KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
WOW.
PAWN SHOP
GUNS
JEWELRY
I'LL GIVE YA TWENTY-FIVE FOR ALL OF IT.
TWENTY-FIVE?! THESE KNIVES ARE ALL IN PERFECT SHAPE! I THINK THEY'RE THE KIND THAT CAN CUT A CAN.
AND THE CHAINSAW? THAT'S SOME QUALITY MACHINERY, MAN...
DAMN SEAGULLS
HONEY, EVERYTHING YOU HAVE LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN THROUGH A WAR.
AND, I GOTTA SAY, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME ANYONE'S EVER TRIED TO SELL ME A CHAINSAW WITH A BLOODSTAIN ON IT.
I'LL GIVE YA THIRTY, CUZ I'M FEELING GENEROUS.
I NEED MORE THAN THAT!
WELL, UNLESS YOU GOT MORE STUFF, I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE FOR YOU.
DAMN!
PAWN
I'LL BE BACK.
I'VE GOT ONE MORE THING...

THE CRANE INSTITUTE.
LAST WEEK.
INTERESTING.
MS. CRISTY'S CELLS ARE COMPLETELY UNLIKE THE OTHER SUBJECTS. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT SHE HAD UNDERGONE THE SAME PHYSICAL CHANGE BROUGHT ON BY THE ADDITION OF THE "HATE JUICE" TO HER SYSTEM.
BUT, THE CELL STRUCTURE IMPLIES A HIGHER LEVEL OF STRESS, SUGGESTING THAT THE CHANGE MAY NOT HAVE TAKEN PLACE OVER TIME AS MOST OF DR. HACK'S RESEARCH HAS SHOWN.
IN THIS CASE, THE ADDITION OF THE CHEMICAL MAY HAVE BEEN *IMMEDIATE*, PERHAPS *INGESTED* IN SOME WAY.
SO SHE MADE HERSELF INTO A *REV* ON PURPOSE?
OR... SOMEONE ELSE DID IT *FOR* HER.


WHAT'S MORE INTERESTING TO ME THAN *HOW* SHE ENDED UP THIS WAY, IS *WHAT* IT MEANS TO OUR *RESEARCH*.
WHAT IF MS. CRISTY BECAME A *REVENANT* WHILE STILL ALIVE? DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN CONTROL THE METAMORPHOSIS? WHO KNOWS?
PERHAPS WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO *CREATE* REVENANTS.
I'M GOING TO LUNCH. I THINK BETTER ON A FULL STOMACH.
PERHAPS WHEN I GET BACK WE'LL MAKE SOME MAJOR DISCOVERIES.
OR, PERHAPS WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO RETURN MS. CRISTY TO HER FORMER GORGEOUS SELF.

NEAR EMINENCE, INDIANA.
5 DAYS AGO.
HA! HA! AND THE LOOK ON HIS FACE?
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW QUICKLY HE GOT OUT OF THERE. HE PROB'LY WEN' HOME TO LICK HIS WOUNDS.
CHRIS: 1.
MALE NURSE: 0.
WHERE YA WANN' GO NEXT SEXY? HOME, MAYBE?
CHRIIIS... STOP IT.
YOU LITTLE FAGGOT!
WHOMP!
SUNNNFE
NO!
FUCKIN' BITCH! I WAS TRYING TO BE CIVIL AN' SHIT. I DIDN'T EVEN BRING UP HOW YOU RUINED MY GODDAMN LIFE!
I CAN TAKE WHATEVER YOU CAN THROW AT ME, BITCH.
BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET SOME LITTLE FAG TRASH-TALK ME WITHOUT SOME CONSEQUENCES, YOU'RE WRONG.

KYLE!
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL TAKE YOUR FRIENDS AND GO SLEEP IT OFF SOMEWHERE.
NOW THAT YOUR BUDDY DONOVAN DOESN'T RUN THE SHOW, NO ONE'S GONNA TURN THEIR BACK TO YOUR SHENANIGANS.
GO ON. SHOO!
GOOD EVENIN', MS.ELSTEN. HE GONNA BE A_R.GHT?
YEAH... I THINK SO...
I TELL YA WHAT: WHY DON'T I TAKE YOU FOLKS HOME? MAKE SURE YOU GET IN SAFE. WE'LL GET YER CAR INNA MORNIN'.
THANKS, RAY.
SO HOW'S THINGS GOIN' AT THE SHELTER?
MS. ELSTEN?
:SIGHS
KIDS.

THEN.
=AHUNNNH=
=AHUNH=
MS. HACK... UH... CASSIE?
I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOUR MOM WAS PRETTY... UNPLEASANT.
BUT, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D WANT *THIS*.
MAYBE IT'LL HELP YOU REMEMBER HER IN BETTER TIMES.
IT'S A REAL NICE WEDDING RING. YOUR DAD MUST HAVE LOVED YOUR MOM A WHOLE LOT.
NOW.
=COFF=
=COFF=
=WHEEEEZZZ=
PAWN

THE CRANE INSTITUTE.
ONE WEEK AGO.
2300 HOURS. FRIDAY. ANOTHER LATE NIGHT WITH THE MYSTERIES OF MS. CRISTY. I SHOULD BE HOME BY NOW, BUT MY CURIOSITY HAS GOTTEN THE BEST OF ME YET AGAIN. SAHEME
ENTRY #0307. BLOOD CELLS OF SUBJECT ARE EXTREMELY UNUSUAL, VARYING BOTH FROM NORMAL HUMAN AND THOSE FOUND IN THE REVENANTS.
THE MAJORITY OF THE PROTEINS APPEAR TO BE GONE, BUT LEUKOCYTE AND FIBRINOGEN FORMATION IS UP, PERHAPS FUELED BY THE ADDITION BY THE REVENANT "HATE JUICE".
CELLS APPEAR INERT, SHOWING LEVELS OF OXYGEN AND CELL ACTIVITY ATTRIBUTED TO CELLULAR DEATH.
CONDUCTING TEST #8: PLASMA FROM HEALTHY HUMAN SUBJECT IS ADDED TO SUBJECT SAMPLE.
SWEET JESUS.
DAVID! YOU MUST SEE THIS!!
IT'S AMAZING! CRISTY'S BLOOD IS SOMEHOW ABLE TO OVERTAKE THE HEALTHY CE--
DAVID!?
DR. WHITE?! I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT... UH... I...
I KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE... BUT I...
SHIT.

[illegible]
[illegible]
YOU KIDS HAVE A GOOD NIGHT. I'LL SEE YA IN THE MORNIN'.
LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT THE GREATEST CATCH AS A BOYFRIEND. BUT I...
#SHHHH#
LET'S GO TO BED.

NEAR KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
NOW.
GOLDEN
INN
=HURR=
EXHALE.
=HURR=
INHALE.
=HURR=
EXHALE.

THE CRANE INSTITUTE
ONE DAY AGO.
OH GOD OH GOD I DID IT.
HI. IT'S ME. I'VE BEEN AWAY.
DR. WHITE HAD ME TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER FACILITY. HE SAID I WAS GETTING TOO PERSONAL ON THIS CASE.
I SHOULD CONSIDER MYSELF LUCKY, I GUESS. HE COULD HAVE FIRED ME OUTRIGHT AND TOLD EVERYONE ABOUT... Y'KNOW.
ANYWAY, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU. I COULD GET KILLED USING MY EXTRA BADGE TO SNEAK IN HERE LIKE THIS. BUT I HAD TO... JUST ONE MORE TIME.
THE DOC DISCOVERED THAT YOUR CELLS REGENERATE WHEN EXPOSED TO LIVING TISSUE. HE'S PLANNING ON ADDING SOME BLOOD TO YOU IN LIMITED AMOUNTS TO TEST YOUR SKIN AND MUSCLE REGROWTH.
POTENTIALLY, WITH ENOUGH TISSUE, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO REGENERATE ALL YOUR SKIN... YOUR HAIR... EVERYTHING FROM YOUR LIPS AND EYELASHES, TO YOUR BREASTS AND TOENAILS.

YOU... YOU WERE THE FIRST WOMAN I EVER FELL IN LOVE WITH. WHEN I SAW YOU IN THAT MAGAZINE... YOU WERE SO BEAUTIFUL, SO PERFECT.
YOU HAD THIS SMILE ON YOUR FACE... YOU SEEMED GOOD AND SWEET. LIKE YOU'D NEVER JUDGE ME LIKE EVERYONE ELSE DID.
EVER SINCE THEY BROUGHT YOU HERE, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE DAY THEY'D REVIVE YOU... FIX YOU. YOU'D BE SO HAPPY TO HAVE YOUR LIFE BACK.... YOU'D SMILE THAT SMILE. MAYBE YOU'D FALL IN LOVE WITH ME.
I DECIDED THAT IF ANYONE'S TISSUE IS GOING TO BE USED TO REVIVE YOU, IT SHOULD BE MINE. YOU HAVE MY HEART...
...YOU SHOULD HAVE MY BLOOD.
PLP
PLP
PLP
PLP
$$$$$$$$$$$$
OH GOD. YES. IT'S BEAUTIFUL. SO...
FUCK?
SNAP!

OH YES... THAT FEELS SO NICE.
I WAS FEELING SO NIKED. THANK YOU, DAVID.
SPLORCH
YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME. I'M GOING TO REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS.
I LOVE YOU DAVID.
TO BE CONTINUED...

DDP
6

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!

350¢

Hack/Slash

01701
8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A **SLASHER** CALLED THE **LUNCH LADY**... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER **MOTHER**!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND **VLAD**, HUNTING DOWN AND **DESTROYING** SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND **THEM**!

Cassie Hack in

"DOUBLE DATE"

WRITTEN BY **TIM SEELEY**

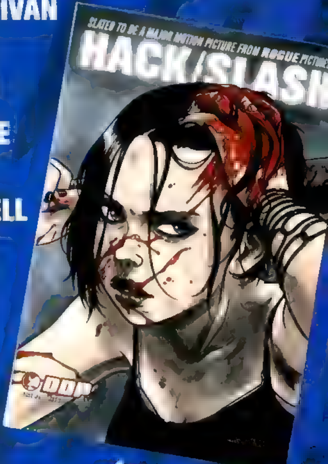
ART BY **FERNANDO PINTO, STEFANO CASELLI/TIM SEELEY & SPLASH!**

LETTERS BY **BRIAN J. CROWLEY** DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**

EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY
DESIGN BY
SEAN K. DOVE

COVER B BY
ROSS CAMPBELL



DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
JOSH BLAYLOCK
SAM WELLS
STEPHEN CHRISTY
SEAN DOVE
MIKE O'SULLIVAN
TIM SEELEY
MIKE BEAR
NORA HICKEY
IONIYS GRANT
DEBBIE DAVIS
CRANK!

OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD.
OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD.
OH... RAL...
WHO'S THERE?! D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!
KRIK
DON'T COME ANY...
ARE YOU A_RIGHT?
AIEEEE!

I DROPPED HER OFF AT THE HOSPITAL, BUT SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO SAY MUCH.
DEFINITELY LOOKED LIKE SHE'D BEEN ENGAGED IN A LITTLE SINNING.
SO, I'D SAY THE BIG METAL CROSS CUTS OUR LIST OF SUSPECTS DOWN TO JUST ONE.
YES. FATHER WRATH IS BACK.
OKAY, I MARKED ON THE MAP WHERE THE LAST THREE MURDERS HAPPENED. IT'S A PRETTY STRAIGHT LINE.
FATHER WRATH NEVER WAS MUCH FOR CREATIVITY. SO I'M GUESSING THE NEXT STOP ON THE "BLUDGEON ALL SINNERS" TOUR WILL BE RIGHT HERE...
Clever
265
411
Marionville
Aurora
HAVERHILL
HAVERHILL.
C'MON, VLAD. WE'VE GOT SOME SINNERS TO SAVE.

OUR BOY Taber in Double Date!

AW, TABER, YOU SAY THE SWEETEST THINGS. SEE YA IN MS. GOLDBERG'S CLASS!
KISS

I'LL FIGURE THIS OUT. DON'T YOU GUYS TELL ANYONE!

OF COURSE! MY LIPS ARE SEALED!

C'MON, LUNK! WE GOTTA GET TO SCIENCE CLASS!
REMEMBER, LINCOLN: MUMS THE WORD!

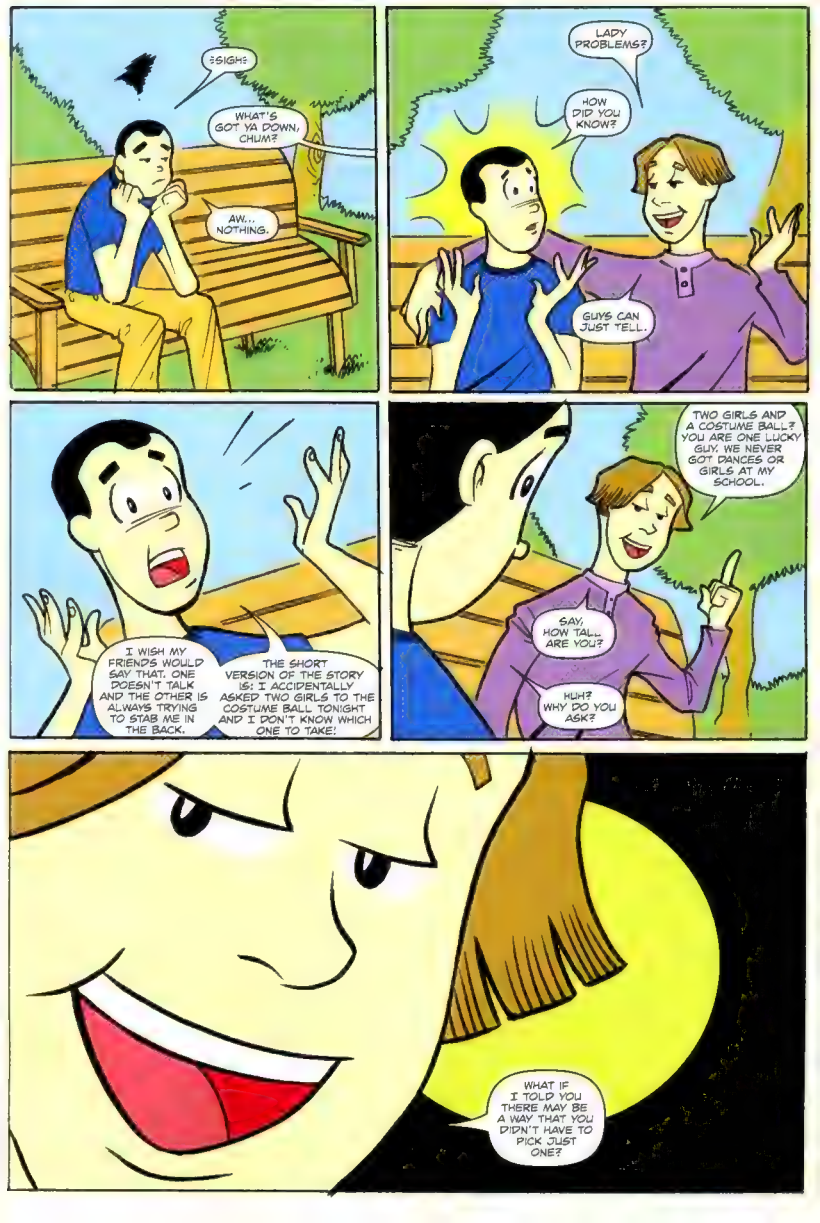
I WON'T TELL. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T MAKE THIS MORE INTERESTING!

IS IT JUST ME...
HATS
...OR DOES EVERYTHING LOOK KIND OF WEIRD?
IT'S SO CLEAN. AND, LIKE, BRIGHT.
YES.
HEY, WERE YOU LOOKIN' AT MY GIRL?!
GULPS
Nora's
Soda Shop
THAT NORA'S PLACE HAS FILLED UP SINCE SCHOOL GOT OUT. I'M GONNA POP IN, DO A LITTLE OOZ WORK.
I'LL FIND OUT WHERE TEENS GO TO DO TEEN STUFF.
AND ME?
IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND THE CHURCHES IN THIS TOWN. TAKE A PEEK... MAYBE FATHER WRATH NEEDS TO STOP 'N ONE AND GET COMMUNION OR PICK UP A NEW CROSS...
BE CAREFUL..
THANKS...
"...BUT I THINK I CAN HANDLE WHATEVER THIS TOWN THROWS AT ME."
DON'T LOOK NOW, LUNK, BUT MY SPIRIT DANCE DATE IS ABOUT TO WALK IN...

AT A NEARBY PARK...
SO WHAT'S THIS YOU WANT TO TELL ME, TABER?
WELL, YA SEE, ANGELA... IT'S ABOUT THE SPIRIT DANCE TONIGHT...
YES?
UH, IT'S JUST THAT...
GULP!
UH! LET'S GO OVER HERE!
HEY!
WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!
WELL... I... SORRY...
NO, NO... I LIKE A MAN WHO TAKES CONTROL.
NOW WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
UHM... I... UHM...

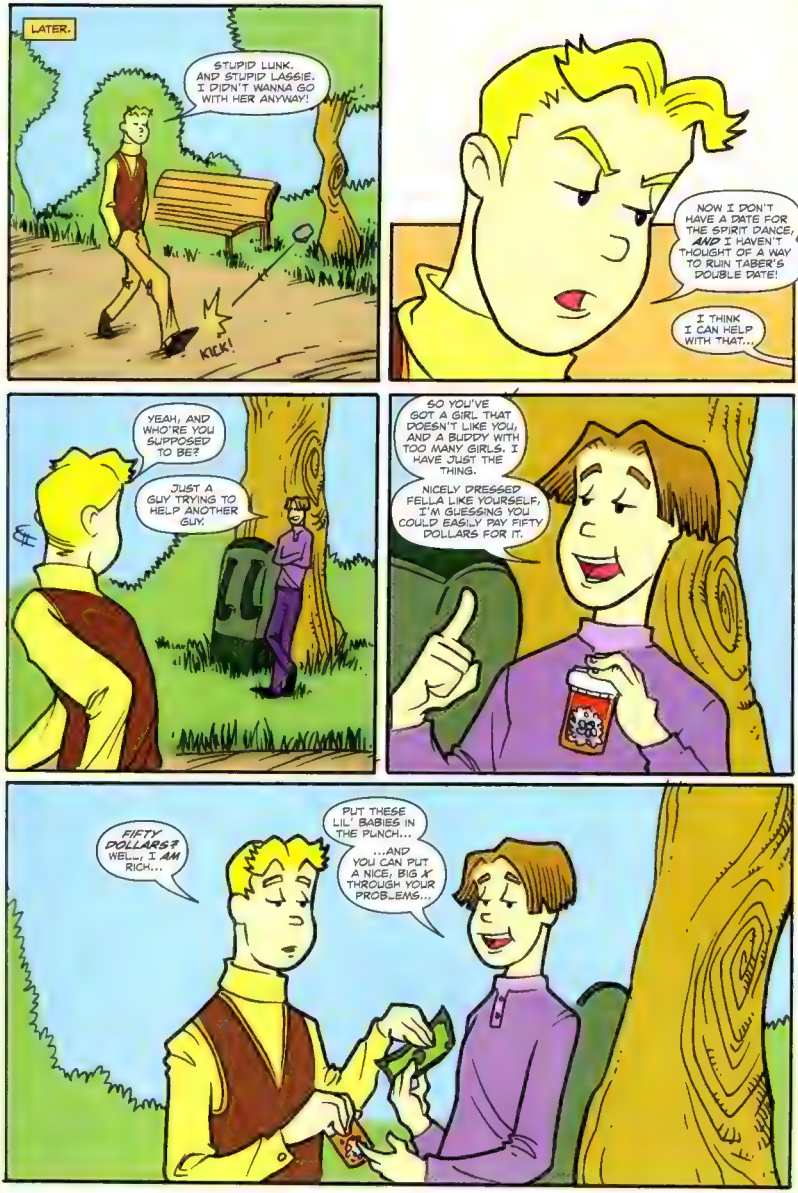
YESS... SINNNERSSSS... SIN, AND BE PUNISHED...
I... I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU DRESSED UP TONIGHT!
I'LL PICK YOU UP AT SEVEN!
AWWWWW! THANKS, TABER. I'LL BE WAITING!
SMWAH!
MWAH
GOSH.
GO SIN.
SEE YA LATER, ALLIGATOR.
GOSH.
LA LA LA LA! I'M A LUCKY GUY. LA LA LA LA!
LIVE IN A NICE OLD TOWN. LA LA LA LA!
GOT A KISS FROM A PRETTY GIRL. LA LA LA LA!
SSSSHH

BACK AT NORA'S!
...THAT'S WHEN I TURNED TO MY FATHER AND SAID, "ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, BUT POLO IS FOR HORSES, NOT PONIES".
HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME, AND HE BOUGHT ME THE BENZ SLR! CONTINENTAL GT, PLEASE.
HMMMM... I SHOULD GET INTO THAT DANCE SOMEHOW. THAT IS WHERE FATHER WRATH IS MOSTLY LIKELY TO STRIKE.
BUT, IF I GO WITH THIS ASSHOLE, I'LL BEAT WRATH TO THE PUNCH AND BLUDGEON HIM MYSELF. THINK FAST, CASSIE...
SO... LASSIE, RIGHT? SHOULD I PICK YOU UP FOR THE DANCE AT SEVEN?
ACTUA...LY, I CAN'T...
BECAUSE I'M GOING WITH THIS GUY.
LUNK?!
YUP. ME AND... UH... LUNK. HERE'S MY PHONE NUMBER. CALL ME AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO PICK ME UP.
SEE YOU TONIGHT, GUYS.

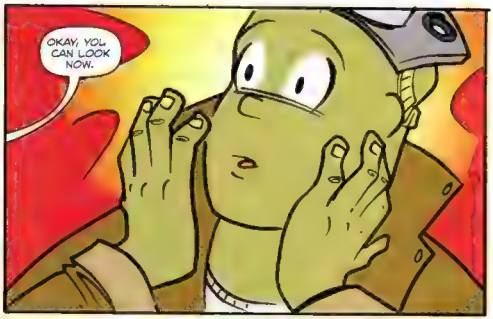

:SIGH:
WHAT'S GOT YA DOWN, CHUM?
AW... NOTHING.
LADY PROBLEMS?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
GUYS CAN JUST TELL.
I WISH MY FRIENDS WOULD SAY THAT. ONE DOESN'T TALK AND THE OTHER IS ALWAYS TRYING TO STAB ME IN THE BACK.
THE SHORT VERSION OF THE STORY IS: I ACCIDENTALLY ASKED TWO GIRLS TO THE COSTUME BALL TONIGHT AND I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE TO TAKE!
TWO GIRLS AND A COSTUME BALL? YOU ARE ONE LUCKY GUY. WE NEVER GOT DANCES OR GIRLS AT MY SCHOOL.
SAY, HOW TALL ARE YOU?
HUH? WHY DO YOU ASK?
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THERE MAY BE A WAY THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PICK JUST ONE?

HURRR...
SO FAR, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED AT CHURCH
BUT MUCH IS GOING ON ACROSS THE STREET.
EVER SINCE I MADE THE SIGN, I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IT SOME MORE.
ST. HARTLEY
CAR WASH YOUTH GROUP FUNDRAISER!
*SEE ISSUE #3 --VOYEURISTIC MIKE
NO... I MUST CONCENTRATE... WASH SOAPY GIRLS FROM BRAIN...
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN', YA CREEP?!

ARE YOU SPYING ON MY GIRL?! NO ONE LOOKS AT PINKY BUT ME!
NO... I WAS... WATCHING NUNS...
STAND UP YA UGLY CREEP, NO ONE SPIES ON MY GIRL!
OR MY NAME AIN'T GORILLA MCMANN!...
SULPF
I DID NOT MEAN TO LOOK...
I WAS TRYING TO WATCH CHURCH, NOT GIRLS.
OH NO MAN UH MY FAULT SORRY ABOUT THAT UH "FREAK" THING


LATER.
STUPID LUNK. AND STUPID LASSIE. I DIDN'T WANNA GO WITH HER ANYWAY!
KICK!
NOW I DON'T HAVE A DATE FOR THE SPIRIT DANCE; AND I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF A WAY TO RUIN TABER'S DOUBLE DATE!
I THINK I CAN HELP WITH THAT...
YEAH, AND WHO'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
JUST A GUY TRYING TO HELP ANOTHER GUY.
SO YOU'VE GOT A GIRL THAT DOESN'T LIKE YOU, AND A BUDDY WITH TOO MANY GIRLS. I HAVE JUST THE THING.
NICELY DRESSED FELLA LIKE YOURSELF, I'M GUESSING YOU COULD EASILY PAY FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT.
FIFTY DOLLARS? WELL... I AM RICH...
PUT THESE LIL' BABIES IN THE PUNCH...
...AND YOU CAN PUT A NICE, BIG 'X' THROUGH YOUR PROBLEMS...

Havernhi
Inn


OKAY, YOU CAN LOOK NOW.

WHAT BETTER WAY TO CATCH A PRIEST, RIGHT?
HURR.

WHAT? DON'T YOU LIKE IT?
I LIKE... JUST FINE... I... NEED FRESH AIR.

BREEEP! BREEEP!
THAT'S MY RIDE. REMEMBER, TAKE THE VAN AND PARK AROUND THE BLOCK. IF WRATH IS IN THIS TOWN, WE'LL GET THAT ASS TONIGHT.

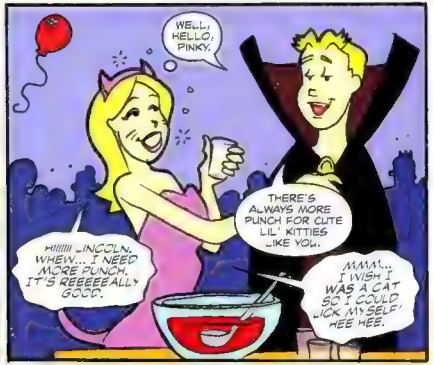
SLAM
YES. GET... THAT ASS.

MASQUERADE PROM!!
Come on baby, Let's do the twist, come on baby...
ISN'T THIS GREAT, TRISH? THEY SURE MADE THE GYM LOOK GROOVY!
YES, TABER. IT SURE IS.
SOMETHING WRONG, TRISH?
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY YOU'RE DRESSED IN THIS KIND OF CREEPY COSTUME.
UH... IT'S THE NEWEST THING... ONE OF THOSE POPULAR CHARACTERS FROM JAPAN!
UM... I'LL GET YA' SOME PUNCH.
HEY LINCOLN!
WHY, HELLO, TABER. NICE COSTUME. HAVE SOME PUNCH.
I'M NOT THIRSTY. THIS IS FOR TRISH.
AH, SO YOU CHOSE A DATE?
UH... NO... NOT EXACTLY.
SIGH. YOU WITH TWO DATES, AND ME WITH NONE. OH WELL, I WON'T COMPLAIN...
THERE'S ENOUGH LOVE IN THIS ROOM FOR EVERYONE.

VERY KITSCH, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
UM HUH.
YOU'VE BEEN AWFUL QUIET. ARE YOU OKAY, TABER?
♫ go, go Johnny go, go, Johnny B. Goode. ♫

UM HUH.

LET'S GO OVER HERE.
BOO!


WELL, HELLO, PINKY.
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE PUNCH FOR CUTE LIL' KITTIES LIKE YOU.
HIIIII! LINCOLN, WHEW... I NEED MORE PUNCH. IT'S REEEEEALLY GOOD.
MMM... I WISH I WAS A CAT SO I COULD LICK MYSELF! HEE HEE.

ALRIGHT, LUNK. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND. I'LL MEET YOU BACK HERE IN A SECOND.
BULLS
23

♫ go, go shawty. it's your birthday.. ♫ we gon' party like it's your birthday...

♫ we gon' sip bacardi like it's your birthday. And you know we don't give a fuck... ♫
uh...
HUMP HUMP
THIS PLAN IS GREAT! GOOD LUCK WITH TRISH!
HEH.
♫ cause it's not your birthday! ♫
DOWN, MAN, DOWN...
HOLY SHIT. WRATH.
♫ you can find me in the club. bottle full of bup. Look: mami. I got the X. If you into takin' drugs... ♫
BACK THE FUCK OFF.
HEY! YOU GOOFED UP MY JITTERBUG!
I'm into havin' sex. I ain't into makin' love. So come give me a hug if you into getting rubbed. ♫
UPTIGHT WHITE CHICK.
WRATH!
WHOMP!
GHYAH!

GOSH. HOW'D I END UP OUTSIDE? HEE HEE.
MMM... EVERYTHING IS SO SPINNY. I THINK I'LL LEAN AGAINST THIS TREE.
UH?
OOOOOH.
THIS TREE HAS MUSCLES. MMMMMM'
HEY, TRISH, WHERE'S YOUR DATE?
I-I DUNNO. HE WAS HERE... AND THEN HE WALKED AWAY... BUT THEN HE WALKED BACK THIS WAY... BUT... I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS HIM.
OH... UH... WELL, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?
MMMMM... OKAY!
YOU KNOW WHAT?
WE ALL SPEND SO MUCH TIME COMPETING FOR TABER, TRADING EACH OTHER BACK AND FORTH, OR WATER SKIING WITH THE GODDAMN PRINCIPAL...
...WE JUST DON'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME FUCKING.
TAKE ME SOMEWHERE AND TEAR MY PANTIES OFF WITH YOUR TEETH.

COME ON, YOU FUCK! WHERE'RE ALL YOUR EVANGELICAL BULLSHIT SPEECHES?!
AHHH! WHY ARE YOU HITTING ME?!
I'M SORRY! I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHICH GIRL TO PICK IS ALL!
FWAK!

HUH?
WOAH! HOLD ON THERE!
LET ME GO!

GET HER OUT OF HERE. I WON'T HAVE ANY FIGHTING AT MY SCHOOL!
YESSIREE, MR. CRUNK.

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU--
WRATH?!

GO. SIN.

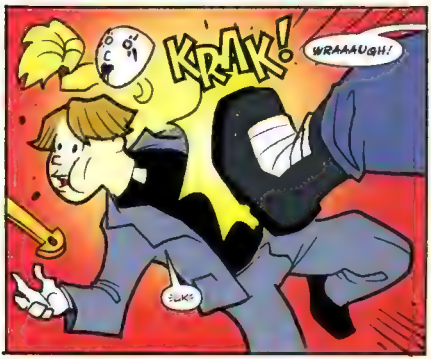
LET ME GO, GODDAMMIT!
USING THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, MY DEAR!

MMMM... OH YEAH... OH...
DO IT. HARD!
YOU GOT IT, BABY.
THUNK!
SINNNERS!
HURR!? CASSANDRA?
FORGET ME! GO! LOCKER ROOM!
WHO WAS SHE YELLIN' TO--?!
WHA--? PINKY?!
HEE HEE HEY! WHERE'D THE SEXY TREE GO?

EEEEEEE!
GO AHEAD AND SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE. THE MUSIC IS SO LOUD, NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU.

IT'S ABOUT FUCKING TIME! I DIDN'T THINK ANY OF YOU GOODY TWO SHOES WERE GOING TO COMMIT A PUNISHABLE OFFENSE.
AFTER A WHILE, THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME HERE WAS THE CHALLENGE...

SHRIIISSH
OH SHIT!


KRAK!
WRAAAUGH!
:EEK:

:PFAW: WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
I AM VLAD. I KILLED FATHER WRATH. YOU ARE NOT HIM.

YOU WILL TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU WEAR THAT MASK.

MY NAME... MY NAME IS SAM. SAMUEL LAWRENCE.
"I'M FROM TENNESSEE. MY UNCLE... HE WAS A PREACHER.
"HE WENT FROM TOWN TO TOWN, TELLIN' PEOPLE ABOUT GOD AND WHAT THE POWER OF GOD'S LOVE HAD IN STORE FOR THEM.
"HE TOLD ABOUT THE PEOPLE GOD DIDN'T LOVE TOO, AND WHY WE NEEDED TO GET RID OF 'EM.
"HE WAS A GREAT MAN MY UNCLE... A GREAT SOLDIER IN GOD'S ARMY.
"BUT, THE DEVIL GOT TO HIM... MADE HIM A SODOMITE AND A FAGGOT.
"AND HE WANTED TO SHARE HIS SIN WITH ME.
"I DID THE ONLY I COULD... I FREED HIM FROM HIS SIN.
"AFTER THAT, I WAS DISILLUSIONED, RIGHT? SO, I DID WHAT A YOUNG SINNER DOES. I DID DRUGS, I DANCED, I FORNICATED... I LET THE DEVIL HAVE ME.
"BUT IT DON'T TAKE LONG AND I CAME TO MY SENSES. I REALIZED THE WORLD IS A WORSE PLACE WITHOUT MY UNCLE. I REALIZED I HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR MY OWN SIN AND HIS.
"SO I DECIDED IT WAS UP TO ME TO BEAR THE WEIGHT OF THAT CROSS, AND STOP THE SINNERS..."
SINNERS LIKE THAT UNCHRISTIAN PIECE OF SHIT BLEEDING OUT ON THE FLOOR...
...AND THAT LITTLE BITCH COWERING IN THE CORNER.

HURR.
I AM SORRY FOR YOU.
SORRY FOR MEZ! HA! I AM NISH AS KITE.
I AM FULL OF GOD'S LOVE AND YOU FEEL SORRY FOR--
CRACK
SUCK?
THANK. T-THANK YOU. YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
IT IS NO PROBLEM I NEEDED A COLD SHOWER.

HAVERHILL
FW
MAYBE WE'LL GET LUCKY AND WE WON'T GET ANOTHER FATHER WRATH SEQUEL.
I AM GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM HAVERHILL. MY MIND IS... CLEARER.
YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A PRETTY LAME TOWN, HUH?
URR... UH... YES. LAME.
WELL... I'M GONNA TELL YOU A SECRET. I LIKED IT.
I MEAN, SURE, IT'S AS VANILLA AND SHALLOW AS HELL. BUT, SOMETIMES...
...SOMETIMES I JUST WANT SOMETHING SWEET AND GOOD AND SIMPLE.
Y'KNOW?
HURR... MAY I TELL A SECRET THEN?
YEAH, SURE.
I AM... HORNY.
...
GODDAMMIT, VLAD.
THE END

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR
MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
DDP
ISSUE #7 DEC 2007 $3.50
TUB CLUB
Part 1 of 3

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A **SLASHER** CALLED THE **LUNCH LADY**... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER **MOTHER**!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND **VLAD**, HUNTING DOWN AND **DESTROYING** SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND **THEM**!

Cassie Hack in

"TUB CLUB"

part 1 of 3

WRITTEN BY **TIM SEELEY** ART BY **REBEKAH ISAACS** COLORS BY **ANDREW DALHOUSE**
LETTERS BY **CRANK!** DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**
EDITS BY **MIKEO'!**

COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY & SPLASH!

COVER B BY
SARA PICHELLI

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
www.devilsdue.net

JOSH BLAYLOCK
SAM WELLS
STEPHEN CHRISTY
SEAN DOVE
MIKE O'SULLIVAN
TIM SEELEY

MIKE BEAR
NORA HICKEY
IDRIYS GRANT
DEBBIE DAVIS
CRANK!

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #7, DECEMBER, 2007. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #230, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2007 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. except for review purposes. ATTENTION: AD SALES: 773-321-[illegible] Printed in Canada.

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS
TWO MONTHS AGO.
FRANCO-BELLE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
est. 1873
ELIZA. WAKE UP, HONEY.
IT'S TIME.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOING THIS!
SHHHH. KEEP IT COOL...
WE DON'T WANNA LOOK LIKE ROOKIES.
WITH ALL THE PRACTICE WE'VE HAD?
HAH. NERD.

UMM... HI.
WE'RE HERE FOR THE... UH... MEETING.
OF COURSE YOU ARE.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL HERE. GOOD GIRLS.
I HEREBY CALL TO ORDER A MEETING OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB ON FRANCO-BELLE CAMPUS.
FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS:
TAKE OFF THOSE CLOTHES, GIRLS.

SECOND ORDER OF BUSINESS: TASTE THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
HOT TUB + SPA. AUTHORIZED USE ONLY.
WELCOME TO TUB CLUB.
COME... THIS IS THE GARDEN OF EDEN...
...AND I AM THE SNAKE.

WILLIAMS APPLE ORCHARD.
POUGHKEEPSIE NEW YORK.
YOU'VE GOT THAT "THINKING TOO HARD" LOOK ON YOUR FACE. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BIG GUY?
HRM. I WAS WONDERING. ARE UNICORNS REAL OR MAKE-BELIEVE?
MAKE-BELIEVE, VLAD. UNICORNS ARE MAKE-BELIEVE.
AH. BUT ZEBRAS ARE REAL, YES?
YEAH.
I THINK THAT'S THE END OF OUR SHIFT. LET'S GO GET OUR MONEY AND GET THE HELL OUTTA POUGH-KEEPSIE.
Y'KNOW WHAT THEY CALL IT WHEN A ZEBRA AND A HORSE BREED?
NO.
ZORSE.
HURR HURR.
ZORSE

GEORGIA. HEY.
NAH, JUST GOT DONE PICKING FRUIT.
HA HA HA! NO, THAT'S NOT A EUPHEMISM.
MARYLAND.
DID YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE, ANNA-LEE?
NOPE. JUST MY INSULIN, NURSE MARSH.
OKAY, GOOD. WELL, I'VE GOT ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY HERE AND--
WHOOPS!
OH JEEZ! I'M SORRY, I'LL ORDER SOME MORE. I'M SUCH A...
...CLUTZ...

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
NOW THAT'S ART.
HEH. YEAH... ART.
ORIGINAL THUNDERGUARD MAGAZINE SPECIAL EDITION MAIL-AWAY POSTER.
TOTALLY COLLECTIBLE. THESE THINGS GO FOR 300 BUCKS ON EBAY.
THAT'S GREAT, CHRIS.
YOU HATE IT.
NO... NO, IF YOU'RE GOING TO MOVE IN, AND PAY HALF THE MORTGAGE, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU SHOULD GET TO MAKE IT YOUR HOME TOO.
AND IF THE WAY YOU DO THAT IS BY PUTTING UP... THIS... THEN, THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE.

AW, LISA, YOU ARE THE GREATEST.
YEAH... WELL, LET'S AT LEAST KEEP THE ACTION FIGURES IN THE HACK/SLASH INC. OFFICE, OKAY?
THAT REMINDS ME! I HAD A MEDICAL EXAMINER IN ALBERT CITY WHO WAS GONNA EMAIL ME SOME PHOTOS OF A BIZARRE BODY. WANNA CHECK IT OUT?
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE ROMANTIC.
HEAR ANYTHING ELSE FROM THAT LADY IN MASSACHUSETTS?
YEAH. I THINK I HAVE ENOUGH TO SEND IT TO CASS IN THE MORNING.
THERE'S NO BODIES OR ANYTHING... JUST A LEGEND... BUT IT COULD BE SOMETHING.
COOL. WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I GOT AND SEE IF ANNE'S SOMETHING.
HERE WE GO. LET'S OPEN THIS UP...
SHIT!
THAT'S DEFINITELY... SOMETHING.

MANSFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.
ALMOST DONE, VLAD?
MMM. POTTED MEAT PRODUCT.
NOW, I AM DONE.
YOU HAVE NOT EVEN STARTED?
OH, NO... I'M DONE.
BUT WE MADE MONEY TODAY. WE SHOULD STOCK UP WITH FOODS.
THIS'LL HOLD ME OVER. I FIGURED I'D SAVE THE CASH FOR SOMETHING ELSE.
CASSANDRA. YOU MUST EAT BETTER. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LIVE ON SUCH FOOD.
THE KILLER DAIRY MEN DREAM.
YEAH, YEAH...
YOU ARE SAVING THE MONEY TO BUY MORE MINUTES ON THE PHONE.
YEAH, I S'POSE.
THE PHONE IS FOR BUSINESS, CASSANDRA.
YES, MOM.
HUUUUURN.
YOU HAVE SPENT MUCH TIME ON THE PHONE WITH GEORGIA LATELY.

HEY, SHE CALLS ME.
I KNOW. BUT YOU TALK FOR HOURS. WE DO NOT HAVE THE MINUTES FOR IT.
I'M TAKING CARE OF IT. BESIDES, THIS IS SORTA BUSINESS, RIGHT? I MEAN, SHE'S A CONTACT.
NO. SHE IS YOUR FRIEND. YOU LIKE HER. SHE LIKES YOU. AND THAT IS GOOD. BUT YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME TALKING TO HER...
BORING
CASSIE. GOOD. TALK TO ME...
SIGH.
AN UNUSUAL CORPSE YOU SAY?
IT'S JUST LISA. SAY HI, GRUMPY.
HELLO.

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.
HEY LADIES, WE COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOU COULD BOTH USE ANOTHER BEER.
WE'RE FINE, THANKS.
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND...
FUCKIN' FRANCO-BULL DYKES.
WOAH... I'M ALREADY BUZZED. I CAN'T DRINK LIKE I USED TO.
WELL, KEEP IN MIND YOU'RE DOING THE EQUIVALENT OF GIVING BLOOD AT EVERY CEREMONY.
OH... RIGHT. SO IS THAT HER?
YEAH.
IT'S GETTING LATE. YOU BETTER GO NOW BEFORE SHE LEAVES.
I DUNNO...
YOU'RE READY FOR ASCENSION, 'LIZA. KATHY IS READY FOR THE KUNDALINI. SHE CHOSE YOU TO REPLACE HER.
YOU'RE GONNA BE YOSINI. YOU JUST HAVE TO INITIATE YOUR REPLACEMENT.
SHH. WE DON'T WANT THESE POSERS TO OVERHEAR.
YOU REALLY THINK SHE'S THE ONE? DO YOU THINK SHE EVEN LIKES GIRLS?
ANNALEE SAID SHE DID.
WELL....
...SHE DEFINITELY LIKES YOU.

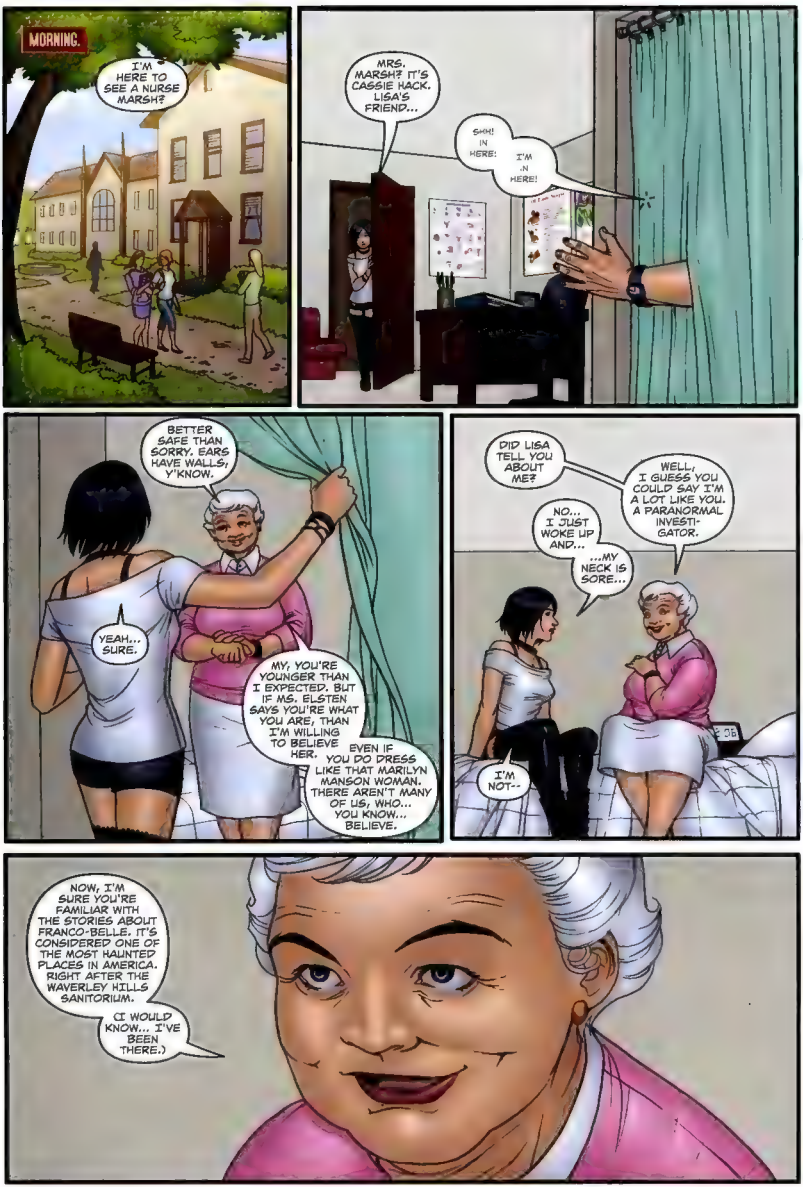
FREDERICK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE
MARYLAND
MMMMPH!
SHHH. WE ONLY WANT TO SEE YOUR BODY.
MMMMMPH!!
DON'T GET TOO EXCITED. HE MEANS THE ONE YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR MORGUE.
A FRIEND TELLS ME IT'S GOOD AND FREAKY.

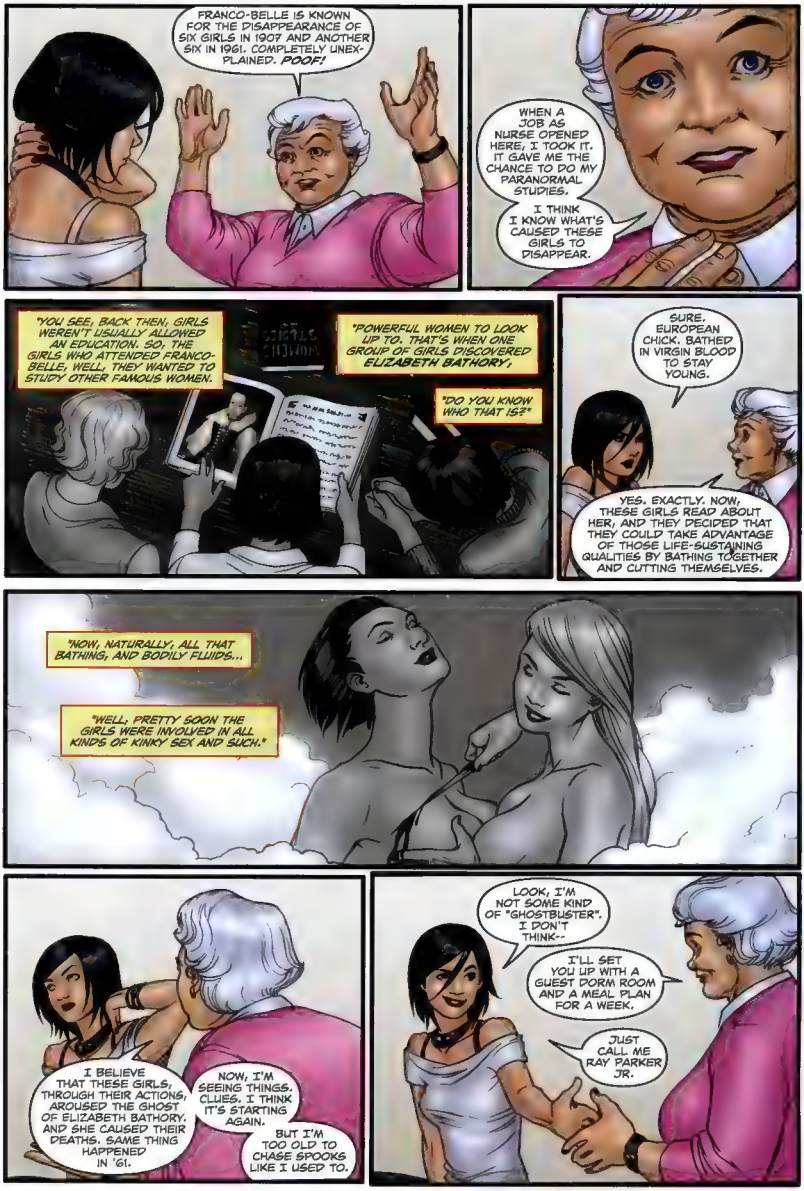
THAT'S IT. ON THE TABLE.
WHERE WAS IT FOUND?
NEAR A CORNFIELD. PARTY PLACE FOR KIDS. ONE OF YOURS?
STICK TO THE ANSWERS. YOU'LL BE BACK TO YOUR PODUNK POLICE WORK IN NO TIME. WE JUST WANT A PEEK.
CAREFUL. IT'S... IT'S NASTY.
HURM... WE ARE USED TO--
ZZZIP
...NASTY.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
YEAH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE BODY IN ALBERT CITY LOOKED LIKE.
THEY IDENTIFIED IT AS SOME FIRST YEAR DOCTOR. TUREK, I THINK HIS NAME WAS. CHRIS'LL SEND YOU THE INFO.
COOL. ANYTHING ELSE?
THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE THAT CAME IN WHILE YOU AND VLAD WERE OFF FIGHTING ROCK N' ROLL CHOLULA.*
*SEE ISSUE 4
IT'S CTHULU, LISA. CTHULU. "CHOLULA" IS A HOT SAUCE.
IN ANY CASE, A WOMAN EMAILED ME FROM A GIRL'S COLLEGE IN MASSACHUSETTS. I DUNNO... IT MIGHT BE WORTH JUST STOPPING BY AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN THE AREA.
HOOK ME UP. ANYWAY, I THINK WE'RE GONNA BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.
'NIGHT CASS.
LOGGING ROAD
THINK WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM THE COP WE JUST ASSAULTED?
YES. HE DID NOT SEE THE VAN. NO ONE WILL LOOK FOR US HERE.
TRUCKS ENTERING DOORWAY
JUST ME AND YOU, AND ANOTHER NIGHT ON THE VAN FLOOR.
UP FOR A ROUND OF "SLAP JACK" BEFORE WE SETTLE DOWN FOR ANOTHER UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT?
YES. I WILL SLAP MANY JACKS.
BRRING

FLORIDA.
CASSIE.
HEY, WOMAN. I'M ON A BREAK. BUSY?
NAH... JUST ABOUT TO HIT THE SACK. WHAT'S UP, GEORGIA?
NOPE. NO PSYCHOS TONIGHT. JUST GROCERIES AND A GROSS CORPSE.
HEH... NOT AT THE SAME TIME. HOW ABOUT YOU?
THE SAME RICH GUY AGAIN? WOW... DESPERATE...

ALBERT CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT.
CAN I HELP YOU?
WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH A DR. GENUNG.
OH.
SHIT! FEDS!
C'MON, C'MON! MAIL HISTORY... ERASE!!!
FREEZE!
BACK AWAY FROM THE COMPUTER!
I DIDN'T DO ANY-THING!
SETTLE DOWN, DOCTOR. WE UNDERSTAND YOU'RE IN POSSESSION OF A VERY INTERESTING BODY...


MORNING.
I'M HERE TO SEE A NURSE MARSH?
MRS. MARSH? IT'S CASSIE HACK. LISA'S FRIEND...
SHH! IN HERE!
I'M IN HERE!
BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY. EARS HAVE WALLS, Y'KNOW.
YEAH... SURE.
MY, YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN I EXPECTED. BUT IF MS. ELSTEN SAYS YOU'RE WHAT YOU ARE, THAN I'M WILLING TO BELIEVE HER.
EVEN IF YOU DO DRESS LIKE THAT MARILYN MANSON WOMAN. THERE AREN'T MANY OF US, WHO... YOU KNOW... BELIEVE.
DID LISA TELL YOU ABOUT ME?
WELL, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M A LOT LIKE YOU. A PARANORMAL INVESTI-GATOR.
NO... I JUST WOKE UP AND...
...MY NECK IS SORE...
I'M NOT--
NOW, I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE STORIES ABOUT FRANCO-BELLE. IT'S CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST HAUNTED PLACES IN AMERICA. RIGHT AFTER THE WAVERLEY HILLS SANITORIUM.
(I WOULD KNOW... I'VE BEEN THERE.)

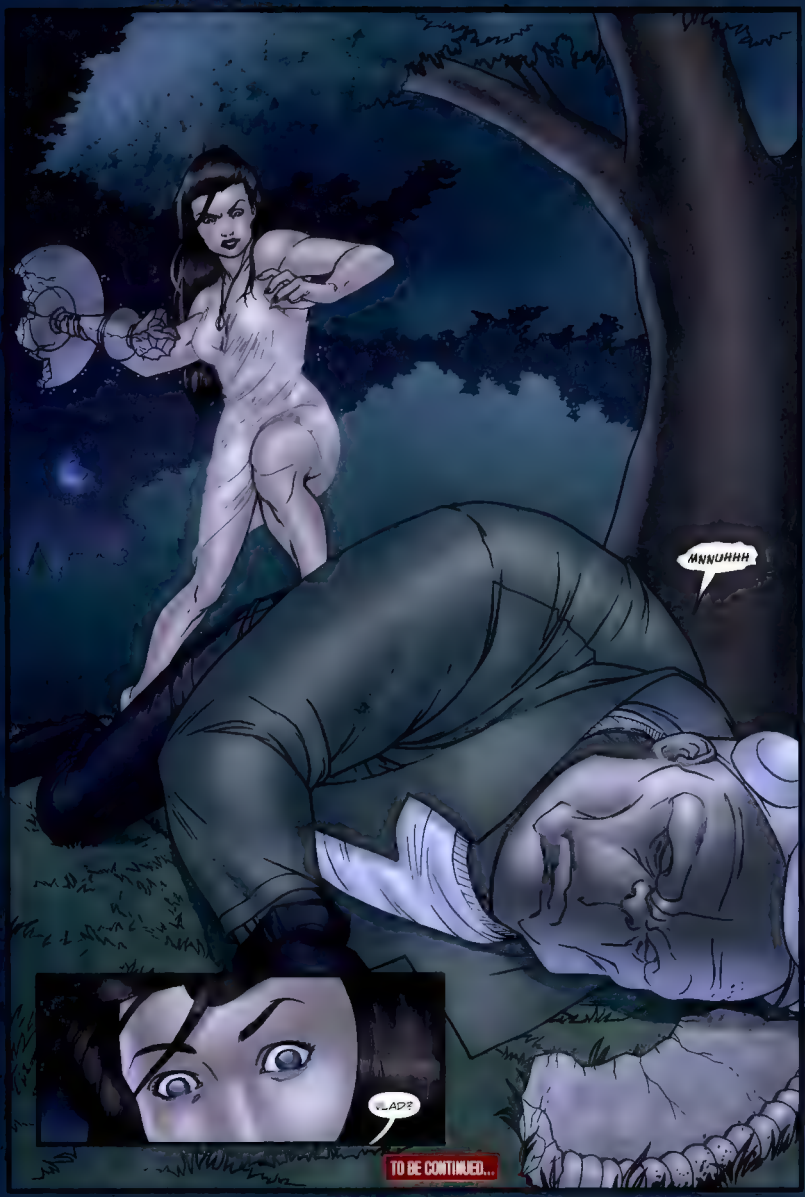

FRANCO-BELLE IS KNOWN FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIX GIRLS IN 1907 AND ANOTHER SIX IN 1961. COMPLETELY UNEXPLAINED. POOF!
WHEN A JOB AS NURSE OPENED HERE, I TOOK IT. IT GAVE ME THE CHANCE TO DO MY PARANORMAL STUDIES.
I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S CAUSED THESE GIRLS TO DISAPPEAR.
"YOU SEE, BACK THEN, GIRLS WEREN'T USUALLY ALLOWED AN EDUCATION. SO, THE GIRLS WHO ATTENDED FRANCO-BELLE, WELL, THEY WANTED TO STUDY OTHER FAMOUS WOMEN.
"POWERFUL WOMEN TO LOOK UP TO. THAT'S WHEN ONE GROUP OF GIRLS DISCOVERED ELIZABETH BATHORY.
"DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?"
SURE. EUROPEAN CHICK. BATHED IN VIRGIN BLOOD TO STAY YOUNG.
YES. EXACTLY. NOW, THESE GIRLS READ ABOUT HER, AND THEY DECIDED THAT THEY COULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THOSE LIFE-SUSTAINING QUALITIES BY BATHING TOGETHER AND CUTTING THEMSELVES.
"NOW, NATURALLY, ALL THAT BATHING, AND BODILY FLUIDS...
"WELL, PRETTY SOON THE GIRLS WERE INVOLVED IN ALL KINDS OF KINKY SEX AND SUCH."
I BELIEVE THAT THESE GIRLS, THROUGH THEIR ACTIONS, AROUSED THE GHOST OF ELIZABETH BATHORY. AND SHE CAUSED THEIR DEATHS. SAME THING HAPPENED IN '61.
NOW, I'M SEEING THINGS. CLUES. I THINK IT'S STARTING AGAIN.
BUT I'M TOO OLD TO CHASE SPOOKS LIKE I USED TO.
LOOK, I'M NOT SOME KIND OF "GHOSTBUSTER". I DON'T THINK--
I'LL SET YOU UP WITH A GUEST DORM ROOM AND A MEAL PLAN FOR A WEEK.
JUST CALL ME RAY PARKER JR.

WE ARE SURROUNDED BY GIRLS.
SETTLE DOWN, BOY. DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP AGAIN.
SO? WE ARE LOOKING FOR A SLASHER HERE?
MY GUT TELLS ME THIS NURSE CHICK IS STEWING IN CRAZY SAUCE.
ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'VE SEEN CRAZY-SOUNDING LEGENDS RUNNING AROUND BEFORE. I FIGURE, AT THE VERY LEAST, WE CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE HOSPITALITY.
WE'VE STILL GOT THE WEIRD BODILESS SKIN CASE TO WORK ON WHILE WE INVESTIGATE THE KILLER LESBIAN GHOST.
I LIKE THIS IDEA.
NOW? PERHAPS WE CAN PLAY OUR "SLAP JACK"?
I'M KINDA BEAT... I WAS JUST THINKING OF LAYING DOWN... MAYBE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FREE PHONE AND GIVE GEORGIA A CALL.

HURRRRRRMMMM.
OH VLAD... I'M SORRY. YOU'RE... ARE YOU JEALOUS?
NO. I ... HURRRMM.
VLAD..LOOK... YOU'RE MY BEST BUDDY, OKAY? BUT, GEORGIA... SHE'S A GIRL, Y'KNOW?
SHE'S MY AGE. THERE'S JUST CERTAIN THINGS I CAN TALK TO HER ABOUT THAT MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. THATS' NOT YOUR FAULT, IT'S JUST...
YES. I KNOW. I WILL LEAVE YOU TO TALK TO GEORGIA. SHE IS A GOOD GIRL.
I WILL GO TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND...
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA?
I KNOW HOW TO NOT BE SEEN...
AND HOW TO WALK ALONE.

GOOD AIR. CRISP. SMELL OF DYING LEAVES.
ENERGY IN THE AIR. ENERGY OF YOUNG PEOPLE WITH LIFE AHEAD.
NO CITY LIGHTS. SKY FULL OF STARS. IT IS BEAUTIFUL. CASSANDRA WOULD LIKE THIS VERY MUCH...
SOMEONE COMES
HELLO? IS SOMEBODY HERE? IF YOU ARE, JUST COME OUT...
...OR I'LL CALL CAMPUS SECURITY!

HEH... OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST A SQUIRREL. HAH. STUPID SQUIRREL.
PUFF
OUT VERY LATE
HURM. DRY NIGHT. WATER FROM TREE.
HURM. WATER. BLEACH SMELL. POOL WATER. AND...
...BLOODD
HUUURRRRRRRR...
UR!
WHOMP!


MNNUHHH
VLAD?
TO BE CONTINUED...

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM **ROGUE** PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH™

ISSUE #8 JAN 2008 $3.50

DDP

TUB 2 3 CLUB

8 82142 00076 2 01901>

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

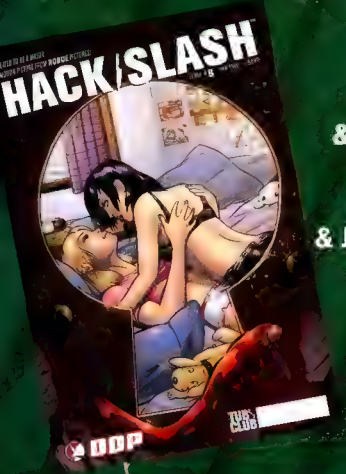
HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A **SLASHER** CALLED THE **LUNCH LADY**... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER **MOTHER**!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND **VLAD**, HUNTING DOWN AND **DESTROYING** SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND **THEM**!

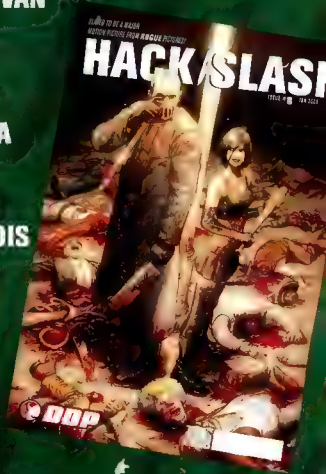
Cassie Hack in "TUB CLUB" part 2 of 3

WRITTEN BY **TIM SEELEY** ART BY **REBEKAH ISAACS** COLORS BY **ANDREW DALHOUSE**
LETTERS BY **CRANK!** DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**
EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**



COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA

COVER B BY
MIKE BEAR & JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU



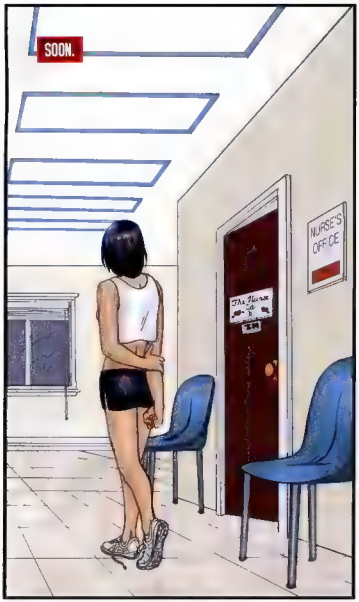
DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PUBLISHER JOSH BLAYLOCK
ADVERTISING PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
LP SPECIALIST STEPHEN CHRISTY
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
DESIGN EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
JOBS ELLIMINATOR TIM SEELEY
LEAD ELLIMINATOR MIKE BEAR
LEAD ELLIMINATOR NORA HICKEY
ELLIMINATOR IDRIYS GRANT
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS
COMPUTER PROGRAMMER CRANK!

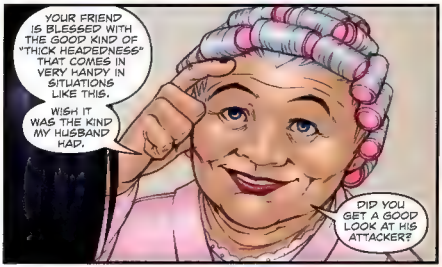
HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #2. SEPTEMBER, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3750 N. Ravenswood Ave. #239, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2007 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at those guys, do they LOOK like any people??? No portion of this single book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. except for review purposes. FOR SALES 773-271 [illegible] Printed in Canada.

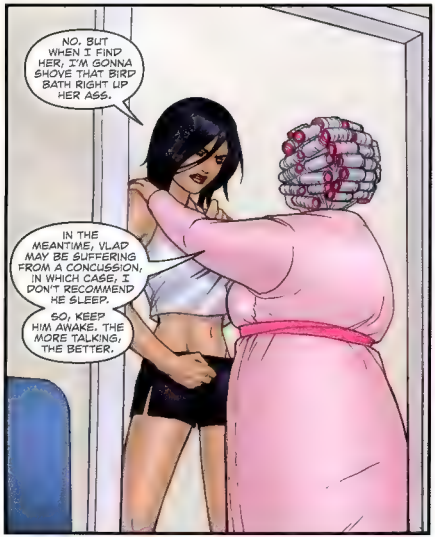
VLAD!
VLAD. I AM. VLAD. WOMAN TALKS.
URR. HEAD HURTS. RINGS SOUNDS LIKE ALARM CLOCK. BIRDS SINGING...
MOTHER?
NO. MOTHER LEFT ME. ALONE.
URR. HEAD IS WARM
VLAD!
DAMN T.
CASSIE.

HOLD IT RIGHT FUCKING THERE!!
YES
OH GOD. VLAD! ARE YOU OKAY? JESUS FUCK...
URRM? WOMAN?
SHE HIT YOU WITH A FUCKING BIRD BATH.
YES, I HEAR THEM SINGING.
YOU SHOULD CHASE HER?
FUCK HER. FIRST WE TAKE CARE OF YOU.


SOON.
NURSE'S OFFICE

IS HE OKAY?!
YES, I BELIEVE SO.


YOUR FRIEND IS BLESSED WITH THE GOOD KIND OF "THICK HEADEDNESS" THAT COMES IN VERY HANDY IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.
WISH IT WAS THE KIND MY HUSBAND HAD.
DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIS ATTACKER?

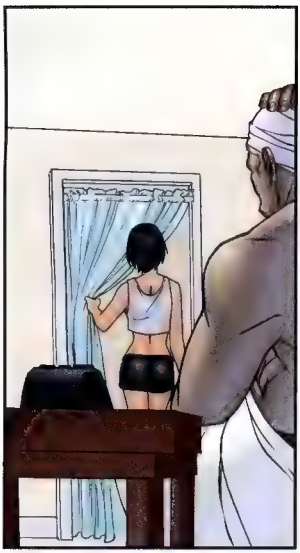

NO. BUT WHEN I FIND HER, I'M GONNA SHOVE THAT BIRD BATH RIGHT UP HER ASS.
IN THE MEANTIME, VLAD MAY BE SUFFERING FROM A CONCUSSION, IN WHICH CASE, I DON'T RECOMMEND HE SLEEP.
SO, KEEP HIM AWAKE. THE MORE TALKING, THE BETTER.

I'M SURE THAT WON'T BE TOO HARD. OLD FRIENDS LIKE YOU TWO SHOULD BE ABLE TO GAB LIKE GIRLS AT A SLUMBER PARTY.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
CHRIS, COME TO BED. PORN WILL STILL BE ON THE INTERNET TOMORROW.
ACTUALLY, I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY WE HAVEN'T HEARD BACK FROM MY GUY IN IOWA...
WELL, KEEP IN MIND YOU MET THE GUY PLAYING WORLD OF WARCRAFT. MAYBE HE'S... I DUNNO... SACKING A VILLAGE OR WHATEVER.
YEAH, I GUESS.
NOW, COME TO BED...
ALBERT CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, IOWA.
"LET HIM BURN AND PILLAGE..."

WEEEEOOOO
WEEEEOOOO
WEEEEOOOO
THERE ARE ASPECTS OF THIS JOB THAT I FIND DOWNRIGHT UNSAVORY.
WE'VE ACCOUNTED FOR ALL THE UNFORTUNATE WITNESSES. A "GAS LINE" EXPLOSION AT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. HOW TRAGIC.
WHAT'S THE PROGRESS ON DR. GENUNG'S OUTGOING MAIL?
HE DELETED THE MESSAGES THEMSELVES, DR. WHITE. GEEK EVEN HAD THE SENSE TO USE A NETSHREDDER, BUT I TRACKED AN ISP TO A PROVIDER IN A SMALL TOWN IN INDIANA.
SWEET. SO WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO HAVE A COOKOUT IN INDY TOO.
HOLD ON...
...WE'VE GOT A REPORT OF A BREAK IN AT A MORGUE IN MARYLAND. REPORT INCLUDES A REFERENCE TO AN UNUSUAL BODY. JUST SKIN.
EAST COAST. HER FILE SAYS SHE GREW UP AROUND THE AREA. INDIANA WILL HAVE TO WAIT.
JUST WHERE ARE YOU HEADED MS. CRISTY?

9 HOURS LATER.
SMK!
SLAPJACK!
I WIN!
YEP. YOUR 38!" WIN IN FACT.
NOT BAD FOR A GUY WITH BRAIN DAMAGE.
I AM GOOD AT SLAPPING.
YEAH, WELL, IT HELPS THAT I'M AFRAID TO GO ANYWHERE NEAR YOUR GIANT MEAT HOOKS WHEN THEY START A-SWINGIN'.
YOU SHOULD SLEEP. I AM FINE.
WE HAVE TO KEEP YOU UP.
I HAVE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT. AND THE RED BULLS HAVE GIVEN ME WINGS. I WILL BE FINE.
OKAY... BUT, I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP. THE CHLORINATED WATER YOU NOTICED... I THINK MARSH IS RIGHT. THIS IS SOME KIND OF HOT TUB VERSION OF ELIZABETH BATHORY.
AND IT AIN'T MUCH, BUT I KNOW YOU SAID THE CHICK THAT HIT YOU HAD BROWN HAIR AND A SHELL NECKLACE.
YES. AND REMEMBER, I BELIEVE I HEARD MY NAME...
YEAH, THAT'S THE WEIRD PART. BUT, IT COULD'VE JUST BEEN HEAD DAMAGE TALKING.
GO. I WILL BE READY SOON.



VLAD... I'M... I'M SO SORRY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU... I SHOULD HAVE TALKED TO YOU... INSTEAD.

IT IS OKAY. YOU LET ME WIN AT SLAPJACK.
381 TIMES.
WE SHALL CALL IT EVENS.
NOW GO FIND OUT ABOUT WET LESBIANS.

BRING BRING

FUCK.

CASSIE! I KNOW YOU FELT BAD ABOUT VLAD WALKING OUT LAST NIGHT.
I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING WAS OKAY.
Florida Made

NO... NO, IT'S NOT OKAY. VLAD GOT ATTACKED. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM GO OUT ALONE.
OH GOD! IS HE HURT?
HE'LL LIVE. BUT, I GOTTA REMEMBER THAT HE'S ALL I HAVE. I CAN'T HAVE OTHER FRIENDS.
IT WAS ME BEING ON THE PHONE WITH YOU ALL... THE TIME THAT MADE HIM GO OUT AND DAMN NEAR GET HIS FUCKING SKULL CAVED IN.

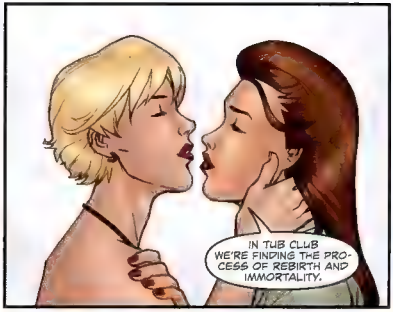
IT'S REALLY NICE TO TALK TO YOU. IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE WHO SAYS THEY UNDERSTAND ME.
BUT, I'M A FREAK WHO HUNTS DOWN OTHER FREAKS. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW ME. AND, I'LL NEVER KNOW YOU.
FUCK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR REAL FUCKING NAME.
IS MARGARET. MARGARET CRUMP
Nutrition Facts
Per 1 cup (250 g)
Amount
% Daily Value
Calories 100

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THERE'S A REASON I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS. I CAN'T TALK ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS AND YOUR LIFE. I CAN'T LAUGH AND GIGGLE.
AT ANY MOMENT I COULD BE ELBOW DEEP IN BLOOD AND GORE. THAT'S MY LIFE. SO DON'T CALL ME UNLESS IT'S ABOUT A FREAK IN A MASK THAT NEEDS KILLING.
OKAY... SORRY CASSIE. I'M SORRY.

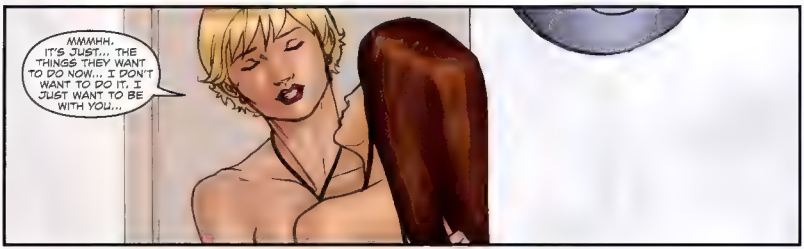
DAMN.

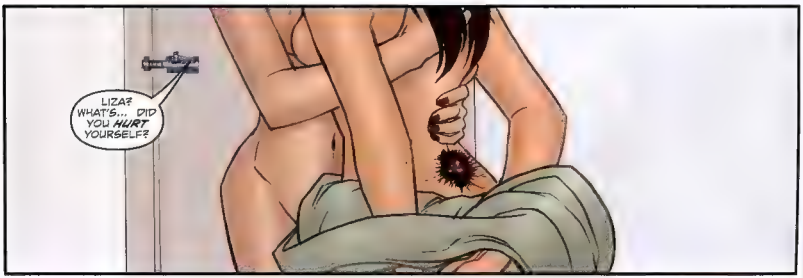
GUNNISON HALL.
ELIZA?
HEY CHAS...
OH, NOW YOU'RE BACK. WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT? I WAS WORRIED SICK! YOU DIDN'T PICK UP YOUR PHONE!
BUSY. I WAS BUSY WITH KATHY AND THE NEW INITIATE.
BUSY!? TOO BUSY TO CALL ME? I KNOW TONIGHT'S CEREMONY IS A BIG DEAL, BUT YOU COULD'VE BEEN DEAD OR... WHO KNOWS WHAT?!
WHAT'S BEEN UP WITH YOU THE PAST FEW DAYS? YOU'RE TOTALLY DIFFERENT! EVEN YOUR VOICE... AND... AND... WHAT'S WITH THE BLUE CONTACTS? I LOVED YOUR BIG BROWN EYES.
IT'S JUST... EVER SINCE WE JOINED THAT TUB CLUB... SOMETIMES I WISH WE HADN'T. I MISS WHEN IT WAS JUST... YOU AND I.

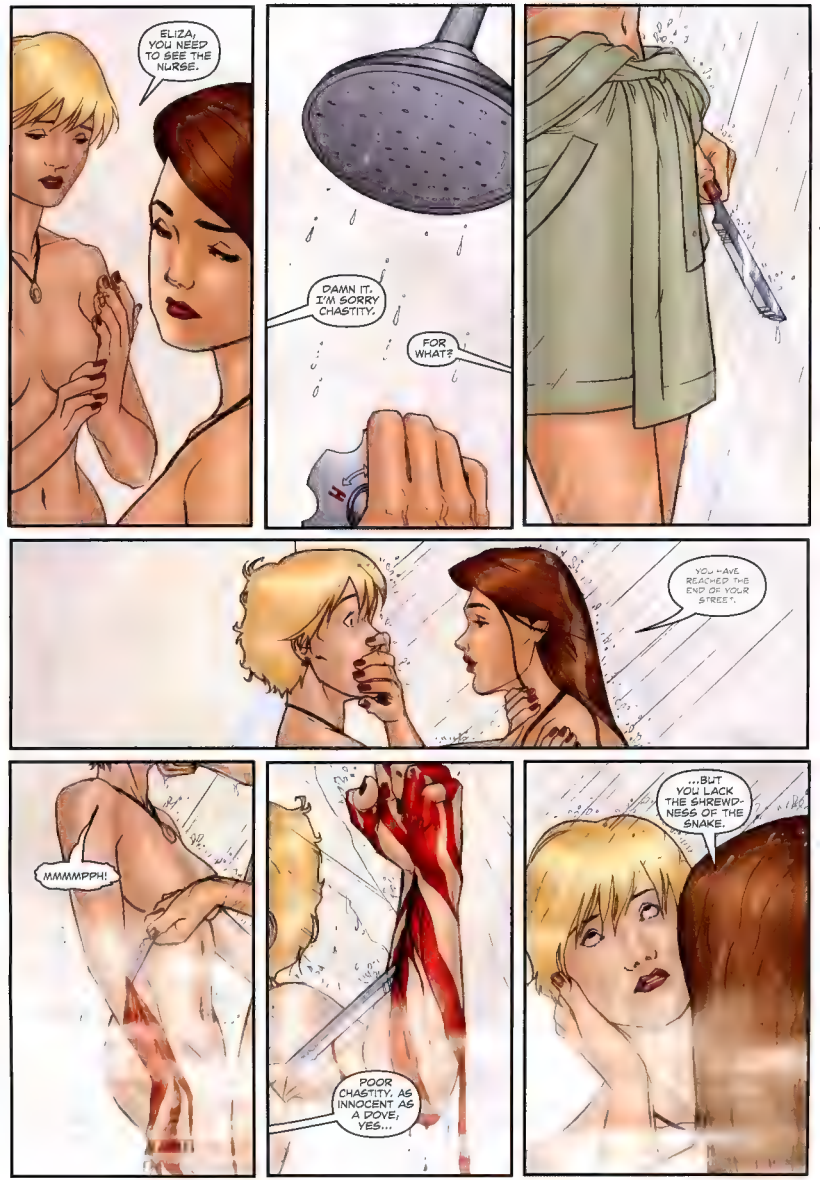
OH CHASTITY. SO YOUNG AND IDEALISTIC. SO BEAUTIFUL.
THE TUB CLUB IS IMPORTANT. IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING WE DO. THIS LIFE IS A ONE-WAY STREET. EVERYTHING IN IT IS TEMPORARY.


IN TUB CLUB WE'RE FINDING THE PROCESS OF REBIRTH AND IMMORTALITY.

THE KEYS TO ETERNITY.

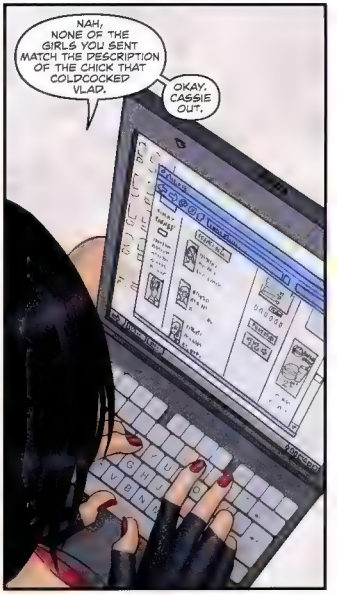

MMMHH. IT'S JUST... THE THINGS THEY WANT TO DO NOW... I DON'T WANT TO DO IT. I JUST WANT TO BE WITH YOU...


LIZA? WHAT'S... DID YOU HURT YOURSELF?

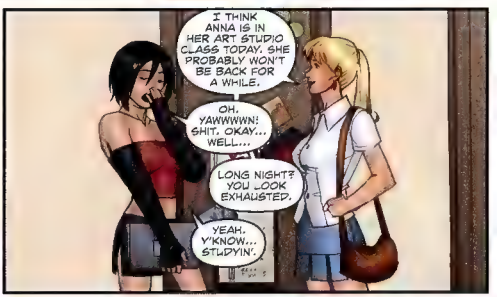

ELIZA, YOU NEED TO SEE THE NURSE.
DAMN IT. I'M SORRY CHASTITY.
FOR WHAT?
YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF YOUR STREET.
MMMMPPH!
POOR CHASTITY. AS INNOCENT AS A DOVE, YES...
...BUT YOU LACK THE SHREWDNESS OF THE SNAKE.

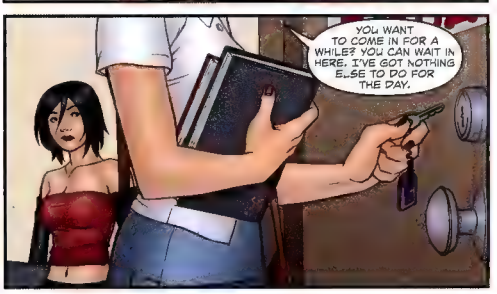
AND THOUGH YOUR BODY WILL BE UNABLE TO JOIN US IN THE FORM OF THE OUROBOROS...
...YOUR BLOOD WILL REPLENISH THIS SKIN...

THANKS CHRIS. YEAH, I KNOW HOW PAINFUL IT WAS FOR YOU TO LOOK UP GIRL SCHOOL LESBIANS ON FACE BOOK.
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER I SPENT EIGHT HOURS HANGING OUT OUTSIDE THE HOT TUB.
Annalee & Becky
LUV U GIRLS!!
CALL ME! -SARAH


NAH, NONE OF THE GIRLS YOU SENT MATCH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CHICK THAT COLDCOCKED VLAD.
OKAY, CASSIE OUT.

HI. WAITIN' FOR SOMEONE?
YEAH... ANNALEE. SHE'S... I NEED SOME NOTES FROM CHEM LECTURE.

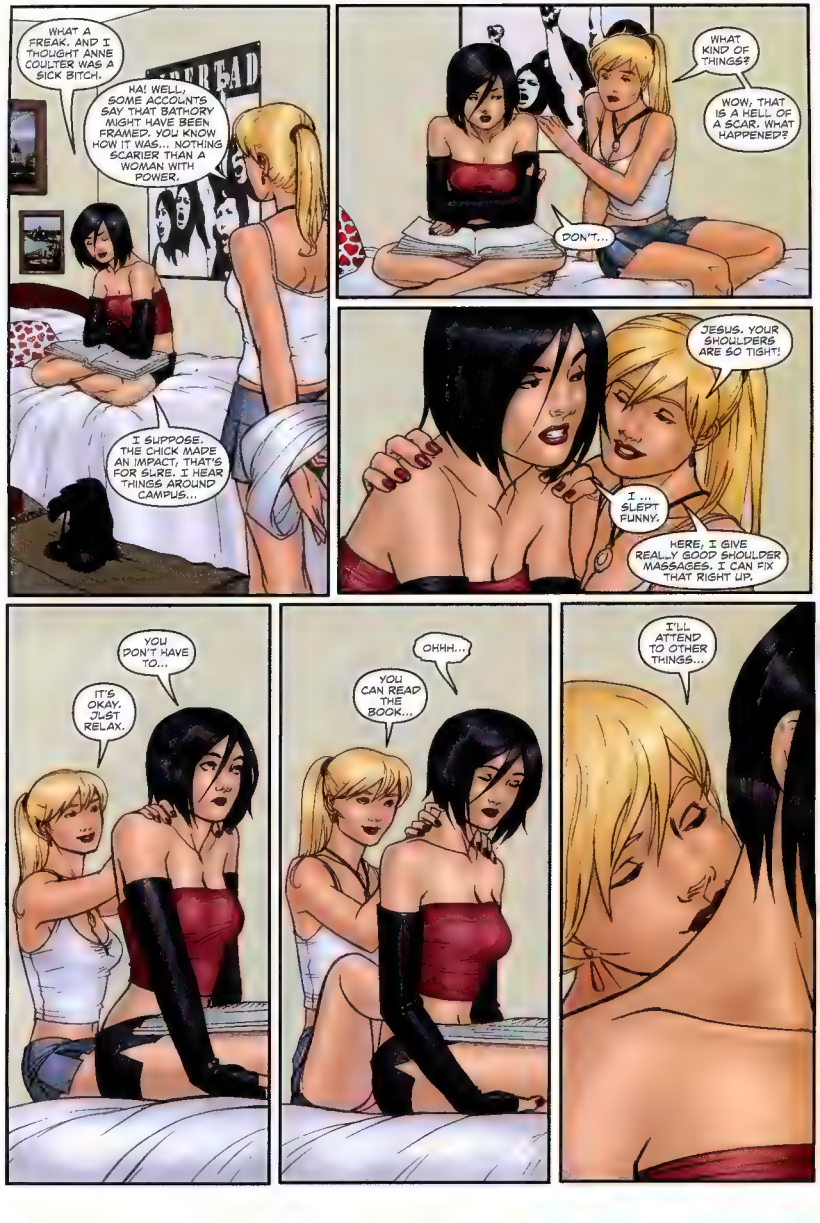

I THINK ANNA IS IN HER ART STUDIO CLASS TODAY. SHE PROBABLY WON'T BE BACK FOR A WHILE.
OH, YAWWWWN! SHIT. OKAY... WELL...
LONG NIGHT? YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED.
YEAH. Y'KNOW... STUDYIN'.


YOU WANT TO COME IN FOR A WHILE? YOU CAN WAIT IN HERE. I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO FOR THE DAY.

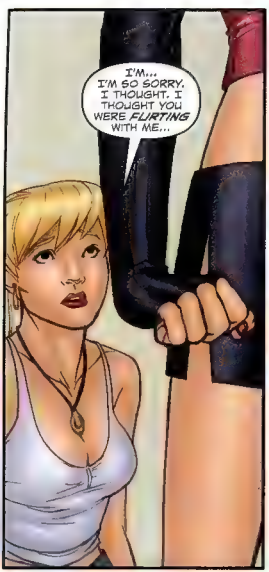
NO. I'LL JUST COME BACK...
ON SECOND THOUGHT... I SUPPOSE I COULD KILL SOME TIME.
NO ROOMIE?
NOPE. I'M THE R.A. I GET TO RULE OVER THE PEASANTS FROM MY OWN LONELY CASTLE.
Doll!
THAT'S A LOT OF BOOKS. HISTORY BUFF?
YEAH... I'M THINKING ABOUT MAKING THAT MY MAJOR. I READ ALL THAT STUFF ANYWAY.
OH. WOW. I JUST SAW A THING ON HISTORY CHANNEL ABOUT THIS YESTERDAY...
YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
ELIZABETH BATHORY.
TWENTY CENTURY

OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER
OH!
AAAIIEEE!!

MR. VLAD? I'LL BE HEADING HOME NOW. GOTTA MAKE DINNER FOR MY LAZY HUSBAND, BUT I'LL COME BACK TONIGHT TO...
...CHECK ON YOU.
HNNNN
SUCH A GENT...E SOU...
PAIN-KILLER'S KNOCKED HIM RIGHT OUT.
HI NURSE MARSH. READY FOR YOUR INJECTION?
UGH?


WHAT A FREAK. AND I THOUGHT ANNE COULTER WAS A SICK BITCH.
HA! WELL, SOME ACCOUNTS SAY THAT BATHORY MIGHT HAVE BEEN FRAMED. YOU KNOW HOW IT WAS... NOTHING SCARIER THAN A WOMAN WITH POWER.
I SUPPOSE. THE CHICK MADE AN IMPACT, THAT'S FOR SURE. I HEAR THINGS AROUND CAMPUS...
WHAT KIND OF THINGS?
WOW. THAT IS A HELL OF A SCAR. WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T...
JESUS. YOUR SHOULDERS ARE SO TIGHT!
I ... SLEPT FUNNY.
HERE, I GIVE REALLY GOOD SHOULDER MASSAGES. I CAN FIX THAT RIGHT UP.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
IT'S OKAY. JUST RELAX.
OHHH...
YOU CAN READ THE BOOK...
I'LL ATTEND TO OTHER THINGS...

MMMMMM...
MMMMM...
GEORGIA...
NO.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

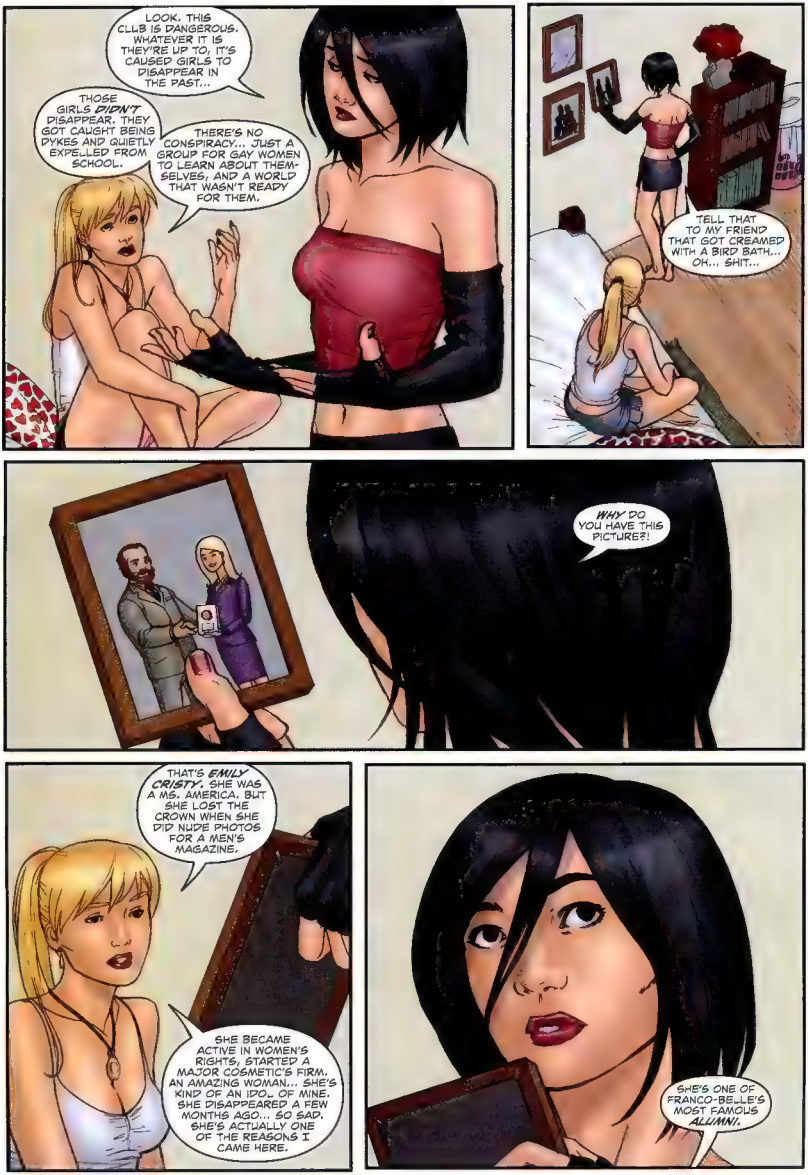

I'M... I'M SO SORRY. I THOUGHT. I THOUGHT YOU WERE *FLIRTING* WITH ME...

OH GOD. I'M SO STUPID. I NEVER HAD ANY PRACTICE. I DON'T KNOW THE SIGNALS, YOU KNOW?
I MEAN, THERE WERE NO OTHER GAY GIRLS IN MY TOWN AND... WELL... YOU WERE HINTING ABOUT THE CLUB AND YOU MENTIONED ANNALEE WHO *ALWAYS* SAYS SHE'S GOING TO GET ME LAID...

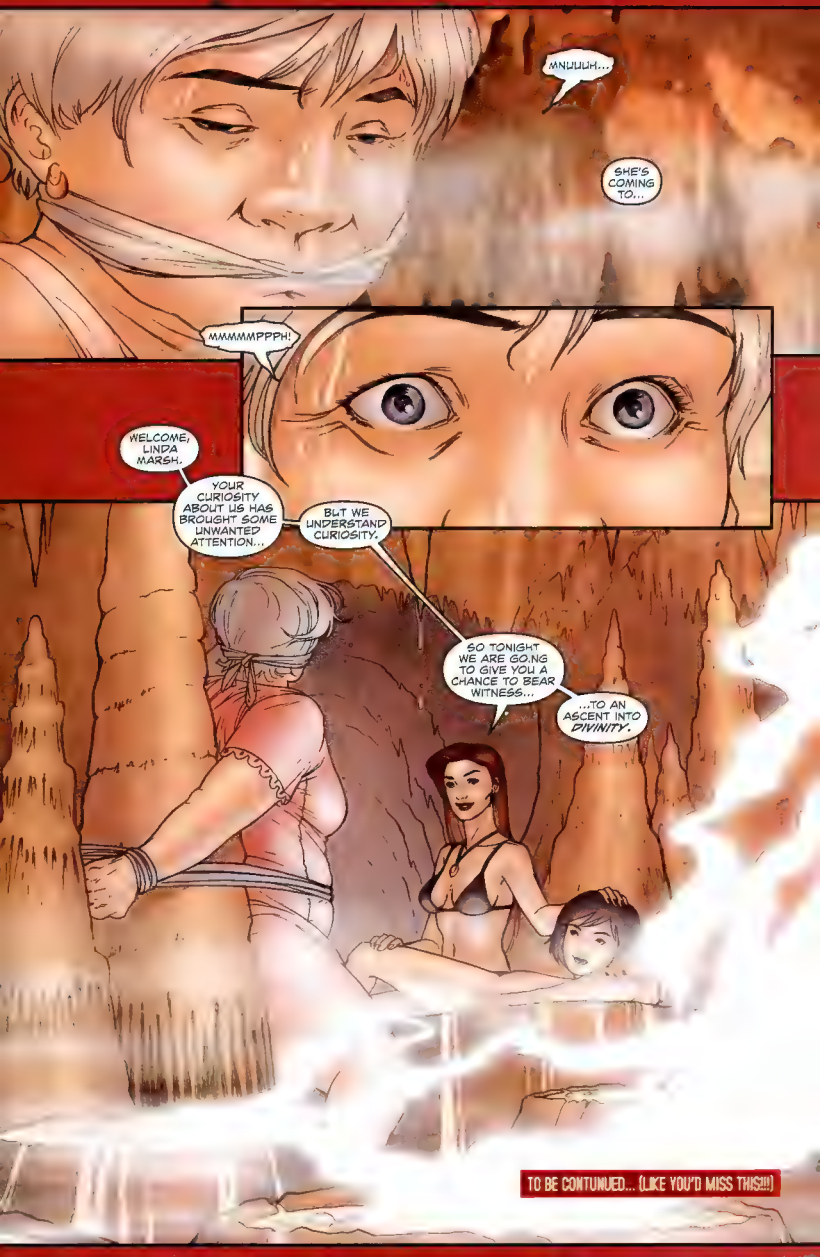
WAIT. THE CLUB. WHAT CLUB?!
THE *TUB CLUB*... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW ABOUT IT... *ELIZABETH BATHORY* AND ALL THAT...
ASSUME I DON'T, AND THAT I MIGHT GET REALLY MAD IF YOU *DON'T* TELL ME.

IT'S THIS CLUB WHERE THE GIRLS GET TOGETHER... ITS LESBIAN TANTRIC SEX... THEY SHARE BLOOD, LIKE IN THE SPIRITUAL WAY.
IT'S ALL ABOUT EMPOWERMENT AND SPIRITUALITY. THEY WEAR THE COWRIE SHELL NECKLACE... IT'S A SYMBOL OF FEMALE SACRED POWER.
I DON'T KNOW THAT MUCH. I JUST GOT INITIATED LAST NIGHT...

LAST NIGHT?! WAS THERE A GIRL THERE WITH LONG BROWN HAIR?
YES... THERE'S ELIZA. SHE'S THE NEW *YOGINI*. SHE... SHE INITIATED ME.


LOOK. THIS CLUB IS DANGEROUS. WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE UP TO, IT'S CAUSED GIRLS TO DISAPPEAR IN THE PAST...
THOSE GIRLS *DIDN'T* DISAPPEAR. THEY GOT CAUGHT BEING DYKES AND QUIETLY EXPE..LLED FROM SCHOOL.
THERE'S NO CONSPIRACY... JUST A GROUP FOR GAY WOMEN TO LEARN ABOUT THEMSELVES, AND A WORLD THAT WASN'T READY FOR THEM.
TELL THAT TO MY FRIEND THAT GOT CREAMED WITH A BIRD BATH... OH... SHIT...
WHY DO YOU HAVE THIS PICTURE?!
THAT'S *EMILY CRISTY*. SHE WAS A MS. AMERICA. BUT SHE LOST THE CROWN WHEN SHE DID NUDE PHOTOS FOR A MEN'S MAGAZINE.
SHE BECAME ACTIVE IN WOMEN'S RIGHTS, STARTED A MAJOR COSMETIC'S FIRM. AN AMAZING WOMAN... SHE'S KIND OF AN IDO.. OF MINE. SHE DISAPPEARED A FEW MONTHS AGO... SO SAD. SHE'S ACTUALLY ONE OF THE REASONS I CAME HERE.
SHE'S ONE OF FRANCO-BE..LE'S MOST FAMOUS *ALLIMA!*

I TELL YA DR. WHITE, I TRAINED WITH NAVY S.E.A.L.S TO STAY UP FOR A WEEK AT A TIME IF I HAVE TO.
BUT DRIVING ACROSS THE *MIDWEST* IN EIGHTEEN HOURS IS GONNA KILL ME.
WE HAVE AN ESCAPED ***REVENANT*** ON THE LOOSE. IF ANYONE FINDS OUT, OUR DIVISION WILL BE CLOSED IN A HEARTBEAT.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO WITH EX-EMPLOYEES WHO KNOW TOO MUCH. SO, SHUT UP, POP A NO DOZE AND DO THE JOB.
I JUST FOUND SOMETHING... A POLICE CALL CONCERNING AN APPARENT SUICIDE IN A SHOWER. FRANCO-BELLE COLLEGE... MASSACHU-SETTS.
HER ALMA MATTER. INTERESTING.
WHINEY BOY! TO MASSACHU-SETTS!



TO BE CONTUNUED... (LIKE YOU'D MISS THIS!!!)

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM **ROGUE** PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH™

DDP

ISSUE #6 FEB 2008 $3.50

8 82142 00076 2 02001

MR MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

Cassie Hack in "TUB CLUB" part 3 of 3

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY
ART BY REBEKAH ISAACS
COLORS BY ANDREW DALHOUSE
LETTERS BY CRANK!
DESIGN BY SEAN K. DOVE
EDITS BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY
& WES DZIOBA

COVER B BY
EMILY STONE

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
devilsdue.net

PUBLISHER JOSH BLAYLOCK
CEO PJ BICKETT
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
PRODUCTION MANAGER MIKE O'SULLIVAN

PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF TIM SEELEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR MIKE BEAR
ASSISTANTS IANYS GRANT
VICE PRESIDENT NOAH NICKEY
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series: Cassie Hack in "TUB CLUB" part 3 of 3 © January 2009, Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. 5504-149 Weddington Ave. Unit #343, Kannapolis, NC 28083. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters depicted in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. No portion of these pages, the story HACK/SLASH and graphics may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing Inc. except for review purposes. Any U.S. dollar amounts quoted reflect their value in Canada.

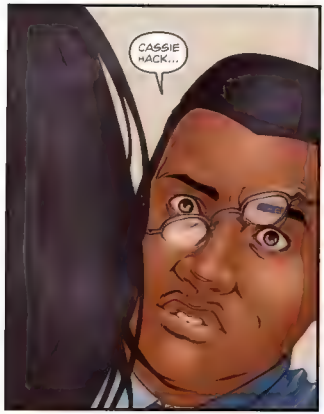
FRANCO-BELLE UNIVERSITY.
BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.
AMBER BENNETT RA
DON'T TOUCH ME.
YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
TELL ME WHERE! WHERE IS THE TUB CLUB MEETING TONIGHT!?
I'M NOT SELLING OUT THOSE GIRLS JUST SO THEY CAN GET EXPELLED AND CHASTISED LIKE EVERY OTHER GAY GIRL BEFORE US!
NOW GET OFF ME, YOU CLOSET CASE!

BUNGF?
BEEE-YOTCH.
HELP! HEL--
WHAT THE--?!
WHERE'S EVERYONE GOING?
SOMEONE'S DEAD, IN THE SHOWER.
WHO IS IT?
OH MY GOD.
IS IT, LIKE, SUICIDE?
CHAST-TY.

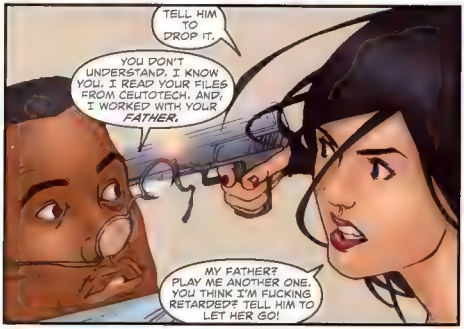
OH GOD. CHASTITY.
IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE THAT MEETING IS...
...ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO END UP JUST LIKE THAT.
LABEL
STUDENT MEDICAL SERVICES
SCAN ALL THE MEDICAL FILES!
WE NEED ANY REFERENCES TO BLOOD LOSS OR SKIN ABNORMALITIES. IF CRISTY IS HERE, SHE MAY BE RESIDING IN THE SKIN OF ONE OF THE STUDENTS.
RUN THE NAME OF THE "SUICIDE VICTIM" ALSO. AS SOON AS LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT--
SIR?
I'VE GOT BLOOD...

NOT ONLY IS IT BLOOD, IT APPEARS FRESH.
SHE WAS SO WHITE... LIKE ALL HER BLOOD WAS GONE...
NURSE'S OFFICE
HOURS
I KNOW. BUT I NEED YOU TO COME BACK TO REALITY. I NEED YOU IN THE GAME SO YOU CAN TAKE VLAD AND I TO THIS UNDERGROUND SPRING...
WHAT THE--?!
KA-KRASH!

AGGHH!!
RAAAAH!!!
VLAD!
SHOOT TO INJURE! IT'S CRISTY IN A NEW SKIN!
WHO
THE
FUCK
ARE
YOU?
BLAM!
PHOK!
SUNGF!


CASSIE HACK...

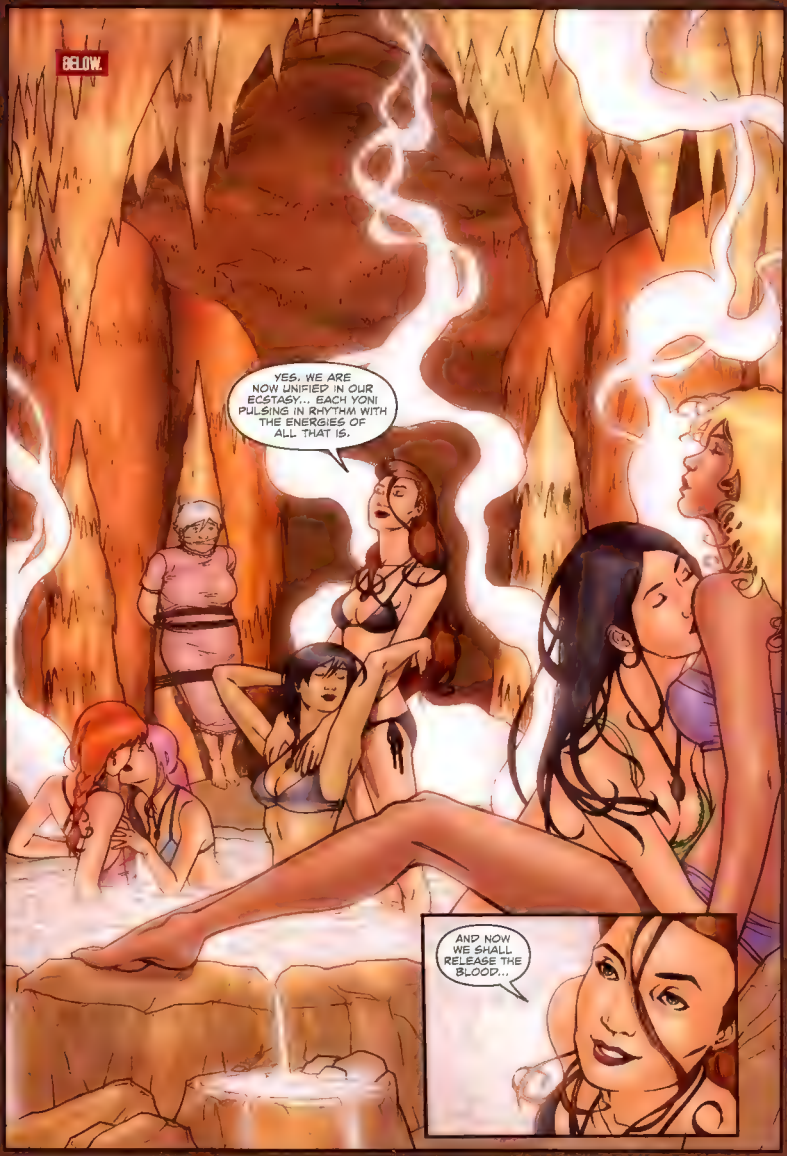
HOLD UP, FREAKS. OR I'LL SHOOT THIS LITTLE PIECE OF ASS RIGHT IN THE BRAINPAN.


TELL HIM TO DROP IT.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I KNOW YOU. I READ YOUR FILES FROM CEUTOTECH. AND, I WORKED WITH YOUR FATHER.
MY FATHER? PLAY ME ANOTHER ONE. YOU THINK I'M FUCKING RETARDED? TELL HIM TO LET HER GO!

LET THE GIRL GO!
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
SHE ISN'T OUR ENEMY!

NOW. WHAT'S GOING ON?!
I BELIEVE WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE SAME THING, EMILY CRISTY.
AND I WANT YOUR HELP BECAUSE--?
BECAUSE I KNOW THINGS. ABOUT YOUR MOTHER, DELILAH. ABOUT YOUR FATHER, JACK...

...AND HOW TO FIND HIM.


YES, WE ARE NOW UNIFIED IN OUR ECSTASY... EACH YONI PULSING IN RHYTHM WITH THE ENERGIES OF ALL THAT IS.
AND NOW WE SHALL RELEASE THE BLOOD...

THE VERY BLOOD THAT KEEPS THESE BODIES ALIVE WILL NOW ACT AS THE MEDIUM BY WHICH WE SHALL ALL BE CLEANSED. CLEANSED OF OUR PAINS AND SINS, AND MADE NEW.
AND WITH EACH REBIRTH WE COME CLOSER TO DIVINITY.
WE ARE READY FOR THE FINAL ACT. WE ARE READY TO BE AS *ONE*, AND JOIN IN THE ETERNAL CIRCLE.
WE ARE READY TO FORM THE *OURO-BOURUS*.
OUROBOUROS...
OUROBOUROS...
OUROBOUROS...
OUROBOUROS...
OUROBOUROS...
OUROBOUROS...

OH YES. I CAN FEEL EVERY-THING. THE VIBRATIONS IN THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY.
AND I FEEL. THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE.
OHH! NOOOO!!!
GLORCH!
OH YES. I LOVE YOU GIRLS. I LOVE YOU.
AHHH!
WHAT?!
GLOOP!
AAAAIIEEE!!

AAAAIIEEE!!
AMBER SHOULDN'T BE HERE
SHE MAY BE LEADING US INTO A TRAP SHE MAY EVEN BE CRAZY. I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES
SHE IS NOT EMILY
AND YOU SEE THINGS AS BLACK AND WHITE. JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER THAT WAY
HERE TO THE RIGHT THE MAN AVERN IS JUST AROUND THE SECOND BEND
GOOD. CAMPBELL, YOU'RE WITH ME. CONAN CRISTY AT ALL COSTS WADZINKSI, RES, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
NNGHH

OH GOD! AMBER!
WHO WANTS TO WATCH WHO GO? I'M ITCHIN' TO POP THE BIG GUY FIRST.
NUHN!
YOU MOTHER-FUCKERS!
I TRULY AM SORRY, MS. HACK. THIS CASE DEMANDS THERE BE NO WITNESSES.
BUT, I DO WANT YOU TO KNOW, YOUR FATHER TRULY WAS A GOOD AND HONORABLE MAN.
EVEN IF THE WORK HE DID WAS NOT.
CAMPBEL... THERE'S--
CAMPBELL!
-OOM!
-OOM!
-OOM!
SPLURCH!!!
AAAIIIGHHH!!!

AIIIGHH!!!
DR. WHITE!!
WHAT THE--!?
AGGHG!
SPLOOPH!
YESSSSSS..
FUCK!! REIS!!!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

VLAD? ARE YOU OKAY?
MURRRHHH
KLICK
KLICK
OH FUCK ME! FUCK ME!
...
YOUR GUN IS EMPTY. LIKE YOUR SOUL. ALL YOU ARE IS SO MUCH FLESH.
I. AM. FINE.
WHOK!!!
UNGH!
EMILY. JESUS. WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
Y-YOU STRIKE ME? I SAVED YOUR LIVES.
I MAY HAVE TRANSCENDED MY OLD LIFE. BUT I REMEMBER YOU AND VLAD. I REMEMBER YOU HELPED ME...

BUT, WE ARE EVEN NOW. MY OLD LIFE FOR YOURS.
I WAS A FAILED BEAUTY QUEEN. NO MORE ADMIRERS. THE BEAUTY GONE. THE REPUTATION TARNISHED.
BUT NOW, I WILL HAVE WORSHIPPERS. I HAVE ATTAINED GODHOOD...
SQUROH!!!
...AND GODS DO AS THEY WILL.
UNG!
NOW LEAVE THESE SACRED GROUNDS. I WON'T SAVE YOU AGAIN.
BITCH, I'M UNSAVE-ABLE.
CASSANDRA!
NOOO DON'T

Howard Phillips
Hellgate Rd
Winnett
URRM
MEANWHILE.
FUUUCK
SPLASH!

HUNGH...
FUCKIN' A.

OH JESUS.
DAMN YOU. I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU.
SHAK!
UNF!
W-WHY NOT, EMILY?! YOU KILLED ALL THOSE GIRLS. ALL THOSE POOR GIRLS WHO JUST WANTED TO--
:COFF:
--HUNH... JUST WANTED TO BE WITH PEOPLE LIKE THEM.
NO. THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES TO CONTINUE MINE. THEY HAVE BEEN MARTYRED, RISING TO A HIGHER STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THEY LIVE ON AS I LIVE ON.
WITH THEIR BODIES AND MINE JOINED, I HAVE ELIMINATED THOSE THAT WOULD DESTROY ME.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT ALL MY FOLLOWERS HAVE MOVED TO THE NEXT REALM; UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THOSE LIVING THEIR HALF-LIVES.
BUT IN RETURNING HERE, I WAS ABLE TO FULLY UNDERSTAND MY MESSAGE AND TO FULLY SHED THE REST OF MY HUMAN TRAPPINGS.
I SUPPOSE EVEN JESUS CHRIST HAD TO MAKE A FEW DRY RUNS.
COME, NURSE.
GIVE ME YOUR BODY SO THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO INHABIT THIS GARDEN OF EDEN.
NOO, MARSH!
COFF
GRAAAH!!!
SPLOSH
NO MORE STUPID TALK. NO MORE FAKE FACES. YOU MUST BE STOPPED.
SHRRRIP!

ERRGH. YOU WERE THERE WHEN I WAS REBORN. YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A DISCIPLE. A WITNESS.
ARRRGGHGGH!
SPLOOPP!!
SPLOOP!
NO. NO, I WON'T TAKE YOUR SKIN. I DENY YOUR OFFERING.
BUT NOT BECAUSE I OWE YOU. NOT BECAUSE YOU ARE SPECIAL.
BUT BECAUSE I OFFERED YOU A CHANCE TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL ONCE. TO FIX YOU. AND YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT. I DON'T WANT YOUR SKIN...
..BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FUCKING...
...UGLY.
SPLUKK!!
HURR. YES.
EEEIGH--
BUT, AT LEAST I AM COMFORTABLE...
...IN MY OWN SKIN.

LATER.
THERE YOU GO.
NOW YOU'VE GOT A MATCHING SET.
WHEE.
THANK YOU. I MEAN, FOR SAVING MY LIFE.
I WAS EXPECTING A POLTERGEIST, MAYBE A DARK APPARITION. BUT THIS...
IN ANY CASE. YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE. I'LL CALL MS. ELSTEN, AND MY HUSBAND AND I WILL GET ON SETTING UP SOME KIND OF... I DON'T KNOW... COVER-UP, I GUESS.
THE POLICE WILL HAVE TO BE NOTIFIED ABOUT THE GIRLS... BUT, THE STATE OF THOSE CORPSES AND THE GOVERNMENT MEN... WELL... WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
JUST REMEMBER... WHEN IT COMES TO SLASHERS, FIRE IS YOUR FRIEND.
DON'T YOU WORRY ANY... YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WOMAN WHO PREVENTED PRYING EYES FROM DISCOVERING THE GREAT HOWLING APPARITION OF SPANISH COVE.
YEAH, MUSTA WORKED, CUZ... UH... I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT.
HOWLING APPARITION?
YEAH. AND HE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO, IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT PESKY NURSE.
DR. WHITE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS.
IT IS AN ADDRESS. FOR A MAN WHO KNOWS THE LOCATION OF YOUR FATHER.

I... I ALSO KNEW THAT THIS WOULD BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU. THAT IT WOULD MAKE YOU CONFUSED. CONFLICTUATED.
SO... SO I WANT YOU TO CALL YOUR FRIEND, GEORGIA... SHE WILL UNDERSTAND.
NO. I DON'T NEED TO CALL HER.
BREAK OUT THE CARDS... I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A SLAPJACK REMATCH.
BUT THIS TIME, I'M NOT GOING EASY ON YOU.
COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
est. 1873
THE END.

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH

DDP
ISSUE #10 MAR 2008 $3.50
02101>
8 82142 00076 2

HACK/SLASH

Come Hack in

LITTLE CHILDERN

TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
COURTNEY VIA
BRIAN J. CROWLEY
SEAN K. DOVE
MIKE O'SULLIVAN

TIM SEELEY
& JEREMY ROBERTS

DAVID NAKAYAMA
& EMILY WARREN

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

www.devilsdue.net

publisher JOSH BLAYLOCK
V.P. PJ BICKETT
assistant publisher SAM WELLS
art director SEAN DOVE
operations manager BRIAN WARMOTH
online editor MIKE O'SULLIVAN
art assistant STEPHEN CHRISTY
sales coordinator TIM SEELEY
sales assistant MIKE BEAR
graphic designer IDRYS GRANT
administrator NORA HICKEY
support team DEBBIE DAVIS

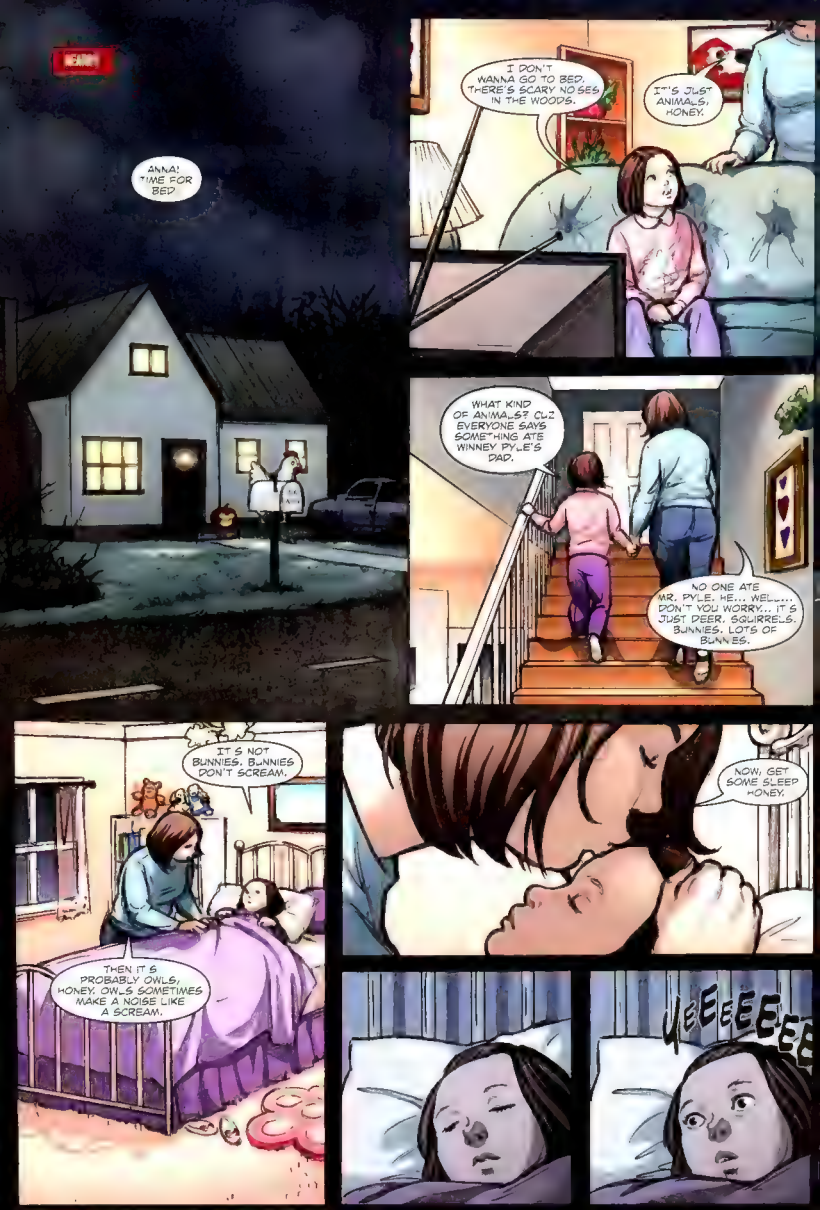
COPYRIGHT: The Series, HACK/SLASH, ©2006. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Offices of publication: 2199 E. Richmond Ave. #220, Chicago, IL 60614. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. All associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2007 Tim Seeley and Devil's Due Publishing, unless otherwise noted. The events and characters depicted in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. If you've found this book on the street, in a bar, or in a comic book shop, you probably stole it. Please purchase your own copy. Any portion of this comic book may be used for reviews, reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact sales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

NO TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS WILL BE SHOT SURVIVORS WILL BE SHOT AGAIN

HIGH VOLTAGE
Now, in my last moments, I can finally admit I just really got my rocks off playing God
UEEEEEEEEEEE
UEEEEEEE

FUCK.
WE CAME ALL THE WAY TO MONTANA FOR NOTHING.
ALL WE'VE GOT'S GRIZZLY ADAM'S CABIN, A LINK TO SCARY GOVERNMENT SHIT, AND A BIG GODDAMNED RED STAIN.
BUT THERE ARE SO MANY BOOKS. PERHAPS THE INFORMATIONS OF YOUR FATHER ARE SOMEWHERE IN HERE.

"THAT'S JUST"... I ACCEPTED MY DAD BEING GONE A LONG "TIME AGO. I HAVEN'T EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT HIM IN YEARS.
YOUR MOTHER TAKES UP MUCH OF YOUR BRAINSPACE.
I'D FINALLY SETTLED INTO JUST BEING THE "SLASHER-HUNTER CHICK". THAT'S NICE AND SIMPLE. Y KNOW?
END PSYCHO. BEAT PSYCHO WITH BAT. MOVE ON. DON'T ASK. NO QUEST ON SO NO STRESS
BUT WITH THAT GOVERNMENT GUY, AND MY DAD, AND NOW THIS BACKWOODS MILITIA BIGLOBST GUY... THAT RAISES A SHIT-LOAD OF QUESTONS
YOU DESERVE TO FIND ANSWERS. YOU DESERVE TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE A FAMILY. YOU DESERVE TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR FATHER
YEAH.
BUT WHAT IF THAT MEANS FINDING OUT MY DAD IS AS BAD OF A MONSTER AS MY MOM?


ANNA! TIME FOR BED!
I DON'T WANNA GO TO BED. THERE'S SCARY NOISES IN THE WOODS.
IT'S JUST ANIMALS, HONEY.
WHAT KIND OF ANIMALS? CUZ EVERYONE SAYS SOMETHING ATE WINNEY PYLE'S DAD.
NO ONE ATE MR. PYLE. HE... WELL... DON'T YOU WORRY... IT'S JUST DEER. SQUIRRELS. BUNNIES. LOTS OF BUNNIES.
IT'S NOT BUNNIES. BUNNIES DON'T SCREAM.
THEN, IT'S PROBABLY OWLS, HONEY. OWLS SOMETIMES MAKE A NOISE LIKE A SCREAM.
NOW, GET SOME SLEEP HONEY.
EEEEEEEE

YEEEEEEE
BUNNIES DO SCREAM.
RRRRRRMMMMMMMM

Marcel
Ingels
When they sleep they really do look like absolute angels
DAYS
PEACE
MUSIC

The cost of their collection was lower than I expected
In most of the villages where I found them the families were too poor and without options to put up much of a fight when I flashed my AK hook

It's a sad testament to the state of the world when collecting feral children from third world countries and refugee camps costs less than following the Grateful Dead around for a summer

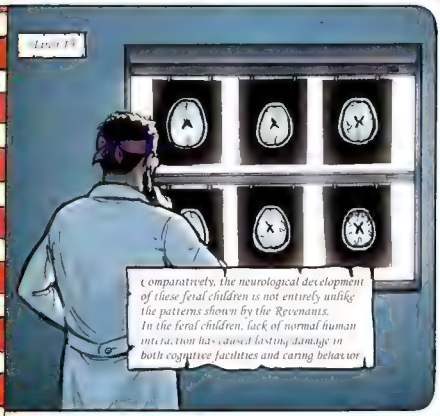
The children, whether they were raised by animals or learned to survive on war-torn streets, remain at their core, children
And though they lack in communicative and social skills, they more than make up for it with their wide eyed wonder

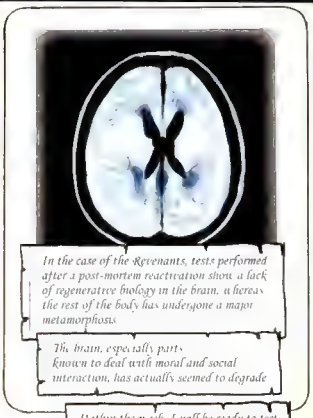
I'm finally beginning to understand why so many of my colleagues decided to start families. The bond I'm forming with them is strong.
almost families
WOLF

And though my original intent of this study was not to integrate feral kids back into the world, if I can help them in any way, I'll consider the experiment a personal success.

March 15
Romulus has quickly become the fastest learner.
He also appears to be the leader of the children and they defer to him in a manner not unlike that of dogs or wolves. Hence the name.
Though I first believed he was far past the stage of being able to learn language, he has picked up one word.

DAAAD.


March 14
Comparatively, the neurological development of these feral children is not entirely unlike the patterns shown by the Revenants. In the feral children, lack of normal human interaction has caused lasting damage in both cognitive faculties and caring behavior.

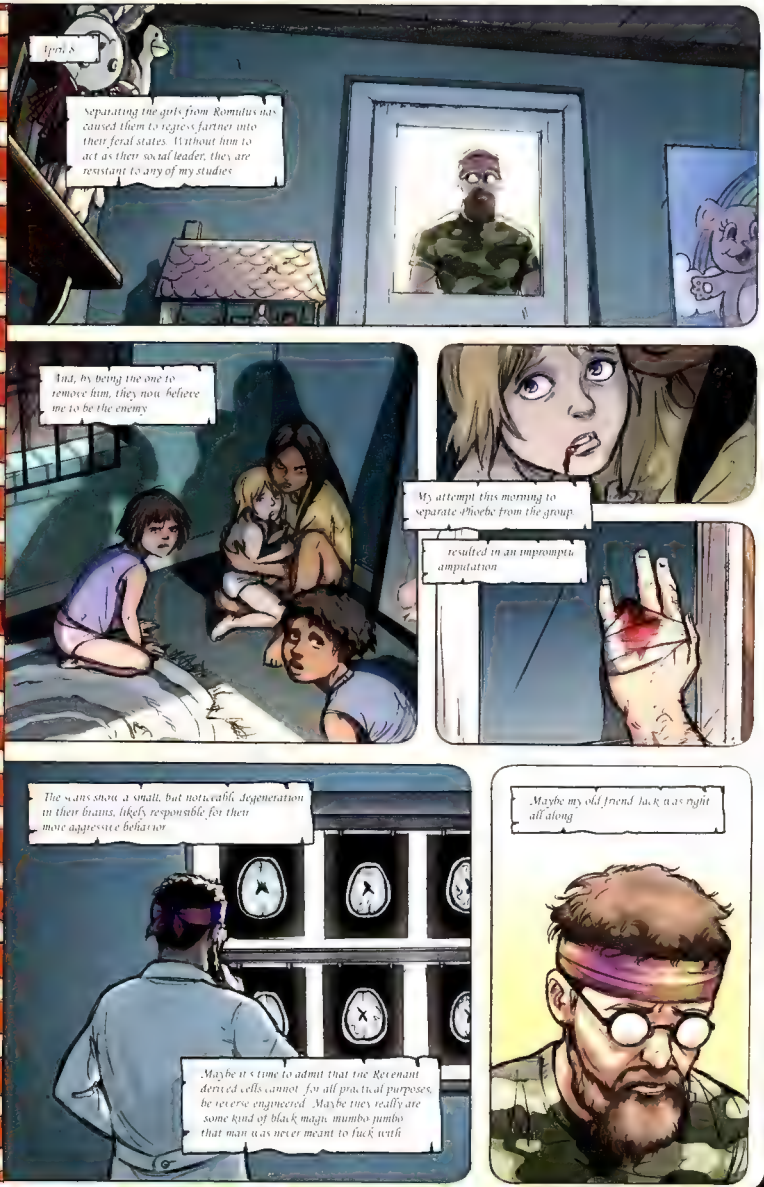

In the case of the Revenants, tests performed after a post-mortem reactivation show a lack of regenerative biology in the brain, whereas the rest of the body has undergone a major metamorphosis.
The brain, especially parts known to deal with moral and social interaction, has actually seemed to degrade.
Within the week, I will be ready to test my Rev-D, which I believe may be able to reverse the downward curve of the children's development, and provide answers regarding Revenants.

April 1

I set my coat down.
The children had been progressing so well. I decided to relax. In the time it took me to listen to side A of Butch's Brew and smoke one joint, a massive social upheaval had befallen the kids.

Apparently, Romulus felt Remus had challenged him for his role as leader.

Romulus tore out his throat with his teeth.
I believe the Rev-D has increased his feral urges rather than restrained them.


April 8
Separating the girls from Romulus has caused them to regress farther into their feral states. Without him to act as their social leader, they are resistant to any of my studies.
And, by being the one to remove him, they now believe me to be the enemy.
My attempt this morning to separate Phoebe from the group
resulted in an impromptu amputation.
The scans show a small, but noticeable, degeneration in their brains, likely responsible for their more aggressive behavior.
Maybe it's time to admit that the Revenant derived cells cannot, for all practical purposes, be reverse engineered. Maybe they really are some kind of black magic mumbo jumbo that man was never meant to fuck with.
Maybe my old friend Jack was right all along.

JESUS... MY DAD'S NAME WAS JACK.
GODDAMMIT. WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? REVENANTS AND FERAL KIDS?
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS DETECTIVE SHIT!
HRM. WHY DOES A PERSON NEED A CERTIFICATE TO DIE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THIS.

BUNCH OF OLD MAIL... BIRTH CERTIFICATES AND DEATH CERTIFICATES... MOSTLY KIDS WHO DIED IN THE 60s...
WHEN I WAS AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE, THERE WAS THIS KID THERE WHO GOT IN DEEP SHIT FOR STEALING IDENTITIES AND MAKING FAKES...
HE WAS A TOTAL DOUCHE, BUT I REMEMBER HIM SAYING THAT ALL YOU NEEDED WAS A BIRTH CERTIFICATE AND A DEATH CERTIFICATE TO BECOME SOMEONE ELSE.
YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARED, YES? JUST GONE.
PERHAPS HE TURNED INTO SOMEONE ELSE?
YEEEEEEEE!
AOOOOOOOOW!
WOLVES?
NO...
KIDS

CRASH!
YEEEEEEEE!
TAKE THESE. WE CAN'T LET THIS PLACE BURN!
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!
THE KIDS ARE HO-- OW!
SHUNK
AOOOW!
UGH
YEEEEE!

GODDAMMIT! GOT SO INVOLVED WITH FINDING DAD..
YAAAH!
DAAAAD?
DAADD
DDEDD

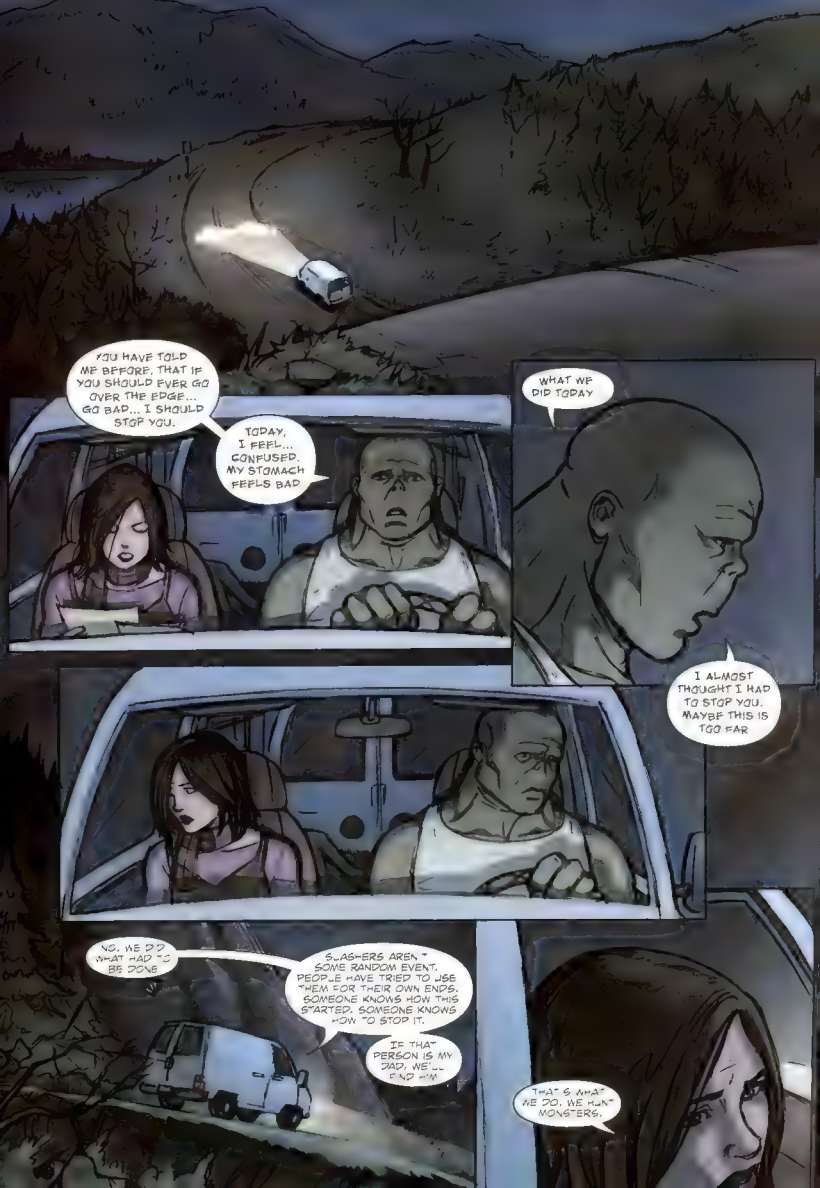
VLAD! WE CAN'T LET THIS PLACE GO UP! TAKE THOSE FUCKING KIDS OUT.
THEY'RE WILD, VLAD! ABANDONED!
WINTER IS COMING... HE'S TRYING TO FEED HIS PACK... SURFE
IF I HIT THEM, I WILL BREAK THEM! THEY ARE CHILDREN!
PLEASE. DO NOT. I HAVE BEEN ABANDONED. I KNOW...
RAAAAAAA.

THWAK!
AIIIGH!
AIEEE!
RRG!
WHOK!
EIGHGHGHGH!

RAUGH?
EEEEEHHH!
NOW! GRAB THE BOOKS!
IT'S TOO LATE!
I AM SORRY. I COULD NOT HIT THE GIRLS. THEY ARE SO SMALL
I KNOW. VLAD.
JACK HACK

EEEE. EEE.
HERE THEY ARE.
WHERE WILL WE TAKE THEM? TO LISA?
NO.
I'M SORRY.
WHAT?! BUT...
IN THE NOTEBOOK, PHILLIPS TALKED ABOUT STUDYING THEIR BRAINS. HE WAS INJECTING THESE KIDS WITH CELLS FROM REVENANTS.
REVENANT? WHAT IS THAT?

IT'S AN OLD TIME WORD FOR A CORPSE THAT RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE TO GET REVENGE.
IT'S JUST A FANCY WAY TO SAY "SLASHER".
YOU AND I BOTH SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO EMILY AFTER SHE INJECTED HERSELF WITH THAT COSMETIC COMPANY'S DESIGNER SLASHER-POTION.
BUT--
NO. THEY'RE CANNIBALS. THEY'RE UNTREATABLE. NO TIME TO DEBATE THE ETHICS OR POSSIBILITIES.
THIS IS A COMMAND DECISION.
KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!


YOU HAVE TOLD ME BEFORE, THAT IF YOU SHOULD EVER GO OVER THE EDGE... GO BAD... I SHOULD STOP YOU.
TODAY, I FEEL... CONFUSED. MY STOMACH FEELS BAD
WHAT WE DID TODAY
I ALMOST THOUGHT I HAD TO STOP YOU. MAYBE THIS IS TOO FAR
NO. WE DO WHAT HAD TO BE DONE
SLASHERS AREN'T SOME RANDOM EVENT. PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO USE THEM FOR THEIR OWN ENDS. SOMEONE KNOWS HOW THIS STARTED. SOMEONE KNOWS HOW TO STOP IT.
IF THAT PERSON IS MY DAD, WE'LL FIND HIM
THAT'S WHAT WE DO. WE HUNT MONSTERS.

JESUS CHRIST. FIVE BODIES. ALL KIDS. WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON HERE?
WE'RE NOT SURE. FORENSICS SAYS THEY JUST FOUND SOME KIND OF ELABORATE BASEMENT LEVEL. MIGHT'VE BEEN SOME OF MC TA. WHO THE HELL KNOWS WHAT.
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE THAT TIME. PEOPLE ARE GONNA WANT ANSWERS.
UNDERSTOOD, SIR. I'LL CALL IN THE SECRET WEAPON.
-ELLO? HELLO?
OH, DEAR. I'M SORRY. SOMETIMES I PICK UP THE PHONE BEFORE IT RINGS. YES, THIS IS THAT MUFFY JOWORSK.
A CASE?
WHY OF COURSE I'M INTERESTED!

YBOR CITY, FLORIDA.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
CASSIE?
HEY, GIRL. I DIN'T EXPECT TO... Y KNOW HEAR FROM YOU.
SORRY. YOU'RE NOT BUSY, OR.. WITH SOMEONE?
KWIK STOP
NO. IS EVERYTHING OKAY? YOU SOUND ROUGH. IS VLAD OKAY?
YEAH. HE'S ASLEEP.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA? IS THIS ONE OF THOSE "HACK SLASH, INC." CALLS?
NO.. I JUST..
KWIK STOP
..I JUST NEED TO TALK.
TO BE CONTINUED...

SLATED TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
DDP
022D1>

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO GASELL PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

Cassie Hack in

THE COLDEST DISH

STORY BY TIM SEELEY
ART BY EMILY STONE
COLORS BY COURTNEY VIA
LETTERS BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY
DESIGN SEAN K. DOVE
EDITED BY MIKE O'SULLIVAN

COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY
& JEREMY ROBERTS

COVER B BY
JAMIE McKELVIE

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

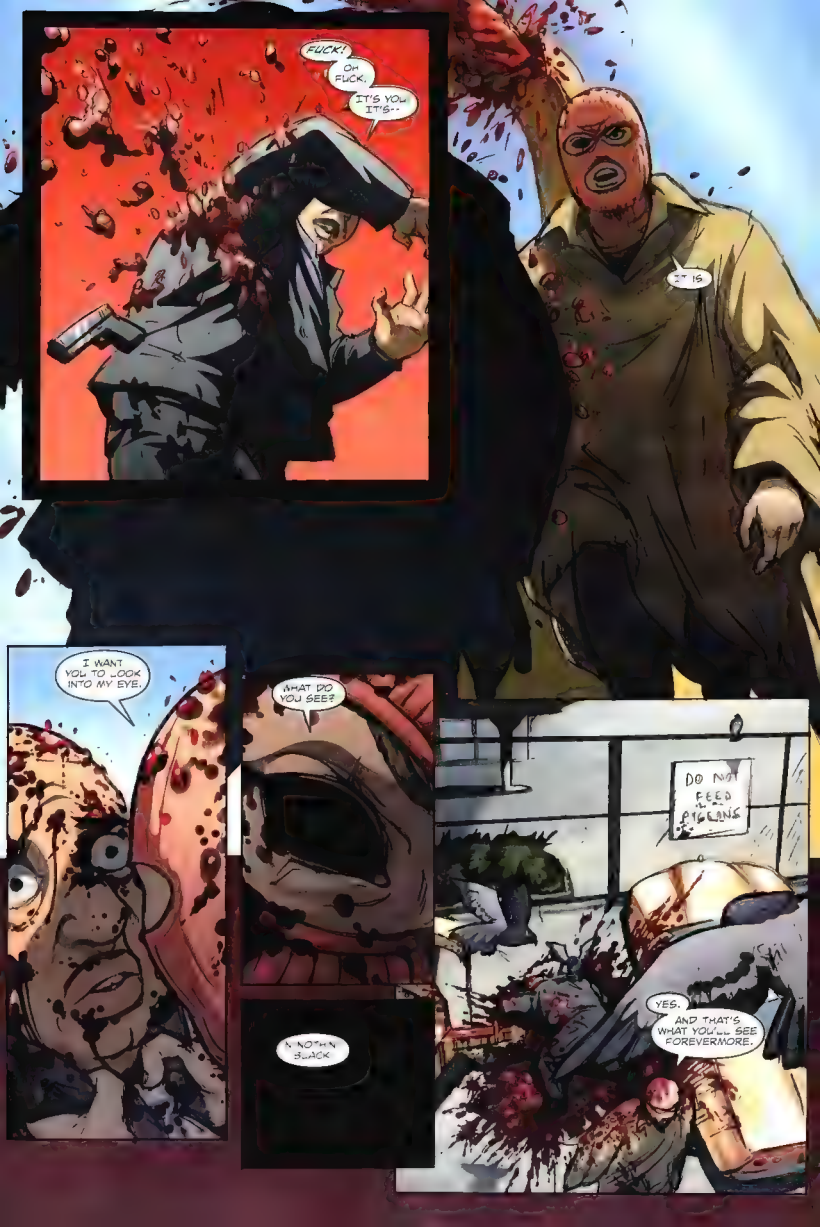
PUBLISHER JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. JJ DICKETT
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
STAFF EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN

LEAD ILLUSTRATOR STEPHEN CHRISTY
COVER ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY
COVER ILLUSTRATOR MIKE BEAR
COVER COLORIST IDRIYS GRANT
COVER ASSISTANT NORA HICKEY
FORMATTED BY DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #1, APRIL 2006. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: 5750 N. Damen Ave. #238, Chicago, IL 60659. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2006 Tim Seeley and Stefano Gaseli, used with permission. The events and characters depicted in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Lovers, look at those guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Rates, please contact advertise@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

PORTLAND, OREGON.
THURSDAY. 10:38 AM
FUCK. I HATE THIS GUY. HE'S ALWAYS LATE.
DO NOT FEED PIGEONS
WE..., IF HE IS, REMIND HIM TO HURRY NEXT TIME. FOR HIS SAKE..
...HE BETTER BE RUNNIN' HIS ASS OFF.
AHHHH!!!
FUCK, MAN! LEAVE ME ALONE! WASN'T ME, MAN!
SERIOUSLY, MAN! YOU'RE CHASIN' THE WRONG DUDE! I WAS JUST THERE, I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'. MOST FUCKED UP THING I EVER SAW...
VEHI
SHE
#3
WHOMPH
HICLE
SHED

SHOULD HAVE CLOSED YOUR EYES.
CITY OF PORTLA
AAAAAH!
STILL NO FUCKIN' KID.
WAIT... GONNA LET YA GO, SHAWN HEAR SOMETHIN
WHAT THE HELL? WHAT'S THAT ASSHOLE DOIN'?
HEY MAN, TURN THAT FUCK'N THING AROUND.
CLICK


FUCK!
OH FUCK.
IT'S YOU. IT'S--
I IS
I WANT YOU TO LOOK INTO MY EYE.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
NOTHIN SLACK
DO NOT FEED PIGEONS
YES. AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL SEE FOREVERMORE.

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.
FRIDAY, 12:45 AM.
GOODWILL
WAY TO GO. YOU GET US TROWN OUTTA MARGE'S, NOW WE GOTTA WALK TO THE DOWNHILL PUB. AN IT'S COLD.
QUIT WHIN'N! EF IT'LL HELP, I'LL WARM YOUR BEER IN MY ARMPIT 'FORE YOU DRINK IT.
WHATEVER, AS LONG AS FIRST ROUND'S ON YOU...
HEY... DO YOU SEE SOMETHING... OVER IN FRONT OF THE GOODWILL?
YEAH. I THINK SO. LIKE A DOG OR SOMETHING?
GOODWILL
I will save you master!
I will not let these earth ones keep you trapped on that fuzzy plane!

I will save you!
FWAM!
assssster..?
D'YOU SEE THAT? CRAZY DOG RUNNED RIGHT INTO THE GLASS!
YEAH, GOT IT ON MY PHONE...
WAIT... THE GUYS AT WORK SEE THIS..

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

~~Ronald Morrison - Blackfoot~~

~~Colin De Malle's - Kenneick~~

~~Michael Palahnink - Bake~~

Fred Moore - San Francis

Bud Shaw - Potts Camp, Mis

Asa Turnipseed - Huntsville, A

Muenster Speckmann - Bonn, Ge

MICHAEL PALAHNINK, CONGRATULATIONS, YOU ARE NOT MY FATHER.

THREE DAYS DRIVING AROUND THE NORTHWEST, CHECKING OUT NAMES FROM A LIST WE PULLED OUT OF A LAB THAT MADE THE *ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU* LOOK LIKE *MR. WIZARD'S WORLD.*

ALL THE NAMES ARE ASSUMED IDENTITIES. PLACEHOLDER LIVES FOR SOMEONE TO STEP INTO. A NEW STORY WHEN YOUR ORIGINAL TALE WENT TO SHIT.

GAMBLING DEBTS? FUCK THE WRONG GUY'S WIFE? GET INVOLVED WITH SECRET GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTS INVOLVING UNDEAD, VICIOUS SLASHERS? STEP RIGHT UP AND PICK ONE OUR NEW LIVES, COMPLETE WITH REFRIGERATOR AND COMFY RECLINER.

DID I JUST...?

I DID.

I TOTALLY JUST STARED THAT GUY DOWN. I LOOKED HIM UP AND DOWN. LIKE PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY WONDER WHAT SOMEONE LOOKS LIKE WITHOUT CLOTHES. WHAT THEIR "OH GOD" FACE LOOKS LIKE.

OKAY. *STOP.*

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?
HUMAN, I GUESS.
HORNY IS HUMAN. HORNY IS NORMA... IT'S THE "FA___ING IN LOVE" I CAN'T DO.
NOT THAT I WOULD EVEN KNOW IF I WAS "FALLING FOR SOMEONE" I BARELY KNOW WHAT A CRUSH FEELS LIKE, MUCH LESS...
Georgia
GHYAAH! STOP THINKING.
LOOKING FOR MY DAD IS MESSING WITH ME. SEARCHING FOR SLASHERS KEEPS ME FOCUSED. KEEPS ME FROM FEELING ANYTHING BUT ANGER. CRUISING AROUND, TRYING TO FIND SOME ASSHOLE WHO ABANDONED ME, DOES NOT.
C'MON, LISA. GIMME AN EMAIL. GIMME SOMETHING TO KILL. SOMETHING WITH AN AXE AND A BAD ATTITUDE.
INBOX
Cassie
This is going around YouTube Chris thought it looked like the creature you described in that Nef place. The weird dog Give it a look and let us know what you think
Lisa
YouTube
OH, HE...
POOCH.

VLAD.. LET'S MOVE.
THESE ARE COOL, YES?
NOT EVEN CLOSE.
C'MON. WE GOT A DEVIL DOG N WISCONSIN
DONATE
IIRRRM I FOUND THIS IT IS CLOSE BY.
IT IS IN PORTLAND. ONLY A FEW HOURS DRIVE I KNOW WE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER?
Britney's baby an alien?
EXCLUSIVE
MASKED MAN: RESPONSIBLE FOR DEATHS?
NO . THIS IS PERFECT.
BUSTED!

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
ELSTEN ANIMAL SHELTER. THIS IS CHRIS. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
OOOOH. NOW YOU'RE HER SECRETARY, TOO? IT'S GETTING SERIOUS.
FUNNY, HACK. I'M JUST HELPING OUT. THE DOC'S UP TO HER ELBOWS IN CAT AND DOG ASS THIS WEEK. LITERALLY.
WHAT'S UP? DID YOU GET THAT VID WE SENT YOU?
YEAH. AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S POOCH. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING HERE, BUT IF HE'S IN EAU CLAIRE, I HAVE A FEELING THE NEFLORDS SENT HIM AFTER ME TO GET REVENGE.
NEFLORDS? I THINK THEY WERE IN AN EPISODE OF DR. WHO.
VLAD AND I ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTRY CHECKING ON A MASKED KILLER. SO, I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO GO LOOK FOR THE LOST DOGGE.
YOU MEAN... LIKE, WITHOUT YOU?
EXACTLY. VLAD AND I TALKED IT OUT. EAU CLAIRE IS A LOT CLOSER TO EMINENCE THAN PORTLAND. POOCH IS PRETTY HARMLESS, BUT WE CAN'T HAVE HIM RUNNING AROUND UNCHECKED, ESPECIALLY IF HE'S UP TO SOMETHING.
SO, CONSIDER IT THE FIRST HACK/SLASH INC. SOLO MISSION
I HATE YOU...

MONTANA.
NO TRESPASSING
ANY SECOND NOW, MUFF'LL GET STRUCK, LIKE AS IF BY SOME BOLT OUTTA THE BLUE. SHE'LL SHAKE AROUND ALL CRAZY, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN WE'RE GONNA HAVE A WHOLE SHITLOAD O' EVIDENCE.
IMAGES, NAMES AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF STUFF WE WOULD NEVER FOUND BY OURSELVES.
NO TRESPASSING
ANY SECOND NOW.
NO TRESPASSING
WHATCHA GOT, MUFFY? USE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS TO FIGURE OUT OUR CRIME?
COULDJA FIND OUT WHERE ELVIS IS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
I HAVEN'T GOTTEN A THING FROM THIS PLACE. TAKE ME HOME. PERHAPS I'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW.
WH--?! W-WHATEVER YOU SAY, MA'AM.
SO YA REALLY DIDN'T SEE NOTHING', MRS. JOWORSKI?
NOT A THING.
NOT A THING.

PORTLAND, OREGON.
CLICK
ESTER?
MORNINGS ARE THE WORST, ESTER. I NEVER DREAM ABOUT ANYTHING BEFORE THE... INCIDENT. MY MIND IS STA...ED OUT, LIVING IN THE PAST. WITH YOU.
THEN I WAKE UP, AND I'M IN THE WORLD WHERE YOU'VE BEEN MURDERED, AND I'M JUST A SHADOW OF A MAN.
SOMEONE LOOKING FOR YOU. ASKING AROUND. TEENAGE GIRL AND BIG GUY. BE CAREFUL
NOT ENOUGH OF A SHADOW, APPARENTLY.
YOU MAY BE GONE, ESTER, BUT YOU MADE A LOT OF FRIENDS. AND NOW YOUR FRIENDS ARE MY FRIENDS. THEY SET ME ON THE RIGHT PATH, AND WARN ME OF DANGERS ON THE ROAD AHEAD.
I NEED AS MANY EYES AS I CAN GET.
WHEN I WAKE FROM MY DREAMS, ALL I SEE IS DARKNESS AND BLOOD.

PINELLAS PARK, FLORIDA
GOOD WORK, CLASS. WE'LL TAKE A FIFTEEN MINUTE BREAK, AND WE'LL RECONVENE TO GO OVER OUR MONOLOGUES.
WHAT'S ALL THE HUB-BUB WITH THE REST OF THE CLASS?
THE USUAL. WHO'S DATING WHO, WHO'S THE NEXT ANGELINA, AND WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT MOVIE SET OVER IN TEXAS...
WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, IF YOU ASK ME, IT SERVES THEM RIGHT. APPARENTLY THERE WAS AN INCIDENT ON THE SET OF THE WIZARD OF OZ REMAKE... A MASKED MURDERER OR SOMETHING.
A MASKED MURDERER?

THIS IS RETARDED.
I DRIVE 12 HOURS BY MYSELF, TO BUMBLEFUCK, WISCONSIN. A PLACE THAT'S COLDER THAN INDIANA, MIGHT I ADD.
NOW, I'M CRUISING AROUND AIMLESSLY, WITH PANTIES STUCK TO THE CAR.
THAT'S ALL STUFF CASSIE HAS USED, BORROWED OR LEFT BEHIND. IF THIS THING REALLY IS SOME KIND OF DOG, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SME-- HER ON THEM.
STEEL MAGNOLIAS
I KNOW, I KNOW... YOU'RE THE ANIMAL DOCTOR. I'M GONNA PULL OVER AND TAKE A LITTLE BREAK. I'VE GOT TWO CANS OF MONSTER AND SOME GENUINE WISCONSIN BEEF STICKS CALLING MY NAME.
DANZIG: MOTHER
OKAY. G'NIGHT CHRIS.
HAPPY HUNTING.

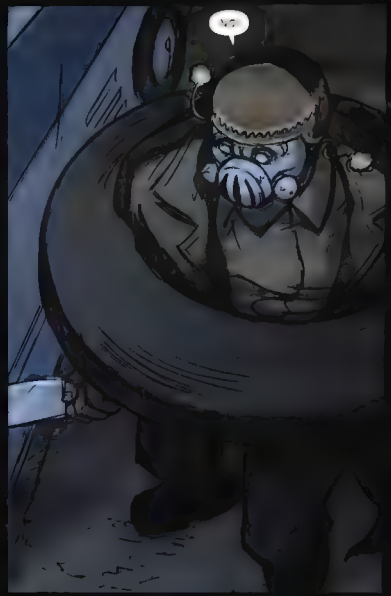
PORTLAND.
THIS IS WHERE OUR MASKED MAN HAS BEEN SPOTTED MOST. SOME OF HIS VICTIMS WERE KILLED USING SOME PRETTY HEAVY GEAR. IT'S LIKE HE HAD ACCESS TO THE MUNICIPAL STORAGE.
A PUBLIC WORKS SLASHER.
DID YOU NOTICE? EVERYONE WE ASKED WAS ALMOST PROTECTIVE OF THIS GUY. HE'S KILLING OFF CROOKS AND SCUM, AND THEY LIKE IT.
TRIMET
BUS
YARD
YES, I NOTICED ARE THERE SLASHERS WHO KILL ONLY BAD PEOPLE?
I GUESS THAT DEPENDS ON YOUR DEFINITION OF BAD. WE'VE DEFINITELY RUN INTO A BUNCH THAT DICED UP PEOPLE WHO THEY THOUGHT WERE EVIL FOR HAVING TEEN SEX.
BUT THAT GOES AGAINST THE STANDARD SOCIETAL DEFINITION OF "A CRIME WORTHY OF A SERIES MURDER". THUS, THE SLASHER EQUALS BAD.
BUT IF THE SLASHER KILLS ONLY MURDERERS AND DRUG PUSHERS??
NOW WE'RE JUST COMPLICATING THINGS. LET'S HOPE THIS GUY IS JUST YOUR GARDEN VARIETY NUT, AND HE'S ACED ENOUGH SLUTTY TEENAGERS TO WARRANT US FUCKING WAH UP.
USUALLY WE DISCUSS THESE THINGS BEFORE WE GO. BUT WE DID NOT ASK MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS KILLER. YOU SAW WORDS "MASK" AND "KILL" AND WE JUST GO.
MMMM
BLAM!
AIEEEE!
YEAH, SO. I WAS..

THAT CAME FROM INSIDE THE BUS YARD!
YES. A GUNSHOT
JESUS.
SIGH. SPLIT UP?
I'M LEFT, YOU'RE RIGHT, WE MEET IN THE MIDDLE.
FUCK. FUCK. GHYAAAH!
ARE.. ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
HE_P... ME....

HELLO? ANYONE HERE?
ARE YOU HURT?

HURR?

UNGH!


NO!

YOU... YO... AND A GIRL. YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME.
WHY?
NAAAAAATHAAAN!!
NAATHAN! SHOW YOURSELF, MAN! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU! ANOTHER BITCH FOR YOU TO WATCH ME BEAT TO DEATH!
YOU MOTHERFUCKER.
OH! AND SHE'S A REAL FIRECRACKER.
WHAK!
SLNGF!
NOW GET OVER HERE SO I CAN FINISH WHAT I STARTED, OR I'LL PERFORATE THIS LITTLE PIECE OF ASS!

HE'S NOT COMING. I ALREADY SHOT THE BASTARD IN THE STOMACH.
HE'S PROBABLY BLEEDING TO DEATH IN ONE OF THE BUSES, CRYING JUST LIKE THE NIGHT WE BEAT HIS SPIC COP WIFE TO DEATH.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, NATHAN?!
IS THIS ALL SOME STUPID "EYE FOR AN EYE" THING, NATE? I MEAN, YEAH, WE DID BEAT YOUR EYE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD.
BUT, REALLY, YOU THINK ALL THE GUYS WHO WORKED FOR ME DESERVED TO DIE FOR THAT? I MEAN, COME ON, MAN! HOW FUCKED UP YOU GOTTA BE TO PUT MY GUYS THROUGH WOOD CHIPPERS?
THEY DIDN'T KILL YOUR WIFE. I DID. THEY WERE JUST THERE, PROVIDING THE MUSCLE, SO I COULD DO THAT BITCH FOR SENDING ME TO THE JOINT. WHAT'D YOU WANT 'EM TO DO?
SQUUIRRRT
THEY WATCHED
WILD X
THEY WATCHED HER DIE. THEY WATCHED YOU TAKE HER FROM MY LIFE AND FROM THIS CITY.

THEY SHOULD HAVE CLOSED THEIR EYES.
VRRRRRMMMM!
INSTEAD, THEY CHOSE TO SEE OBLIVION.
VRRRRRMMMM!
AIEEEE

RRRRRIIIING
CHRIS! ARE YOU OKAY?
NO. I'M NOT.
NOW I'M 12 HOURS FROM HOME, IN THE COLD, WITH THE UGLIEST FUCKING DOG I HAVE EVER SEEN.
THE CASSIE-SME... WORKED JUST LIKE YOU SAID. BUT THE MISERABLE FUCKING THING WAS SO COLD AND HUNGRY, HE JUST WALKED UP THE DOOR AND ASKED FOR HELP.
HE'S FROM HE... GOT HIS ASS DROPPED IN WISCONSIN. TOO COLD, EVEN FOR HIM.
GUESS THESE NEFLORD GUYS COULD DETECT CASSIE'S ENERGY IN THIS AREA, SO THEY SENT BALD LASSIE HERE TO AVENGE THEM.
WAIT... HE ASKED FOR HELP?!
YEAH. FREAKY THING SPEAKS ENGLISH. GUESS HIS MASTER TAUGHT HIM, WHOEVER THAT IS.
ANYWAY, I'M COMING HOME NOW.
SO CLEAN OUT A KENNEL... YOU'VE GOT A NEW PET.

MY FRIEND. THE BIG GUY.. WHERE IS HE?
UNHURT. NEARBY. I WRAPPED HIM IN A TIRE.
WHY WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMETHING... BUT.. YOU ARENT.
NO. I'M NOTHING. JUST A TOOL TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT. EVERYONE TURNED A BLIND EYE... LET ME USE THE CITY TO AVENGE ONE OF IT'S FAVORITE DAUGHTERS. AND NOW IT'S ALL OVER.
I HAVE TO CHECK ON MY FRIEND. CAN I GET AN AMBULANCE FOR YOU?
NO. I'LL BE DEAD SOON. FIVE MINUTES AT THE MOST.
FIVE MINUTES AND I'LL SEE MY BEAUTIFUL ESTER AGAIN.
I'LL LOOK ON HER WITH BOTH EYES AT LAST.

GOOD BYE NATHAN.
GOOD BYE
YOU.. YOU MUST HAVE REALLY LOVED HER.
YES.
-OH
-OH DID YOU KNOW YOU WERE IN LOVE?

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH

BUMP

ALSO MILK! & CHEESE!

DDP
ISSUE #12 MAY 2008 $3.50

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

Cassie Hack in BUMPED

PART 1 OF 2

WRITTEN BY
MARK KIDWELL (1, 5-21)
& TIM SEELEY (2-4, 22),
GUEST MILK & CHEESE DIALOG BY EVAN DORKIN

ART BY
TIM SEELEY (1, 5-21)
& EMILY STONE (2-4, 22)

COLORS BY
MILEN PARVANOV (1, 5-21)
& COURTNEY VIA (2-4, 22)

LETTERS BY
BRIAN J. CROWLEY

DESIGN BY
SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY
SCOTT LICINA & MIKE O'SULLIVAN

BUMP CREATED BY
MARK KIDWELL

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
online.devilsdue.net

PUBLISHER JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF MIKE O'SULLIVAN

CO-FOUNDER STEPHEN CHRISTY
CHIEF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY
ILLUSTRATOR MIKE BEAR
MARKETING MANAGER JORIYS GRANT
OFFICE MANAGER NORA HICKEY
ACCOUNTS CLERK DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series ™ & © 2010 Tim Seeley. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. 5466 Complex Street #104 Boulevard, CA 92008. All rights reserved. All characters, their distinctive likenesses and all related indicia featured in this publication are trademarks of Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. unless otherwise noted. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, mechanical or electronic, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, except for the purposes of review, without the permission of Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Any similarity between the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this publication and those of any living or dead person or institution is purely coincidental. Printed in the USA.

Alder County: The Hill Farm, 1969.
THAT THERE IS FINE WORK, EDDIE. JUST FINE. YER MOMMA IS SO PROUD OF YOU.
MM-HMM. LOOKS JUST LIKE ME
EDDIE... LISTEN TO ME NOW. YOU KNOW THERE'LL COME A DAY WHEN MOMMA CAN'T TAKE CARE OF YOU NO MORE.
THAT DAY COMES, I WANT YOU TO GO OVER TO HITCHFIELD AND FIND YER AUNT AGNES. SHE'S A LOT YOUNGER'N ME AND CAN HELP YOU WHEN I'M GONE.
PROMISE ME NOW, EDDIE.
PROMITH
GOOD BOY. REMEMBER .. HITCHFIELD.
HHITCHF.EEE.LD

REVISE
ALL I CAN DO IS RUN.
RUN... AND HOPE THAT THEY DON'T CATCH ME. HOPE THAT SOMEONE ELSE INCITES THEIR ETERNAL RAGE, GIVING ME THAT EXTRA SECOND I NEED TO GET AWAY.
I CAN HEAR THE SCREAMS. THE BREAKING GLASS. THE BREAKING BONES.
THEY ARE THE LIVING EMBODIMENTS OF HATE. UNSTOPPABLE. UNSWERVING.
THEY'RE GAINING ON ME. I CAN HEAR THEM YELLING NON-COHERENT SPITE-FILLED BABBLE. FOLLOWED BY A DULL, WET THUD.
WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING? WHAT FUELS THEIR RAGE? WHA--
-UNF-
-NO-
JACKALS OF BOTSWANA! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!
STAND BACK! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR VIOLENCE!

BONE-SEWER, MADEMOISELLE VICTIM LADY! I'M MULK!
AND I'M CHEESE!
AND WE'LL BE YOUR DRUNKEN, PSYCHOTIC KILLERS THIS EVENING!
OUR SPECIAL TONIGHT IS A PROLONGED BEATING UGLY ENOUGH TO MAKE A CORONER VOMIT.
THIS WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY A LUSTY RENDITION OF THE BUGALOOS' THEME SONG.
IN HALF-ASSED GERMAN ACCENTS, OF COURSE.
SO, HERR CHEESE? DISSECTION, VIVISECTION, OR HUMOR SECTION?
I SAY WHATEVER'S ICKIEST!
BY THE WAY, LADY, YOU CAN START SCREAMING NOW!
NOOO!!!

SWHUNNGHE
DAIRY MEN DREAM AGAIN?
YEAH.
YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE'S DEFINITELY A CORRELATION BETWEEN EATING EZ-RITOS, AND DREAMING OF THE MILK AND CHEESE WHO WANT TO KILL ME.
BETTER THAN THE LUNCH LADY DREAMS ANY DAY. THANK YOU, PROCESSED MEX.CAN FOOD.
SO IS THE VAN FIXABLE OR ARE WE STRANDED?
THE VAN IS, AS YOU SAY, AN ISLAND OF SHIT IN THE TURD SEA.
THAT'S WHAT WE GET, I GUESS. THE VAN HAS BEEN GOING FOR A WHILE, AND IT'S A LONG WAY FROM PORTLAND, TO... WHEREVER THE HELL WE'RE HEADING.
HITCHFIELD, GEORGIA. LIKE OUR VERY PRETTY FRIEND... OH.
WHAT?
I HAVE A WAY TO GET OUR SHIT MOVING AGAIN.
$800 $800 $800

THE NEXT DAY.
WHOA, THERE! YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS BULL, COWPOKE?
I AM HANDLING IT. I DO NOT POKE COWS.
JURY'S STILL OUT ON BOTH COUNTS. NOW KEEP IT ON THE ROAD!
THE TICKET GAVE ME 800 DOLLARS. THE VAN HAD TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL. NOW WE CAN HUNT WITHOUT SPRAINED BACKS WHILE IT IS HEALED.
FINE. IT WAS YOUR MONEY.
I'M JUST SAYING, WE COULDA RENTED A VUGO AND THEN USED THE MONEY TO GET REALLY GOOD MASSAGES FROM SOME HOT CHICKS AFTER WE BAGGED OUR PSYCHO.
ALDER COUNTY CRIER
MASSACRE IN HITCHFIELD
HM. HOT CHICK MASSAGES.
STUPID! NOW MAYBE I HAVE TO POKE COWS...
HURR. WE ARE FAR FROM ANY OF THE ADDRESSES WHERE YOUR FATHER MIGHT BE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE DO OUR JOBS FIRST. THIS HITCHFIELD MASSACRE SOUNDS RIGHT UP OUR ALLEY. FINDING MY DAD IS STRICTLY HOBBY-STUFF.
THE NEEDS OF THE MANY OVER THE NEEDS OF ONE...
WHATEVER.
ALDER COUNTY
HITCHFIELD 10 MI.

SOON...
WE ARE HERE.
CLOSED
DIRECTORY ZONE
LESSEE... WE WANT AN AREA CALLED ARBOR TIER NORTH.
I AM TO UNDERSTAND THAT A PORTION OF THIS PARK WAS SOLD TO A BIG COMPANY?
A PAPER MILL TO BE EXACT. BIG, SMELLY, DESTRUCTIVE PAPER MILL, SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A PROTECTED FOREST. MONEY TALKS, HUH?
AND, I AM TOLD... THE BULLSHIT WALKS.
ACCORDING TO EVERYTHING ON THE NEWS AND IN THE PAPERS, OUR VICTIMS SET UP CAMP SOMEWHERE OFF THIS TRAIL. THIRTY-TWO ENVIRONMENTAL VIGILANTES, HELL BENT ON SAVING THE TREES.
TWO MALES, THE REMAINDER WOMEN?
COLLEGE GIRLS. SORORITY TYPES PLANNING TO CHAIN THEMSELVES TO TREES AND STAND NAKED IN FRONT OF BULLDOZERS.
AND THEY ARE ALL DEAD?
EVERY LAST ONE DEAD OR MISSING.
WHAT COULD SLAUGHTER THIRTY-TWO PEOPLE IN A SINGLE NIGHT?
THAT'S THE QUESTION, ISN'T IT? THEY WEREN'T ARMED AND PROBABLY WEREN'T EXACTLY EXPECTING A LOT OF VIOLENCE. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO MURDER A BUNCH OF

...TREE HUGGERS?
OH MY GOD.
SUCH CARNAGE. I BELIEVE THESE GARMENTS WERE SHREDDED, NOT CUT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHREDDED?
NO BLADES MADE THESE MARKS. THESE WOMEN WERE CLAWED.

CLAWS...
CASSANDRA! I HAVE FOUND A FOOTPRINT... SORT OF...
SORT OF?
I AM CONFUSED BY IT'S SHAPE. IT IS FLAT AND SHOWS NO SEPARATION FROM TOE TO HEEL.
THEY CONTINUE THIS WAY. REMAIN HERE.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
SWAB
NOT AN INCH CLOSER--!

HOLY SHIT!
EASY, LADY! EASY! I'M WITH THE PRESS!
JUST KEEP BACK, DOUCHE. I'M NOT KIDD'N AROUND, HERE. I'LL... HEY, I KNOW YOU.

COURSE YOU DO. I RUN THE TOP-RATED CABLE NEWS PROGRAM ON WULF NEWS! THE O'GRADY F_LES. PHIL O'GRADY?
I'VE SEEN IT. SQUARE AND UNBA_ANCED, RIGHT?
DON'T BE RUDE. MISS...?

CA... ME CASSIE.
CASSIE. MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING OUT HERE?
RIGHT BACK ATCHA, IRISH.

WELL, OBVIOUSLY I'M HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE UH... UNPLEASANTNESS THAT TOOK PLACE HERE LAST WEEK. THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO...
YOU MEAN YOU NEED A RATINGS BUMP AND THIS IS THE NIGHTMARE OF THE WEEK, RIGHT?

AGAIN WITH THE RUDENESS. IT DOESN'T BECOME YOU, MY DEAR. MIGHT I GATHER THAT YOU ARE CONDUCTING AN INVESTIGATION OF YOUR OWN?
YOU CAN GATHER WHAT YOU WANT, TABLOID BOY. JUST STAY OUTTA MY WAY. I'M HERE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS HORROR SHOW, NOT RUB PEOPLE'S NOSES 'N IT

VIGILANTE, EH? AND AN EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE ONE AT THAT.
HEY! NO PICTURES!

FREEZE!

HANDS IN THE AIR! LEMME SEE 'EM!

NOW SUPPOSE YOU TWO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', MESSIN' AROUND MY CRIME SCENE.
POLICE
OFF CER, PLEASE! SURELY YOU RECOGNIZE..

HOLY JEEZ... YOU... YOU'RE PHIL O'GRADY! YOU'RE HIM! FROM WULF NEWS!
GUILTY.
OOPS! PERHAPS AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF WORDS GIVEN THE SITUATION.
DBO...
I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN! WAIT'LL THE BOYS HEAR ABOUT THIS!

AND YOU ARE... ?
ME!? STELLA: STELLA HAMLET! ALDER COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU MR. O'GRADY. YOU AND YOUR...

OH YES, HOW RUDE OF ME. THIS IS CASSIE. MY.. ASSISTANT.
GLAD T'KNOW YA, CATHY! LISTEN, I HATE T'DO THIS, BUT I GOTTA GET YOU TWO OUTTA HERE.
MY BOSS WOULD SKIN ME ALIVE IF HE KNEW SOMEBODY WAS OUT HERE, POKIN AROUND.

HE'S ONLY BEEN SHERIFF FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS NOW SO HE'S RUNNIN THE SHOW BY THE BOOK!
I'LL JUST ESCORT YOU OUT TO THE PARKING LOT AND FORGET I SAW YA HERE, SAVVY?
LET'S SCOOT NOW. WOULDN'T DO FOR SOMEBODY TO SEE US.

ALRIGHT, THEN. YOU TWO STEER CLEAR OF THAT CRIME SCENE NOW, HEAR?
CERTAINLY, STELLA. WE WOULDN'T WANT TO CAUSE YOU ANY TROUBLE. WE'LL GET SOME SHOTS OUT HERE, MAYBE HEAD INTO TOWN AND INTERVIEW THE LOCALS.
WHAT A PAIR OF MORONS.
CASSANDRA.
AAAAAH! HOLY SHIT, VLAD!
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
YOU BIG ASS, YOU SCARED ME HALF TO.
THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE?
SOME RENT-A-COP AND A REPORTER, PHIL O'GRADY. I THINK HE HAS A CRUSH ON ME.

AND ANYTHING?
I FOLLOWED BLOOD AND THE TRACKS WEST. SEVERAL DOZEN YARDS. THEN THEY DISAPPEARED.
DISAPPEARED?
YES. VERY STRANGE. SO I INSPECTED TREES.
AND?
BLOOD SPATTER AND CLAW MARKS ON BARK AND LIMBS... WHATEVER IT WAS, TOOK TO THE TREES. IT CAN CLIMB.
KNOK
KNOK
KNOK
SHIT. THAT'S THE REPORTER. HIDE IN THE BEDROOM!
KNOK
KNOK
KNOK
YEAH. JUST A MINUTE.
IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO HAVE A DRINK WITH ME, I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING HERE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE.
SEEMS I HAVE MORE THAN ONE FAN ON THE FORCE HERE IN STICKSVILLE.

...AND THEY WANT TO DESTROY ALL OF THIS. THIS CATHEDRAL. OF PEACE AND MAJESTY... FOR PROFIT AND FINANCIAL GAIN!
WELL, I'M HILLY CLARION AND ME AND MY SISTERS WILL STAND BETWEEN MAN AND HIS...
C'MON, HILLY!
JUSTIN! THIS IS SERIOUS! WE'RE TRYING TO.
HAHA! OKAY, BUT YOU GOTTA PROMISE TO ERASE THIS LATER. WANNA SEE 'EM?
HEY GIRLS! LET'S GIVE THE GUYS A PREVIEW OF WHAT WE'RE GONNA SHOW THE NEWS CAMERAS WHEN WE STOP THOSE DOZERS TOMORROW!
OH, YEAH!
:SIGH: ANOTHER GIRLS GONE NAUGHTY APP...ICAN'T..
DON'T LIKE IT? I RATHER ENJOYED THIS PART.
IF THIS IS A... YOU'VE GOT, O'GRADY, YOU CAN JUST GET THE HE...
PATIENCE, CASSIE, PATIENCE. THE FOOTAGE THAT WILL INTEREST YOU IS JUST A BIT... THERE.
GYEEEAAH!
WHAT THE HELL!?

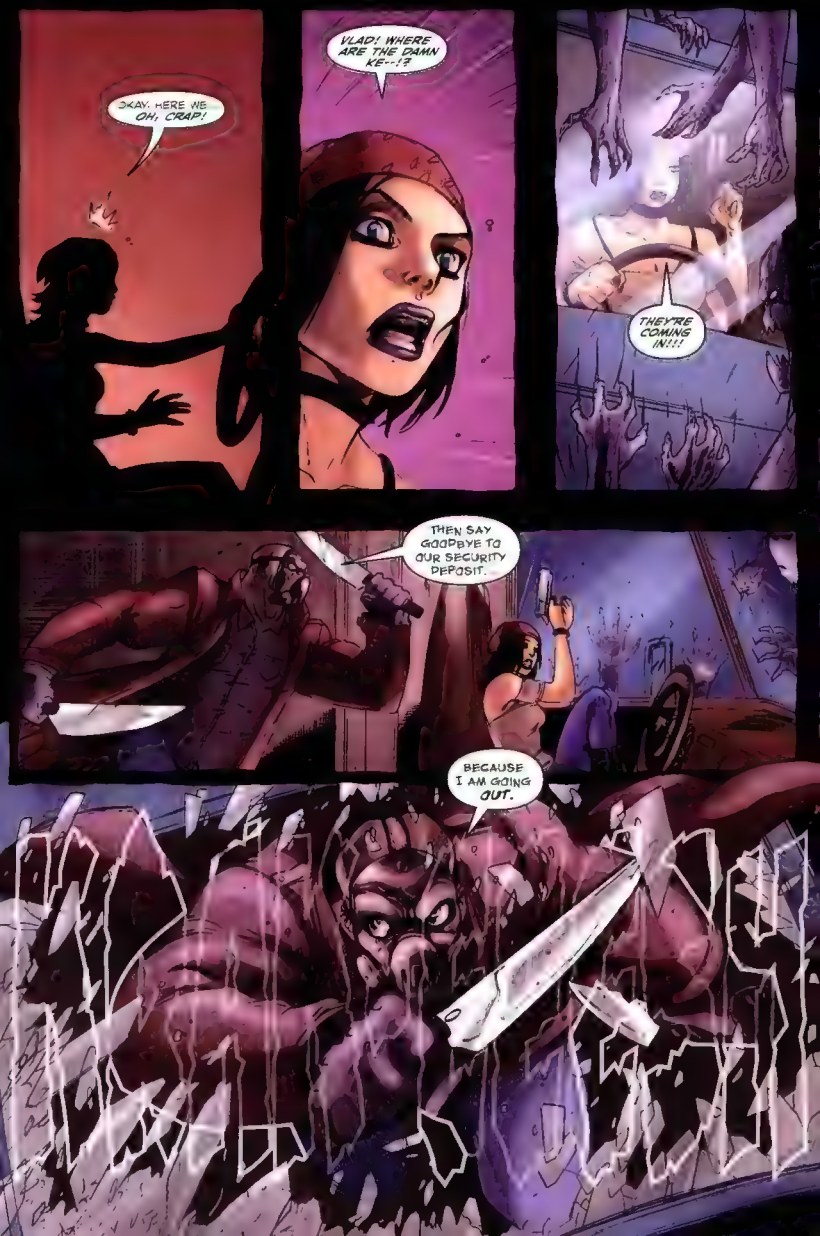
TIFFANY!
TI--!
JESUS!
CHRIST!
AAAAAH!
GYEEEAAH!
EEEEEEE!
FUCK ME RUNNING

MMM-HMM. I GURED THEY'D STICK AROUND.
BIG FAN OR NOT, MR. O'GRADY. NO WAY YOU'RE MESSIN' WITH STELLA HAMLET'S CRIME SCENE..
SWAT
WHO'S THERE?!
YOU WITH O'GRADY? C'MON OUTTA THERE. I'M WITH THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT AND I HAVE A WEAPON...
I DON'T WANNA HAVE TO TELL YOU AGAIN. GET
STELLUH
F--- FUCK OUTTA HERE!

JESUS, MARY, PAUL AND RINGO... IZZAT MY..?
HIIIISSSSSS!
GRARGH!
YAAAAAAHH!
YAAAAA--
KRUNCH
SHRIMP

O GRADY, SERIOUSLY. THIS IS JUS' EMBARRASSING.
CASSIE, BABY. CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? THE ELECTRICITY. IT'S TANGIBLE! JUST GIVE IN. LET YOURSE..F--
IF I "LET MYSELF" YOU'D BE KEEPIN' THOSE HANDS IN TUPPERWARE.
WHO THE HELL!? YOU EXPECTING MORE COMPANY?
MAYBE IT'S YOUR DIGNITY.
CASSIE, CASSIE. AGAIN WITH THE RUDENESS. THAT'S QUITE A MOUTH ON YOU...
SHIT!
RAAAR!
WHA!? WH-WHO... YAAAAHH!
SLAM
ARM YOURSEL-VES, YES?
THE WOODS ARE ALIVE.

RAAAR!
GRRRR!
HISSS
WH-WHAT THE FUCK ARE THOSE THINGS!?
HUNGRY! GRAB A BLADE AND COVER YOUR ASS, NEWSMAN.
SHIT!
KRSH
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
NONONONO
RAAAR!
KRSH
DAMN YOU BEASTIE! THIS IS A RENTAL! GHRAH!
KRSH
SKREEE
BLAM!
THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! I'M GETTING US THE HELL OUTTA HERE!


OKAY. HERE WE
OH, CRAP!
VLAD! WHERE ARE THE DAMN KE--!?
THEY'RE COMING IN!!!
THEN SAY GOODBYE TO OUR SECURITY DEPOSIT.
BECAUSE I AM GOING OUT.

SCHLUNK

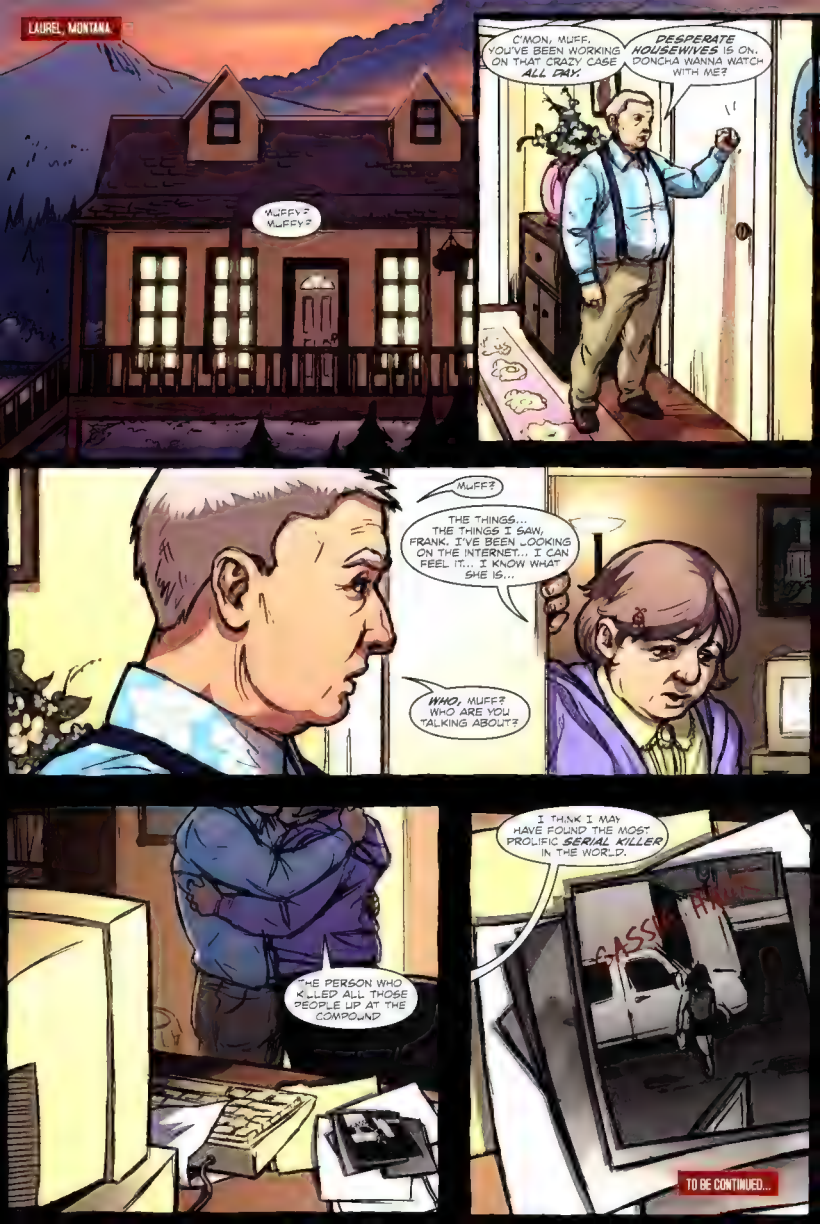
HRM.
WAYDE THAT WAS A M STAKE

GRARGH!
RAAAR!
MMMMMPH!
HISSS

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
VLAD!
GET OFF OF HIM!

RRAAAR!!!

BITCHES!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
CASSANDRA. HUFF! ...HOLD YOUR FIRE
THEY'RE LEAVING! WE KICKED THEIR ASSES!
NO...
...THEY ARE BEING CALLED BACK.
"CALLED"? BY WHO?
THOSE CREATURES DID NOT CARVE THEMSELVES. SOMEONE OUT THERE, PULLING THE STRINGS, WISHES US TO FOLLOW.
FO...OW? THOSE THINGS!? YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING...
IT'S WHAT WE DO.


LAUREL, MONTANA.
MUFFY? MUFFY?
C'MON, MUFF. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON THAT CRAZY CASE ALL DAY.
DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES IS ON. DONCHA WANNA WATCH WITH ME?
MUFF?
THE THINGS... THE THINGS I SAW, FRANK. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ON THE INTERNET... I CAN FEEL IT... I KNOW WHAT SHE IS...
WHO, MUFF? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE PERSON WHO KILLED ALL THOSE PEOPLE UP AT THE COMPOUND
I THINK I MAY HAVE FOUND THE MOST PROLIFIC SERIAL KILLER IN THE WORLD.
TO BE CONTINUED...

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
BUMP
DDP
ISSUE #13 JUNE 2008 $3.50

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

Cassie Hack in RIMPED

PART 2 OF 2

WRITTEN BY
MARK KIDWELL (1-6,9-16)
& TIM SEELEY (7-8,17-22).

ART BY
TIM SEELEY (1-6,9-16)
& EMILY STONE (7-8,17-22)

COLORS BY
MILIAN PARVANOV (1-6,9-16)
& COURTNEY VIA (7-8,17-22)

LETTERS BY
CRANK!

DESIGN BY
SEAN K. DOVE

EDITS BY
SCOTT LICINA & MIKE O'SULLIVAN

BUMP CREATED BY
MARK KIDWELL

COVER A BY
TIM SEELEY & MILIAN PARVANOV

COVER B BY
BRANDON BRADER

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

JOSH BLAYLOCK
PI BICKETT
SAM WELLS
SEAN DOVE
BRIAN WARMOTH
MIKE O'SULLIVAN

STEPHEN CHRISTY
CODY DEMATTIS
TIM SEELEY
MIKE DEAR
NORA NICKEY
DEBBIE DAVIS

SLISHH!
RRRRRRRRR....!
CRRRRR...
RRRRRFF!

WE ARE ON THE CORRECT PATH
YO SHIT FREAKY GODDAMN THINGS.
THEY ARE - AS MARIONETTES WITHOUT STRINGS. ALIVE.
AND SOON TO BE DEAD.
B-BU- WHAT MAKES 'EM MOVE?
HATE THEIR CREATOR MADE THEM WITH A BLOODLUST EQUAL TO HIS OWN.
HE USES THE BITS OF FLESH LOCKED IN THOSE DRAWERS AND SOMEHOW FORCES THEM TO RISE. AND KILL
I WISH WE'D NEVER CRACKED THAT LOCK BACK THERE IN THE PARKING LOT. GOD I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WAS IN THERE
HMMM! THE MERE LOCATION OF THE DRAWERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH FOR AN INVESTIGATIVE REFOR--
GUYS!
LEMME SHOW YOU SOMETHING REALLY SCARY!

FIRST LOSER WITH A GONE WITH THE WIND JOKE GETS A SHOT IN THE BERRIES.
I... AM NOT GOING IN THERE
LET ME RETRACT THAT LAST STATEMENT. THE OLD BERRIES HAVEN'T DROPPED YET, EH, O'GRADY?
I'D PREFER YOU RUN BACK TO YOUR NEWS VAN... BUT..
HERE. JUST POINT AND SQUEEZE. NOW YOU CAN COVER OUR BACKS. NOW BUTTER
PHEW... THE CRITTERS HEADS AREN'T GOING TO BE DOWN HERE. TRY TO AVOID STARING AT MY ASS, AND SHOOT AT EYE LEVEL.
I'LL DO MY BEST.

SO... I HAVE A FEELING THAT BONE ISN'T FROM REC.
SO, HERE'S THE QUESTION. DO WE YELL SOMETHING WITTY WHEN WE RUN IN?
OR WOULD IT BE WASTED ON HISS VS DEMON PUPPETS?
HURM CASSANDRA
YOU MAY WANT TO SEE THIS...
THIS IS UNHOLY

SHUNK!
COME OUT AND PLAY, YOU SICK FUCKS!
G-GUYS? IS EVERYTHING ALL... OMIGOD
VLAD? THIS MIGHT'VE BEEN A
IT IS A SLAUGHTER HOUSE
GOD! THE STENCH!
V STAKE

HISSSS!
SKREEE!
GRAWWWRR!
GRRR!
GRAHHH!
KATE
HISSSS!
SKREEE!

AROOOO! AOOW!

BOW! ARF ARF ARF!

BOW BOW BOW!

ELST

SIGH

WHAT'S WRONG?

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE.

I *GOTTA* BRING POOCH IN THE HOUSE, LISA. THE OTHER DOGS HATE HIM THEY'RE JUST GONNA BARK AT HIM ALL NIGHT.

THE OTHER DOGS WILL GET USED TO HIM. I GAVE HIM THE NICEST KENNEL IN THE WHOLE PLACE.

HE CAN'T BE IN THE HOUSE WHEN WE HAVE SEX. HE SPIES... AND IT CREEPS ME OUT.

I KNOW. BUT I CAN'T GET INTO IT... WITH... Y'KNOW, THE BARKING.

FINE. BUT HE STAYS IN THE BASEMENT.

GODDAMN ALIEN DOG

BOW BOW BOW!

AROOOO! AOOW!

BOW! ARF ARF ARF!

AROOOO AOOW!
BOW! ARF ARF ARF!
C'MON, POOCH. WE'RE GOING INSIDE.
Oh, thank you, Master, thank you! They make noises at me! They hate me!
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.
BOW BOW BOW!
Oh, poor sweet Pooch. Trapped in world where his own brothers hate him. Especially the one called "Goblin"! So much hate. So much.
GOBLIN?
YAP YAP! YAP
Into the cold! Oh, it is cold here! Lords of Net, why did you send me to this hell?!
HEY KEEP IT DOWN. WE'RE GOING INSIDE, YOU BIG BABY
NOW, STAY HERE. LISA DOESN'T WANT YOU IN OUR ROOM, OKAY?
Yes, Master. Anything you wish.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DRESSED? I PUT POOCH IN THE BASEMENT
YEAH.. I KINDA LOST THE MOOD, MYSELF. WANT SOME PIZZA ROLLS?
PIZZA ROLLS

SKREEE!
SLASH!
SUNUVABITCH!
SLAM
FAT CHANCE, SORORITY GIRL!
CHUK!!
GET BACK!
HISSSSS!
SLAM
GOD, HOW HARD CAN IT BE?
WORK

PERHAPS GENERAL CUSTER'S LAST WORDS WOULD BE APPROPRIATE HERE
C-CUSTER? WHAT'D HE SAY?
LOOK AT ALL THOSE FREAKIN INDIANS
BACK!
BAAACK!
W-WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!
THE ONE WHO COMMANDS THEM. THEIR PUPPETEER.
LET'S GO PULL HIS STRINGS.
HOLY

HISSSSS!
CATHEEEEE. YOU FINALLY COME THEE EDDIE. FOLLOW EDDIETH ANGELTH GOOOOD. I CAN THMELL YOUR NATHTIES... BUT DONCHOO WORRY. EDDIE MAKE YOU CLEAN
HISSSSS!
HISSSSS!
EDDIE CARVE!!!
I GOT THE PUPPETS! THE BIG ONE'S ALL YOURS
CARVE!
CLANGG!
UHNN!
AAAARGH

YEEARRRGH!
SLITCH!
HMMM.. BLADES ARE SHARP.. BUT I'VE HAD MY BELLY THPLIT BEFORE.
AUGER SHARP TOO!
AAAARRRRH!
SLUTCH!
ANGELTH!! KILL!
SKREEE!
CRUSH!

VLAD! NOOOOO!
UHHHN!
WHUD!
NOW, CATHEEEE NOW WE CAN BE ALONE AND GETCHOO CLEAN.
LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU BASTARD!!
WHAAA?!
RRRAAAWRRR!
NO...
CRRRRACK!

NOOOOOO!
YAARRRGH!
KRASH!!!
VLAD!?!
V-VLAD..? O'GRADY..?
WHAT THE HELL..?

VLAD?
I AM HERE, CASSANDRA
WHAT RE YOU? I THOUGHT...
I WAS OUTSIDE, UNDER A PILE OF THOSE THINGS. I HEARD A CRASH FROM INSIDE AND THE CREATURES FLED. I HAD A HOLE IN ME. I FOUND THIS LAMP AND USED THE FIRE TO SEAL THE HOLE.
HUM... IT MUST HAVE BEEN MR. PH- WHO FE- THROUGH HERE
OH MY GOD. OH...
WOW. HE HAD A PAIR AFTER ALL.
AN UNDERGROUND STREAM!
MR. PHIL COULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THAT IF COULD STILL BE ALIVE
THEN WE HAVE TO MOVE!

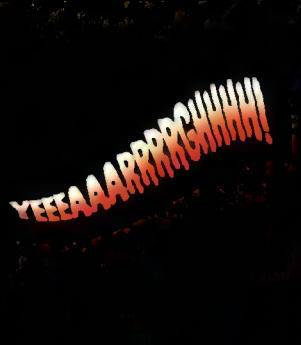
"CUZ THAT COULD CHANGE REALLY FAST!
UHHHHN... W-WHERE THE HELL?

AAAAAH!
MONTHER MAN THTRONG!

AE KILLED NEW E_ETH EDDIE BORROWED FROM POLITHE-MAN! K LLED EDDIE LN_ETH EDDIE GETTH NEW THKN

NONONONG PREASE PREASE!
NEVER A POLITHE-MAN AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE.

BUT YOU'LL DO!!
KLOV
YAAAAAGHH!


YEEEAAARRRRGHHHH!

THAT SCREAM.
THAT COULD ONLY BE O'GRADY
THIS WAY!
WE'RE TOO LATE
THAT CORPSE... GOD! WHAT'D EDDIE DO TO HIM?
DAMN IT, O'GRADY. YOU WERE JUST SUPPOSED TO WATCH OUR BACKS.
CASSANDRA YOU SHOULD SEE THIS
Phil O'Grady
PRESS
OH GOD.
THE MONSTERS. HE STORED THE EXTRAS HE CARVED HERE.
KASSY
NORUM
YES. THEY ARE "EMPTY"

AWAITING A TRAPPED SOUL
KASSY
THAT ONE WAS FOR ME. HE WANTED TO PUT MY...
VLAD. WE HAVE TO FIND HIM! MAKE SURE HE NEVER COMES BACK FOR ME
THESE TUNNELS WIND ON AND ON FOREVER. IT COULD TAKE HOURS TO FIND EDDIE. IF WE FIND HIM AT ALL.
WE HAVE ONLY THIS ONE LANTERN... WE MUST STAY TOGETHER.
O'GRADY IS DEAD, BUT THE OTHER WOODEN WOMEN ARE UP THERE, RUNNING FREE. WE MUST HUNT DOWN THE LAST OF THEM BEFORE THEY KILL ANY OTHERS TONIGHT
THE NEEDS OF THE MANY OVER THE NEEDS OF THE FEW.
OR WHATEVER
WE WILL BURN THE HOUSE TO THE GROUND. WE WILL FIND THE OTHER WOMEN AND SEND THEM TO THEIR PEACE.
AND IF EDDIE EVER MAKES ANOTHER PEEP, ANYWHERE,
WE'LL BE ON HIM.

YOU AREN'T COMING TO BED?
NAH, I KNOW YOU WANT TO GET TO SLEEP, AND I... WELL, TOO MANY PIZZA ROLLS, SO I'M GONNA HIT THE -
ENOUGH INFO. GOOD NIGHT, CHRIS.
HEY, HEY...
TEENS PORKATHON 4
PAY PER VIEW
...OR COITUS INTERRUPTUS

MMMMMM BABY... YEAH, RIGHT THERE. HARDER.
Master. You pink thing likes to be pet
YEEEAAARRRRGHHHH!!!!

HOPE HILLS CEMETERY
CAREFUL NOW.
GOTTA MAKE IT LOOK NICE
THIS NEW SNOW WILL COVER UP ALL THE TURNED OVER SOIL TIL SPRING. LUCKY US.
GHAH. GROSS MAN. WHAT'S THIS GUY WANT WITH A COFFIN ANYWAY?
SNAP!
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW. THE GUY HAD THE MONEY. GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
I KNOW. I KNOW. BUT, DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHAT PEOPLE DO AFTER WE DO THEIR LITTLE SHADOWY DIRTY WORK?
YOU DON'T KNOW THE NAME ON THE TOMBSTONE, DO YA?
HM... NOPE... CAN'T SAY THAT I DO.
WELL IF YOU DID
DELILAH HACK
BELOVED MOTHER AND WIFE
1965-2004
YOU'D WANT TO KNOW EVEN LESS

LAUREL, MONTANA.
GRANT. GET ME SOME COFFEE. WOULD YA?
POLICE
OF COURSE, SHERIFF STRAYCALF. I KNOW HOW ORNERY YOU INJUNS GET IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR COFFEE IN THE MORNING.
HAR HAR.
SORRY. "COFFEE" IS A WHITE MAN WORD. I MEANT "JUICE WHICH INVIGORATES BRA--
GM--H.
MAN... I JUST HAD THE WEIRDEST FEELING. HAIRS ON MY NECK ARE STANDING UP AN EVERYTHING.
LIKE DEATH HERSELF JUST WALKED IN.
GOOD MORNING, OFFICER HAZLEWOOD.
WOAH! MRS. JONORSKI.. DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN!
YOU'RE UP EARLY. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE PHILLIPS COMPOUND...
YES. I-I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING THEN. I... WELL... I LIED. I SAW SOMETHING.
AND I NEED YOUR HELP.
SO.. SO I CAN STOP SEEING IT..
TO BE CONT

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
DDP
ISSUE #14 JUL 2008 $3.50
02501
82142 00076

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY – A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

Cassie Hack in

OVER THE RAINBOW

TIM SEELEY EMILY STONE VAL STAPLES

CRANK! SEAN K. DOVE

MIKE O'SULLIVAN

TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA

JENNY FRISON

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
STEPHEN CHRIST
CODY DeMATTEIS
TIM SEELEY
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR MIKE BEAR
NORA HICKEY
DEBBIE DAVIS

AUNTIE EM!
AUNTIE EM!
SIXTY. SIXTY ONE. DAMN, THAT'S A LOT OF POTATOES.
AUNTIE EM! UNCLE HENRY!
MISS GULCH DID SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO TOTO!
DOROTHY, PLEASE. CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY?
BUT... MISS GULCH! SHE TRIED TO TASE TOTO! MEAN OL' HAG!
MAYBE WE CAN HELP, HONEY.
MAYBE I'LL HAVE TO PUT SOME SCARE INTO THAT OL' CROW.

DEL VALLE, TEXAS.
7 MILES SOUTHWEST OF AUSTIN.
9 DAYS AGO.
PRODUCTION
THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ
DIRECTOR
DONNE T.
DATE
SCENE
TAKE
1
5
CLUNCK!
CUT!
RICK ROSS, YOU ARE A SUPERSTAR.
I KNOW. I KNOW.
THE REST OF YOU... WE'RE REMAKING A CLASSIC HERE. A REALLY OLD CLASSIC. LET'S TRY TO ELEVATE THE MATERIAL. SNAPPIER! MODERN! THIS IS THE FACEBOOK GENERATION OF OZ! I WANNA HEAR IT POP!
FUCK, TEXAS IS HOT! WHY CAN'T WE FILM IN CANADA LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?!
WELL... IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DUST BOWL ERA HOME.
WHATEVER! RUN OVER AND GET JESSE READY FOR SOME SECOND UNIT MUNCHKIN SHIT. WE'RE WRAPPING THIS SCENE IN 20!
YESSIR.
AND TELL THOSE MUNCHKINS THEY BETTER KNOW THE GODDAMN "LOLLIPOP RAP"!
"LOLLIPOP RAP", JESUS WHAT KIND OF ASSHOLE TRIES TO REMAKE WIZARD OF OZ?
Crew Restroom
THE ASSHOLE WHO DIRECTED "EPIC MOVIE 2" AND "4 FAST 4 FURIOUS" I GUESS
CREEEEK.

AAAAHHHH!!!
OH GOD... SORRY... T-THE DOOR WASN'T LOCKED...
GET OUT!!

I'M REALLY SORRY.
HMPPH.

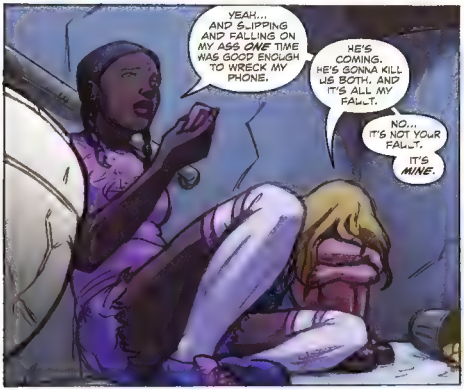
CAN'T BELIEVE I WALKED IN ON A LULLABY LEAGUE MUNCHKIN PEEING.
HA.
HAH HA!

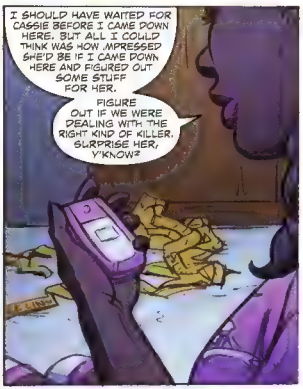
HA. SIGHS WHAT A DAY.
CLANK!

DEL VALLE, TEXAS.
NOW.
COME ON SARAH! WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING!
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, GAZELLE LEGS! FUCK!
HERE.
OH GOD, THANK YOU.
SHIT! THEY'RE BOLTED SHUT FROM THE OUTSIDE!
GOD-DAMMIT! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK HERE.
I AM SO SORRY I GOT YOU NVOLVED IN THIS.
WE'RE NOT DEAD YET. COME ON. WE CAN BARRICADE OURSELVES IN. GIVE HIM ONLY ONE ENTRANCE.
FIGHT BACK.
HERE.
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
THIS IS WHERE THEY FOUND THE FIRST VICTIM... HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS ME IN THERE...

WHO? WHO THOUGHT...
IT... IT DOESN'T MATTER. HE DIDN'T GET YOU *THEN*, AND HE ISN'T GONNA GET YOU *NOW*.

43 TIMES. THE NEWS SAID HE WAS HIT 43 TIMES WITH A SHARP OBJECT.


YEAH... AND SLIPPING AND FALLING ON MY ASS *ONE* TIME WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO WRECK MY PHONE.
HE'S COMING. HE'S GONNA KILL US BOTH. AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
NO... IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
IT'S *MINE*.


I SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR CASSIE BEFORE I CAME DOWN HERE. BUT ALL I COULD THINK WAS HOW IMPRESSED SHE'D BE IF I CAME DOWN HERE AND FIGURED OUT SOME STUFF FOR HER.
FIGURE OUT IF WE WERE DEALING WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF KILLER. SURPRISE HER, Y'KNOW?

IS YOUR FRIEND SOME KIND OF *BUFFY* OR SOMETHING?
HER NAME IS CASSIE. AND SHE'S THE SCARIEST, BADDEST ASS CHICK IN THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD.

135.
NEAR TEMPLE, TEXAS.
WOAH. DID YOU JUST FART?
NO I DID NOT.
OH. CUZ I JUST DID.

HRRM. HOW FAR TO OZ? I WOULD LIKE TO BE OUT OF RANGE OF YOUR BUTT VERY SOON.
WE'RE NOT EXACTLY GOING TO OZ. JUST THE SET OF SOME REMAKE.
FIVE MEMBERS OF THE PRODUCTION GOT AXED LAST WEEK, AND MR. BIG-TIME-MOVE-STAR RICK ROSS IS MISSING.
COPS HAVE ALREADY BEEN THERE. EVEN IF IT WAS A SLASHER, I'M SURE HE'S LONG GONE. BUT, GEORGIA S GOING TO MEET US...
SO, THIS IS A GOOD EXCUSE TO SEE YOUR GOOD FRIEND, THEN.
OH, COME ON... I HAVEN'T TALKED TO HER THAT MUCH LATELY. NOT TO MENTION THAT SHE'S *YOUR* FRIEND TOO.
BESIDES, A FEW OF THE NAMES OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES FOR MY DEADBEAT DAD LIVE AROUND HERE.
SO, WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER AGAIN?
I GUESS. I JUST TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT TOO MUCH. IT'S LIKE WHEN I FIRST SAW THE WIZARD OF OZ, Y'KNOW.
THERE WAS ALL THIS HYPE ABOUT THE WIZARD... HOW HE WAS GONNA BE THE ANSWER TO ALL THOSE WISHES.
TURNS OUT HE WAS JUST A LITTLE WEIRDO HIDING BEHIND A CURTAIN.
AUSTIN
48 MILES.

ELSEWHERE.
AT LEAST YOU PUT SOME EFFORT NTO IT.
MORE THAN HALF THE GUYS HERE THINK IT'S GOOD ENOUGH JUST TO OFFER ME PLASTIC BEADS THAT I CAN GET FOR 99 CENTS AT A PARTY STORE.
OH YEAAA-HHH...
HEY, LOOK OUT!
OH GOD!!
SINNER. FORNICATOR.
WOK!
HELP! OH GOD, HELP!
AH! MY LEG! SHIT!
WHORE.

ABOMINATION.
AAAAAHHHHHH!
KRUNCH!
GHUUUHHH!

LAUREL, MONTANA.
MMMMM TWO MORE MID-MARCH BOY AND A GIRL FLORIDA RESORT TOWN PANAMA OR SOMETHING.
I'LL PUT IN A CALL TO PANAMA CITY BEACH PD AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY MURDER CASES INVOLVING A BOY AND A GIRL IN THAT TIME PERIOD.
MUFF... YOU OKAY?
YES... YES, FRANK. I'M FINE, IT'S JUST... VIOLENT, YOU KNOW. A LITTLE MUCH TO SEE FOR AN OLD WOMAN LIKE ME.
YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS UP, HONEY. I KNOW YOU'VE DONE THIS STUFF BEFORE... BUT THIS...
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I HAVE TO DO THIS.
MY VISIONS CAN HELP THESE POLICEMEN. I GIVE THEM LOCATIONS AND SIGHTS, AND THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR. WE CAN PUT THESE CASES TO BED...
POLICE
...AND STOP CASSANDRA HACK BEFORE SHE KILLS AGAIN.

I/WE HAVE NO RESULTS FROM THE EARTHBOUND ASSASSIN? **
**TRANSLATED FROM THE PSYCHIC
SPEAK OF THE LORDS OF NEF
NO.
THE LOW-
BEAST REPORTS
THE HATED CASSANDRA
PERHAPS THE LOW-BEAST HAS EXPIRED. LET US REACH ACROSS THE DEPTH AND SEE THROUGH HIS MIND-EYE.
YES. HIS LOCATION IS CORRECT, BUT I DO NOT SEE THE FESTERING, ROTTING CORPSE OF THE HATED.
FOOLISH, WASTED THING. I/WE SUGGESTED THIS CREATURE WAS ILL-FIT TO BE A PROPER ASSASSIN.
NOT SAYING...
JUST...
HELP...
ONCE IN A...
LOOK, THIS IS A SHIT TOWN. THE ONLY JOBS AROUND ARE GAS STATION ATTENDANT AND FUCKING PRE-SCHOOL JANITOR!
I'VE BEEN PATIENT CHRIS. WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO? HOLD OFF SEX UNTIL YOU DO SOMETHING WITH YOURSELF?
OH NICE. THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF ME?
THEY WILL FIND SOME USE FOR IT.
I/WE HAVE A BETTER IDEA. THE LOW-BEAST SHOULD BE TAUGHT THE PRICE FOR SUCH FAILURE.

DEL VALLE, TEXAS.
GODDAMMIT!
SHE'S NOT PICKING UP.
HRM. INSIDE THE CAR IS SOME MUSIC CASES. "BEST OF WARRANT" SAYS ONE.
THAT'S DEFINITELY HER.
SOME OF THE TAPE IS LOOSE. BUT, THE DOOR IS LOCKED... AND METAL.
FUCK. SHE WENT IN BY HERSELF. OF ALL THE STUPID FUCKING THINGS SHE COULD DO...
SHE WAS NOT ALONE. THERE IS A SHOE PRINT. IT IS SMALL AND LIGHT. A CHILD PERHAPS.
JESUS. NOW GEORGIA'S GOT A SIDEKICK... MOVE ASIDE, VLAD.
LET'S GO GET OUR "PRETTY". AND HER LITTLE "DOG" TOO.

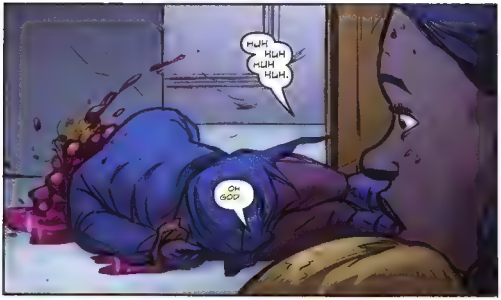
CHK
CHK
CHK
OH GOD! DO YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING
YEAH YEAH- I HEAR IT. JUST... DON'T MOVE

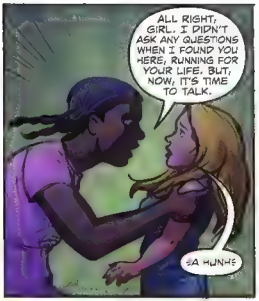
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK

OH GOD IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR
SHHH. I'LL PROTECT YOU JUST LIKE CASSIE WOULD

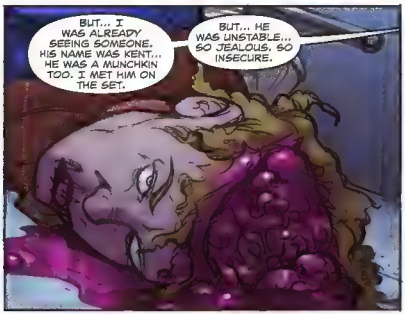
MNUUUUHHHH!
CREEEEK.
AAAAGHGH!

MNGUUUUH!
RICK?
TICK
SUUURRuuuuHHHH!
CLANK!
SQUIT!
SPLORCH!

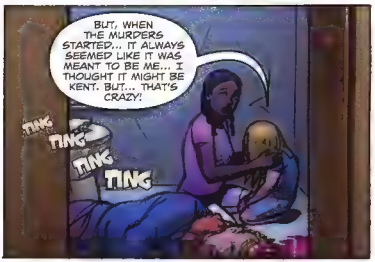

HUH HUH HUH HUH.
OH GOD!


ALL RIGHT, GIRL. I DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS WHEN I FOUND YOU HERE, RUNNING FOR YOUR LIFE. BUT, NOW, IT'S TIME TO TALK.
SA HUNHE

I-I WAS WORK NG ON THIS MOVIE. A MUNCHKIN. I WAS A MUNCHKIN. AND, I MET RICK ROSS. HE CAME ON TO ME... WANTED ME... SO... I MEAN HE WAS A B.G MOVIE STAR. AND HE WANTED ME.


BUT... I WAS ALREADY SEEING SOMEONE. HIS NAME WAS KENT... HE WAS A MUNCHKIN TOO. I MET HIM ON THE SET.
BUT... HE WAS UNSTABLE... SO JEALOUS. SO INSECURE.

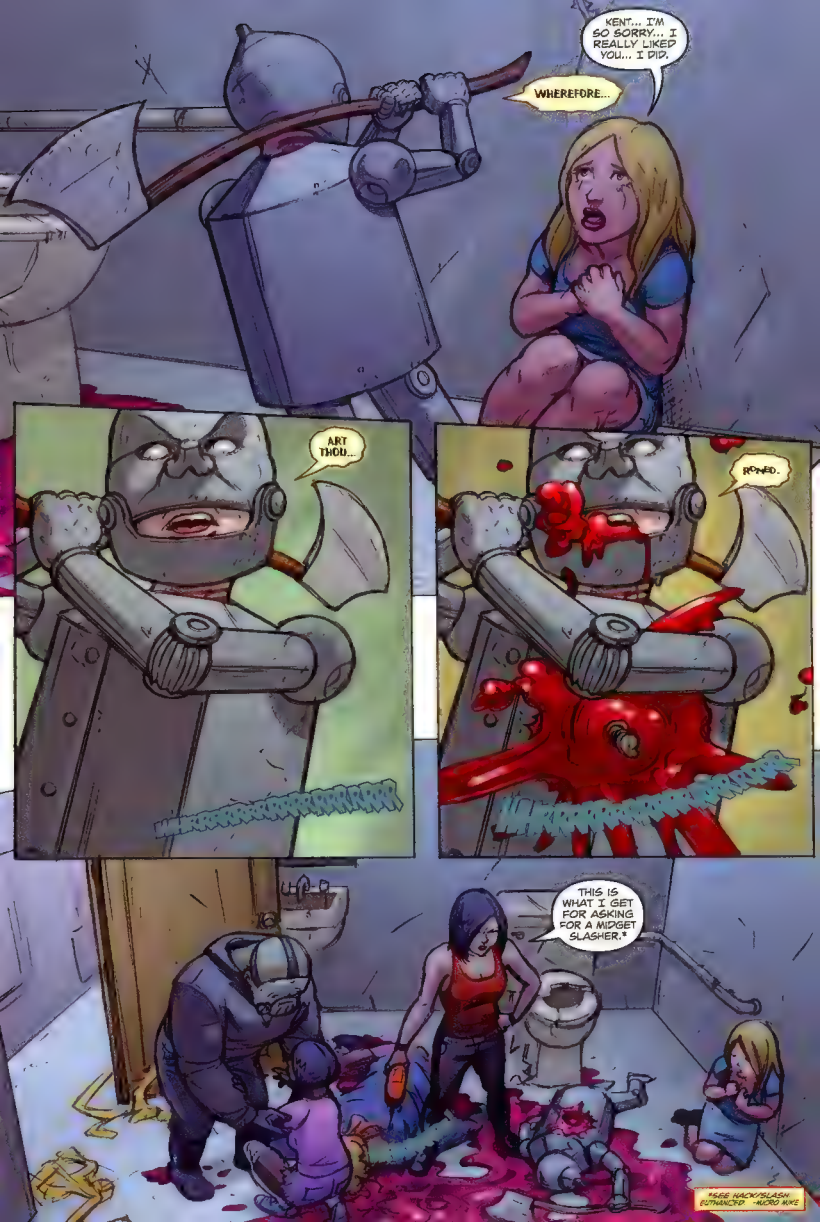
TING
TING
TING
WHEN HE FOUND OUT ABOUT RICK... HE THREATENED ME. TO..D ME HE'D KILL ME. I CALLED THE POL CE.. BUT... HE HUNG HIMSELF. IN HIS A-APARTMENT. BEFORE THEY GOT THERE.


BUT, WHEN THE MURDERS STARTED... IT ALWAYS SEEMED LIKE IT WAS MEANT TO BE ME... I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE KENT. BUT... THAT'S CRAZY!
TING
TING
TING
TING

TING
YOU AIN'T WHISTLING DIXIE.

IF I ONLY HAD A HEART. IF I ONLY HAD A HEART.
MOVE!
GIVE ME BACK MY HEART, SARAH.
SHOK!
OH GOD! KENT!
I'D BE TENDER... I'D BE GENTLE. AWFUL SENTIMENTAL.

UNGH!
NO!
I HEAR A BEAT. HOW SWEET
UNNGH. AH... FUCK!
AND YET... I AM TORN APART.
SSHMMT!
WHAU.
NUUNGH!
CHUK!!
B-BLOOD. SO MUCH.
EVERY ATOM IN MY BODY IS TELLING ME RUN RUN RUN.
TELLING ME "YOU DON'T KNOW THIS CHICK... SAVE YOURSELF. PUSH HER IN FRONT, LET HER TAKE THE AXE, RUN RUN RUN."
BUT CASSIE WOULDN'T RUN.


KENT... I'M SO SORRY... I REALLY LIKED YOU... I DID.
WHEREFORE...
ART THOU...
RONED.
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR ASKING FOR A MIDGET SLASHER.*
*SEE HACK/SLASH ENTHANCED. -MICRO MIKE

HURM. I MAY NEED A BIGGER HANDKERCHIEF...
IT'S... IT'S OKAY, V_AD. THANKS THOUGH.

V_AD. CHECK THE BLONDE.
*FS

I'M SORRY.

YOU'RE SORRY?! YOU TOLD ME YOU'D MEET ME *OUTSIDE*. YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GOING IN, MUCH *LESS* ABOUT GETTING CHASED BY A FUCKING ARMORED *DWARF!*
I WAS! I WAS GOING TO WAIT. BUT, SARAH CAME, AND SHE KNEW SOMETHING, I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHAT, AND...

NO EXCUSE! JUST BECAUSE WE'RE FRIENDS DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TO DO MY JOB! I *CAN'T* KNOW PEOPLE WHO RISK THEIR LIVES! I'M SO PISSED I CAN BARELY *LOOK* AT YOU.

I'M GONNA MAKE A RUN THROUGH... MAKE SURE THERE ISN'T SOME GODDAMN FLYING MONKEY SLASHERS WAITING ANYWHERE.
V_AD. MEET ME OUTSIDE.

DINER LIFE
Meditation Circle 10 AM
ER... UH... EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR MR. LAZARUS?
DOWN N THE BASEMENT.
MR. LAZARUS? IT'S GORDON. GORDON STUART.
MR. STUART! A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU HERE!
DID YOU DO IT? DID YOU GET THE BODY?
OF COURSE I DID, MR. HACK.
IT'S STUART--
NOW, NOW JACK. WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE. LET'S BE HONEST. BE OURSELVES.
AND IN THE SPIRIT OF FRENDSHIP, YOU MAY DROP MY RIDICULOUS ADOPTED BIBLICAL ALIAS...

AND CALL ME

DEL VALLE, TEXAS.
WE ARE READY. WE WILL TAKE SARAH HOME.
VLAD SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK UP SOME GUYS AROUND HERE... SEE IF THEY'RE YOUR DAD. THAT'S... UH... COOL. MAYBE YOU... Y'KNOW, WANT SOME COMPANY?
I'M... I'M REALLY SORRY.
DON'T... DON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THIS AGAIN, OKAY, MARGARET? DON'T... JUST...
JUST DON'T DIE ON ME. PLEASE.
I... I WON'T.
GOOD. THERE'S TOO MUCH DEATH IN MY LIFE ALREADY.
THE END.

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
DDP
HACK/SLASH
FEATURING
H.P. Lovecraft's
RE-ANIMATOR
PART 1 OF 3
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
DDP | AUG 2008 | $3.50 | ISSUE 15
02701>

CASSIE & VLAD MEET THE RE-ANIMATOR

PART 1 OF 3

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HERBERT WEST IS THE INVENTOR OF A SPECIAL SOLUTION CALLED RE-AGENT THAT WHEN INJECTED INTO A RECENTLY DECEASED PERSON CAUSES THE BODY'S MECHANICAL, LIVING FUNCTIONS TO RETURN. HOWEVER, MOST SUBJECTS THAT HAVE UNDERGONE THE "RE-ANIMATION" PROCESS HAVE TURNED INTO VIOLENT, ZOMBIE-LIKE MONSTERS! WEST SEEKS TO PERFECT HIS EXPERIMENTS TO DEFEAT DEATH ITSELF!

COVER A

SCRIPT BY **TIM SEELEY**
STORY BY **TIM SEELEY, BARRY KEATING & BRIAN YUZNA**
ART BY **EMILY STONE**
COLORS BY **MARK ENGLERT**
LETTERS BY **CRANK!**
DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**
EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

RE-ANIMATOR CREATED BY
H.P. LOVECRAFT

COVER B

THANKS TO BRIAN YUZNA, BARRY KEATING, STEVE BARON AND STEFAN HUTCHINSON

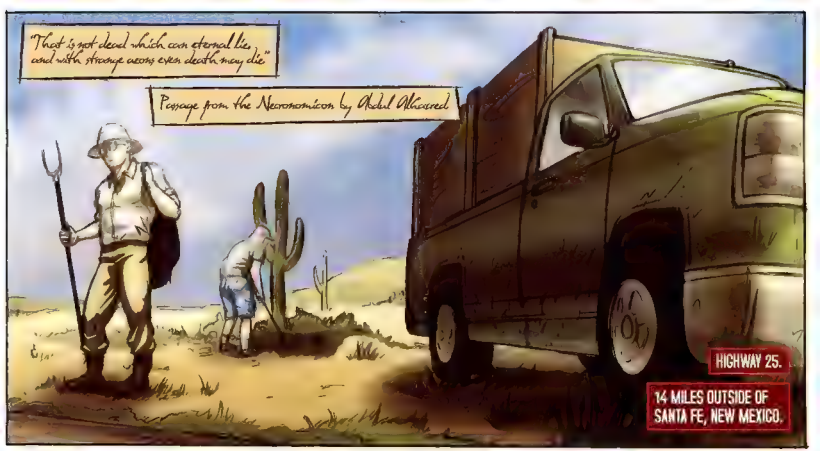
COVER A BY **TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA**
COVER B BY **JOE JUSKO**

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT **JOSH BLAYLOCK**
C.E.O. **PJ BICKETT**
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER **SAM WELLS**
ART DIRECTOR **SEAN DOVE**
MARKETING MANAGER **BRIAN WARMOTH**
SENIOR EDITOR **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

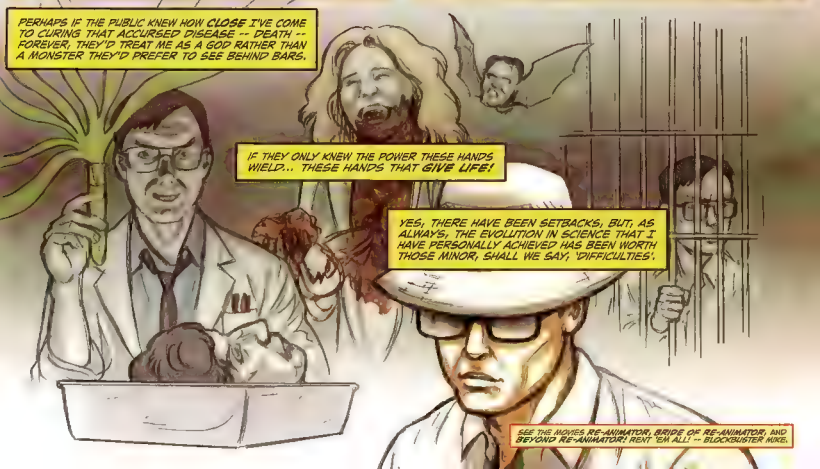
V.P. DEVELOPMENT **STEPHEN CHRISTY**
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT **CODY DeMATTEIS**
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR **TIM SEELEY**
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR **MIKE BEAR**
DIRECT ASSISTANT **NORA HICKEY**
MANAGER OF FINANCE **DEBBIE DAVIS**

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #15, JULY, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #238, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Rates, please contact ads@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.


"That is not dead which can eternal lie,
and with strange aeons even death may die."
Passage from the Necronomicon by Abdul Alhazred
HIGHWAY 25.
14 MILES OUTSIDE OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

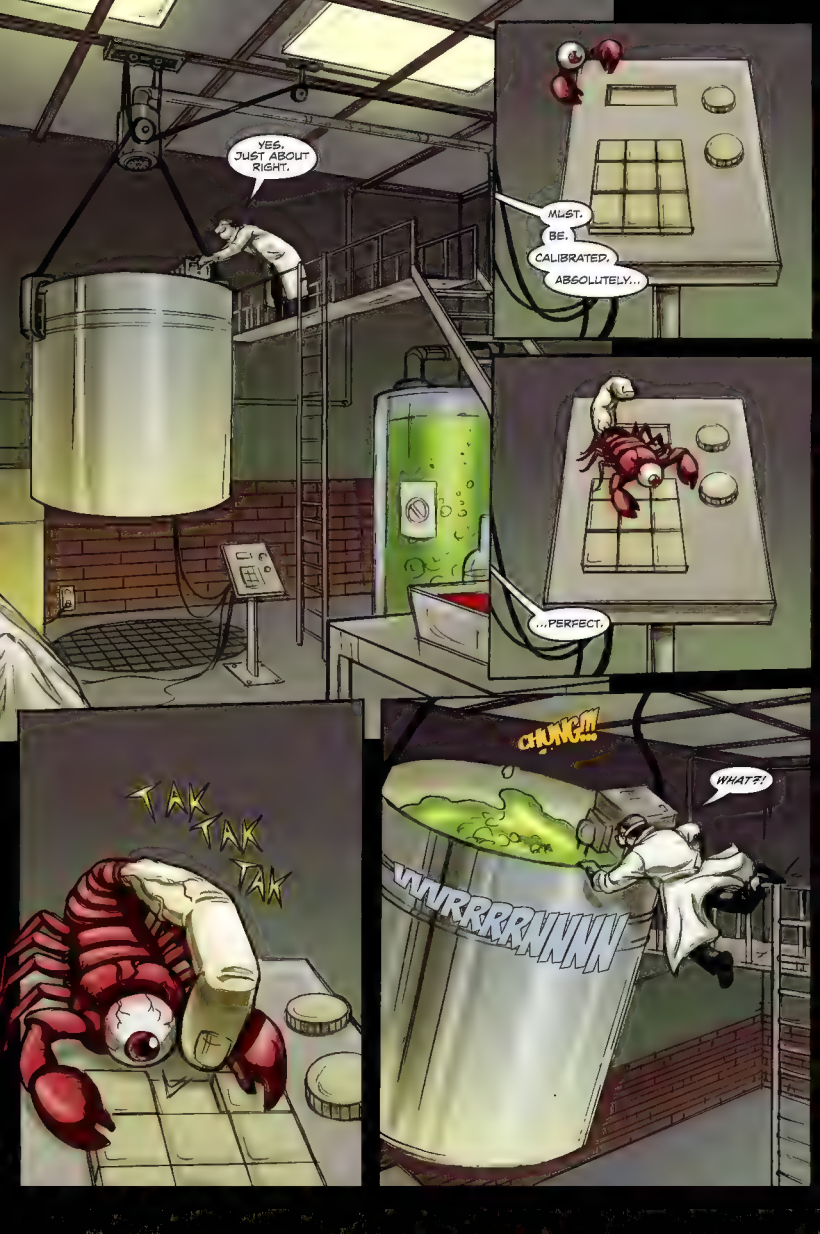
THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST. DRY. LIFELESS. A RELIEF FROM THE FESTERING HUMIDITY OF AN ARKHAM SUMMER.

BREATHING FREE AIR AT ALL IS SOMEWHAT OF A GIFT FOR A MAN LIKE ME, GIVEN THE PUBLIC'S TYPICAL REACTION TO MY WORK.
POK
HMM.


PERHAPS IF THE PUBLIC KNEW HOW CLOSE I'VE COME TO CURING THAT ACCURSED DISEASE -- DEATH -- FOREVER, THEY'D TREAT ME AS A GOD RATHER THAN A MONSTER THEY'D PREFER TO SEE BEHIND BARS.
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE POWER THESE HANDS WIELD... THESE HANDS THAT GIVE LIFE!
YES, THERE HAVE BEEN SETBACKS, BUT, AS ALWAYS, THE EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE THAT I HAVE PERSONALLY ACHIEVED HAS BEEN WORTH THOSE MINOR, SHALL WE SAY; 'DIFFICULTIES'.
SEE THE MOVIES, RE-ANIMATOR, BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR, AND BEYOND RE-ANIMATOR! RENT 'EM ALL! -- BLOCKBUSTER MIKE.

FASCINATING HOW THE DRY AIR AND SUNLIGHT HAVE AFFECTED DECOMPOSITION. THE MUSCLES AND TENDONS, LACKING MOISTURE ARE ALMOST MUMMIFIED. ALMOST LIKE...
'DILLO-JERKY.
I BELIEVE WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR NOW, DR. HACK.
THERE ARE PROBABLY SOME LOCALS WHO'D BE PRETTY PISSED IF THEY KNEW WE WERE COLLECTING ALL THE GOOD ROAD KILL.
MET A GUY ONCE IN FLORIDA WHO CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST GOURMET CHEF OF TIRE TRACK ARMADILLO.
CHARMING. WE'VE PICKED THIS STRETCH PRETTY WELL CLEAN. LET'S MOVE OFF THE HIGHWAY BEFORE WE ALERT ANY LOCAL AUTHORITIES.
YOU'RE THE BOSS, WEST.
POLICEMEN?

NAH. JUST SOME LOCALS PICKING UP DEAD SHIT FOR STEW.
IN ANY CASE, THEY'RE GONE, SO LET'S WORK ON YOUR SHOOTIN', TEX.
HURRM. I DO NOT LIKE GUNS.
YEAH, YEAH, THAT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T HIT KIM KARDASHIAN'S ASS FROM SIX PACES.
NOW, ALL YOU GOTTA DO...
PHASSK
GHUH!
...IS AIM.
OH, AND MAYBE WORK ON THAT GULLIBILITY THING, TOO.
SUCKER.
HURR. I WILL WASH THE SMUG OFF YOU WITH YOUR OWN WATER BALLOON, YES?
HA HAH!


YES, JUST ABOUT RIGHT.
MUST. BE. CALIBRATED. ABSOLUTELY...
...PERFECT.
TAK TAK TAK
CHUNG!!!
WHAT?!
VVVRRRRRNNNN

OH NO. NO! ƎNRRGHHHE
JACK!
JAAAACK!
HERBERT? JESUS CHRIST!
HOLD ON, WEST!
SHANK!
Y,EEH.
THANK YOU. THANK YOU.
WE COULD HAVE LOST WEEKS OF IMPORTANT WORK AND RESEARCH.
NOT TO MENTION SOME OF YOUR VALUABLE SKIN.
WHAT WAS THAT THING ON THE PANEL?
OH... JUST A... DOODLE. MY THANKS.

NO PROBL--
OH.
THAT'S... THAT'S HER. ISN'T IT?
YES. DELILAH HACK. NEE DELILAH CORDERO. AKA "THE LUNCH LADY." SELF-REANIMATING BODY. SHE'S REALLY QUITE SOMETHING, ACTUALLY.
MY WIFE
AH. YES.
I-I WOULDN'T REMOVE THE SHEET. THE BODY IS MIRACULOUS IN ITS SELF-PRESERVATION BUT THERE HAS BEEN SOME... DECAY, AND A BIT...
...WELL, QUITE A BIT OF PRE-REMISE TRAUMA. NOT HER FINEST HOUR, I'D SAY.
AHEM! YES... I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A MOMENT.

NEF
TRANSLATED FROM THE PSYCHIC NON-SPEAK OF THE LORDS OF NEF -- MOLTHRU MIKE
THOSE GATHERED HERE THIS DAY REPRESENT THE FINEST MY/OUR
MY/OUR WRETCHED POPULATION WITH THE
I/WE RECENTLY SENT AN ASSASSIN TO DESTROY THE HATED ONE- CASSANDRA-HACK.
BUT THE LOW-BEAST HAS FAILED. HAS BECOME TRAITOR!
GONE NATIVE!!
I/WE HAVE COLLECTED YOU, THE MOST LOVED. THE GREATEST. OUR PROUD SEED.
BUT WE HAVE THE POWER TO SEND ONLY ONE OF YOU. SO LET THERE BE A GREAT CONTEST TO DETERMINE WHOM I/WE CAN TRUST WITH THIS GREAT DEED!
BEGIN KILLING EACH OTHER MY/OUR CHILDREN HONOR

NO PROBL--
OH.
THAT'S... THAT'S HER, ISN'T IT?
YES. DELILAH HACK. NEE DELILAH CORDERO. AKA "THE LUNCH LADY." SELF-REANIMATING BODY. SHE'S REALLY QUITE SOMETHING, ACTUALLY.
MY WIFE
AH, YES.
I-I WOULDN'T REMOVE THE SHEET. THE BODY IS MIRACULOUS IN ITS SELF-PRESERVATION BUT THERE HAS BEEN SOME... DECAY, AND A BIT...
...WELL, QUITE A BIT OF PRE-DEMISE TRAUMA. NOT HER FINEST HOUR, I'D SAY.
AHEM! YES... I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A MOMENT.

NO. I...
YES. I NEED TO SEE YOU.
GOD
DELILAH...

MY DELILAH
MY NAME'S DELILAH.
I'M JACK. ER... WELL... DR. HACK.
A PLEASURE. SO... TELL ME, DOC, WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN ME?
EXCUSE ME?
I'M JUST TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT ME THAT Y'ALL WOULD BE WILLING TO DRIVE ME ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM KENTUCKY AND PAY ME JUST TO TALK.
IT'S A STUDY, MS. CORDERO. YOUR PROFILE FITS THE PARAMETERS.
THAT'S IT? YOU LOOK AT MY FILE; DETERMINE I'M JUST CRAZY ENOUGH; AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I DON'T HAVE TO WORK AT PIGGLY WIGGLY FOR A SUMMER?
HA. THAT'S ONE WAY TO THINK OF IT.
DATA HACK
AHEM. I'M SORRY... IS SOMETHING... UM... WRONG?
HA. NO... I WAS JUST LOOKING AT YOU.

"HOW'S IT GOING WITH THE PSYCH EVALUATIONS?
GOOD. I'VE GOT SOME... UH... REALLY INTERESTING SUBJECTS. THIS ONE... SHE'S REALLY FUNNY. KINDA ECCENTRIC.
YEAH? IS SHE HOT?
WELL, IT'S NOT REALLY LIKE THAT, OF COURSE...
I SUPPOSE NOT. GUESS I'M JUST JEALOUS. MUST BE NICE TO WORK WITH LIVE PEOPLE, EVEN IF THEY ARE GONNA GO NUTS SOME--
MOVE ASIDE!
ONE MORE X! JUST ONE MORE AND THE GAME CAN BE PLAYED AGAIN!
I NEED THE GAME! THE GAME NEEDS ME!
POK!
AHHHHH!
X'S FOR MEN! ONE MORE!!

GODDAMMIT! I TOLD YOU TO MOVE ASIDE!
KRAK!
MHUUNNN...
DR. PHILLIPS! I NEED TECHS IN RECEPTION BAY FOR REV-SUBJECT KARL VOX ASAP!
THE GAME NEEDS MEEEEEE!
JUST ANOTHER DAY ON THE JOB. YOU OKAY, DR. HACK?
AHEM! YEAH... THANKS, DR. WHITE.
SURE, KID. MAYBE YOU SHOULD STAY OVER ON YOUR SIDE OF THE CITADEL. I'M GUESSING THE SUBJECTS ARE A BIT FRIENDLIER.
OH, GOD... YEAH!
YESSSSSS.
AHUNH... UHN... OH!
GOD... GOD, I NEEDED THAT.
ME TOO.
IT'S JUST... SOMETIMES... WHEN YOU SEE THE LOOK IN THEIR EYES... IT'S JUST... IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOU NEED TO FEEL SOMETHING GOOD.
YOU KNOW?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S WHY I'M NOT BAGGING GROCERIES THIS SUMMER.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DEE?
ALL THOSE MEN IN LAB COATS... THEY WANTED YOU TO STUDY ME. THEY SAW MY FILE.
THEY KNOW ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE. AND THEY THINK I MIGHT BECOME ONE OF THOSE "THINGS."
THAT SOMEDAY I'LL KILL, AND I WON'T STOP, EVEN WHEN I DIE.
YOU'LL NEVER BE ONE OF THEM, DEE.
BESIDES, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THEY THINK. IT ONLY MATTERS WHAT I THINK.
JACK, I'M PREGNANT.

LEAVING?
HEADING HOME FOR THE DAY. I'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING.
BUT... I THOUGHT TONIGHT WE WOULD...
I'M... I'M NOT READY YET HERBERT. SEEING HER...
BUT, WE ARE ON A SCHEDULE HERE. THIS IS IMPORTANT WORK!
EVEN IF YOU DON'T SHARE MY QUEST TO DESTROY DEATH, CONSIDER THE POTENTIAL MONETARY COMPENSATION FOR THE APPLICATIONS OF OUR WORK! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH MOTIVATION--
NOT TONIGHT, HERBERT!
HMPH!
I have only ever had two contenders in my quest to become the one to defeat death.
Two outdated, narcissistic notions that have come close to eradicating its last light.
One is Faith.
The other is Love.
I believe the world will soon find nothing has been as successful as I shall soon be.

NIIICE NEIGHBORHOOD, MR. GORDON STUART.
MANY PAWN SHOPS. THAT IS NEVER A GOOD SIGN.
WELL, THIS IS THE ADDRESS.
OKAY, LET'S POP IN ON THIS LOSER. FIVE BUCKS SAYS HE'S IN HIS TIGHTY-WHITIES AND THERE'S A TV ON IN THE BACKGROUND PLAYING THE GAME SHOW NETWORK. NO! PEOPLE'S COURT.
THERE ARE ONLY FOUR MEN LEFT ON THIS LIST. ONE OF THESE MUST BE YOUR DAD. YESP ARE YOU NOT EXCITED?
NO. NO, I'M NOT.
WE NEVER KNEW IF ANY OF THESE NAMES BELONGED TO MY DAD IN THE FIRST PLACE. AND IN THAT TIME HE COULDA GOTTEN KILLED OR HAD A SEX CHANGE... MAYBE EVEN CHANGED HIS NAME AGAIN.
THEN THERE'S HIS CONNECTION TO THAT DR. WHITE ASSHOLE... AND MAYBE TO THE KIDS IN MONTANA. I MEAN, IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT IF I DO FIND HIM, I'LL HAVE TO PUT A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN, JUST LIKE I DID TO MY MOM.
ONCE YOU ARE ALONE, IT IS EASIER TO THINK IT WILL ALWAYS BE THAT WAY THAN TO BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE TO ACCEPT NEW PEOPLE INTO YOUR LIFE.
YEAH. THAT, TOO.

WHAT THE FUCK'RE THEY DOIN'?
PROBABLY WAITIN' FOR STEWART, SAME AS US.
JEEZ... THAT'D BE AWKWARD.
YA' THINK HE OWES ENOUGH PEOPLE MONEY TO GET TWO CREWS SENT FOR HIS ASS ON THE SAME DAY?

YEAH... LIKE... WOULD WE JUST TAKE TURNS THEN?
I MEAN, YA' WANNA MAKE SURE THE GUY GETS THE PROPER MESSAGE. THIS IS NOT ONE ASS KICKING. IT IS TWO SEPARATE ASS KICKINGS.
YOU GUYS ARE GAY.

OUR BOY GORDON IS COMIN' RIGHT NOW.
I GOT IT.

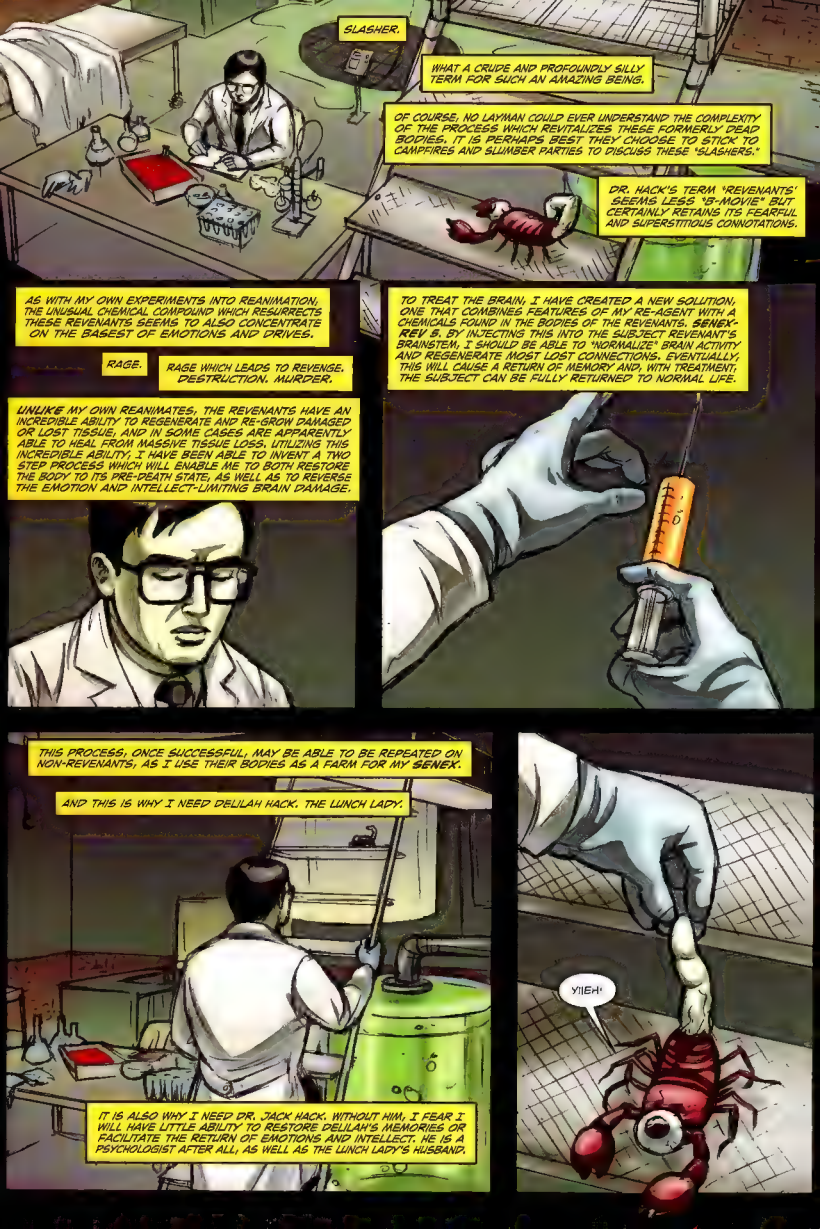
WHOOF!
KWOMP!!!

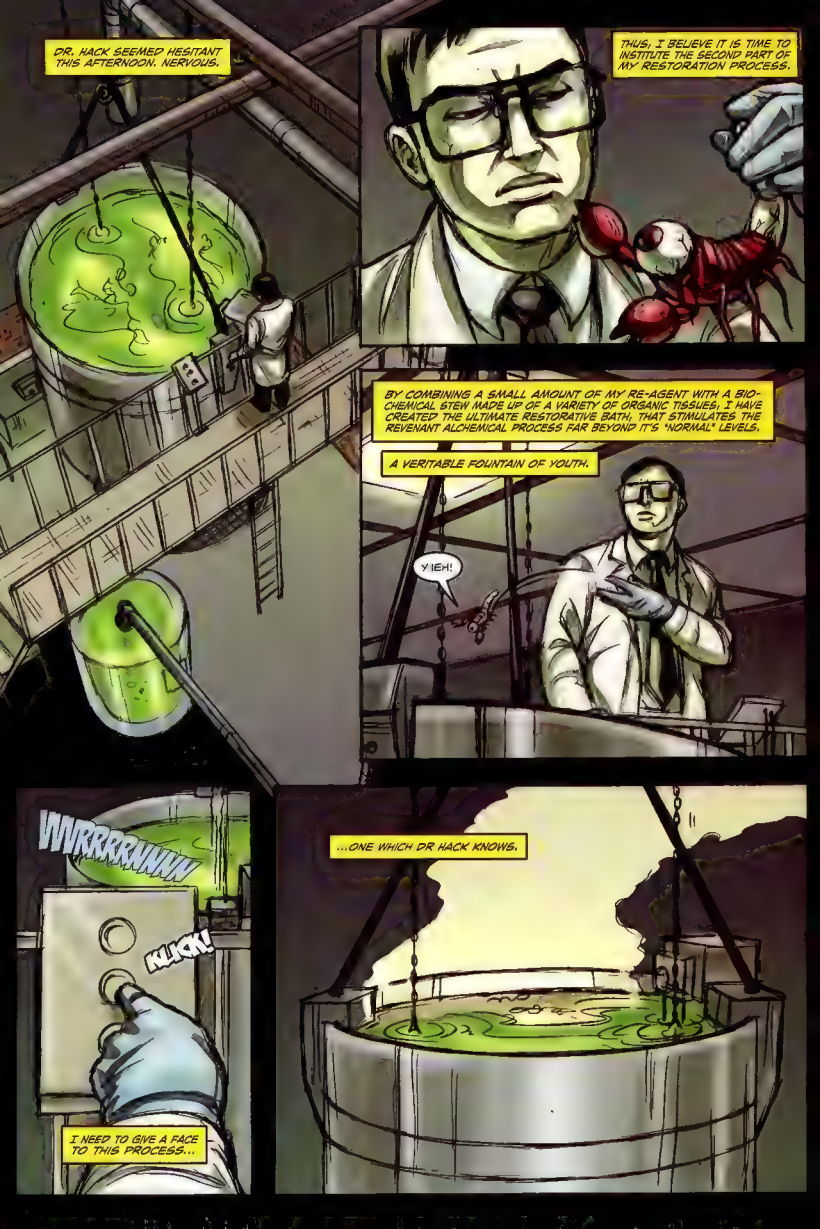
MR. STEWART. WE RECOMMEND YOU GET INTO THE CAR WITH US.
WE'D LIKE TO DISCUSS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH OUR EMPLOYER, LEON LOMAKEMA.

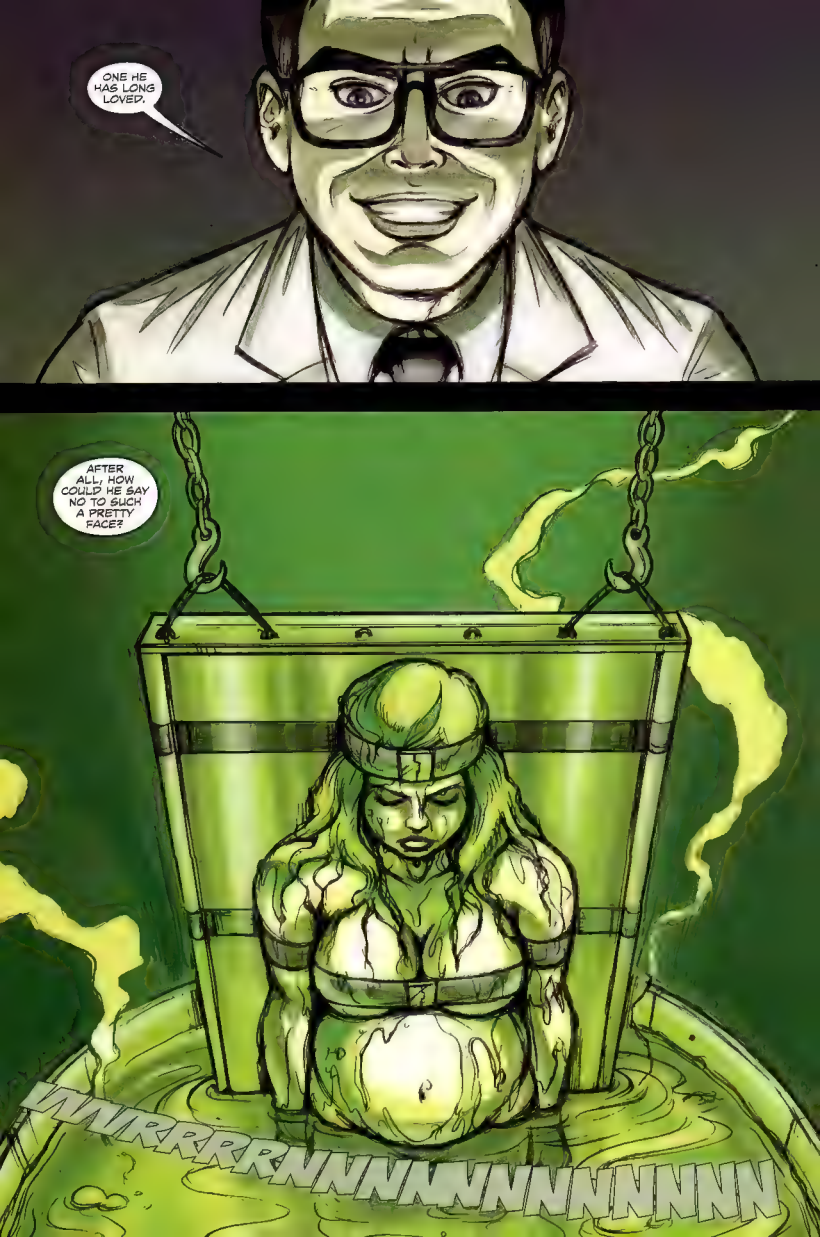
TELL LEON... I'M GONNA... I'M GONNA HAVE THE MONEY SOON. I'LL BE ABLE TO PAY HIM.. DOUBLE WHAT I OWE.

MR. LOMAKEMA SAID YOU'D SAY THAT.
MR. LOMAKEMA SAID IF YOU SAID THAT, I SHOULD TELL YOU THIS.
KRAK!
AND THIS.
?GHNUH!?
WHADDYA THINK, STEWART? HOW MANY MORE TIMES I GOTTA TELL YA'?
KLIK
VLAD.

THE FUCK?!
HURR.
HURR.
HURR HURR.
IF I WERE YOU, I'D THINK *REAL HARD* ABOUT WHAT I *TELL* MR. STEWART NEXT.


SLASHER.
WHAT A CRUDE AND PROFOUNDLY SILLY TERM FOR SUCH AN AMAZING BEING.
OF COURSE, NO LAYMAN COULD EVER UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEXITY OF THE PROCESS WHICH REVITALIZES THESE FORMERLY DEAD BODIES. IT IS PERHAPS BEST THEY CHOOSE TO STICK TO CAMPFIRES AND SLUMBER PARTIES TO DISCUSS THESE 'SLASHERS.'
DR. HACK'S TERM 'REVENANTS' SEEMS LESS "B-MOVIE" BUT CERTAINLY RETAINS ITS FEARFUL AND SUPERSTITIOUS CONNOTATIONS.
AS WITH MY OWN EXPERIMENTS INTO REANIMATION, THE UNUSUAL CHEMICAL COMPOUND WHICH RESURRECTS THESE REVENANTS SEEMS TO ALSO CONCENTRATE ON THE BASEST OF EMOTIONS AND DRIVES.
RAGE.
RAGE WHICH LEADS TO REVENGE. DESTRUCTION. MURDER.
UNLIKE MY OWN REANIMATES, THE REVENANTS HAVE AN INCREDIBLE ABILITY TO REGENERATE AND RE-GROW DAMAGED OR LOST TISSUE, AND IN SOME CASES ARE APPARENTLY ABLE TO HEAL FROM MASSIVE TISSUE LOSS. UTILIZING THIS INCREDIBLE ABILITY, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO INVENT A TWO STEP PROCESS WHICH WILL ENABLE ME TO BOTH RESTORE THE BODY TO ITS PRE-DEATH STATE, AS WELL AS TO REVERSE THE EMOTION AND INTELLECT-LIMITING BRAIN DAMAGE.
TO TREAT THE BRAIN, I HAVE CREATED A NEW SOLUTION, ONE THAT COMBINES FEATURES OF MY RE-AGENT WITH A CHEMICALS FOUND IN THE BODIES OF THE REVENANTS. SENEX-REV B. BY INJECTING THIS INTO THE SUBJECT REVENANT'S BRAINSTEM, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO 'NORMALIZE' BRAIN ACTIVITY AND REGENERATE MOST LOST CONNECTIONS. EVENTUALLY, THIS WILL CAUSE A RETURN OF MEMORY AND, WITH TREATMENT, THE SUBJECT CAN BE FULLY RETURNED TO NORMAL LIFE.
THIS PROCESS, ONCE SUCCESSFUL, MAY BE ABLE TO BE REPEATED ON NON-REVENANTS, AS I USE THEIR BODIES AS A FARM FOR MY SENEX.
AND THIS IS WHY I NEED DELILAH HACK. THE LUNCH LADY.
IT IS ALSO WHY I NEED DR. JACK HACK. WITHOUT HIM, I FEAR I WILL HAVE LITTLE ABILITY TO RESTORE DELILAH'S MEMORIES OR FACILITATE THE RETURN OF EMOTIONS AND INTELLECT. HE IS A PSYCHOLOGIST AFTER ALL, AS WELL AS THE LUNCH LADY'S HUSBAND.
YIIEH!


DR. HACK SEEMED HESITANT THIS AFTERNOON. NERVOUS.
THUS, I BELIEVE IT IS TIME TO INSTITUTE THE SECOND PART OF MY RESTORATION PROCESS.
BY COMBINING A SMALL AMOUNT OF MY RE-AGENT WITH A BIO-CHEMICAL STEW MADE UP OF A VARIETY OF ORGANIC TISSUES, I HAVE CREATED THE ULTIMATE RESTORATIVE BATH. THAT STIMULATES THE REVENANT ALCHEMICAL PROCESS FAR BEYOND IT'S "NORMAL" LEVELS.
A VERITABLE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
YIEH!
WHRRRRRRWWW
KLICK!
I NEED TO GIVE A FACE TO THIS PROCESS...
...ONE WHICH DR HACK KNOWS.


ONE HE HAS LONG LOVED.
AFTER ALL, HOW COULD HE SAY NO TO SUCH A PRETTY FACE?
MMRRRRRNNNNNNNNNNNNN

SIR? MR. STEWART?
UNNGH...
OH GOD. ONE OF THEM... REVENANT...
CASSANDRA. YOU MUST COME NOW.
NUNH... CASSANDRA?
HE SAID "REVENANT" LIKE DOCTOR IN WOODS. THIS MAN IS YOUR...
CASSANDRA?
MY CASSIE?

DAD?
TO BE CONTINUED!

THE REAL LETTER HACKS/ THE HACK/SLASH LETTERS PAGE WRITE TO MRHOPPY@DEVILSDUE.NET

Welcome all to the pages of HACK/SLASH 15. I dunno if you noticed, but HERBERT FRICKIN' WEST was in here! Yes, the "hero" of the RE-ANIMATOR films showed up in our little comic book! Cthulu-sized thanks to Barry Keating, Steve Baron and Brian Yuzna for letting us do this, and to Stefan Hutchinson for setting us all up on that blind date.
Let's do some letters, eh?

A long time ago, I had started to collect the HACK/SLASH series and fell in love. But my life became very busy and I sadly abandoned comics. Until 3 days ago when I stumbled upon my collection again. I must have spent most of my day sitting down reading the series over and over... I am now happy to say I am continuing my collection!

I read in the back of the comics that you have a contest that you will send people something if they show that they helped promote it. Well... that's exactly what I did! I am happy to say I made my first youtube video with the help of HACK/SLASH. Now, it's not exactly a Hollywood production but it's something. My account name on youtube is HackSlashFan... Please message me so I can prove to you that I did this. Also if you could tell me a good online comic store in which I could purchase any HACK/SLASH issues I may have missed. Thanks a lot!
– Matt Martin

Thanks for the help, man! Loved the videos! A prize is on its way to you! Make sure you check out www.devilsdue.net and click on the STORE tab to find the issues you're looking for! Happy hunting!

I love the HACK/SLASH series because slasher movies are my absolute favorite. I've seen every Halloween, Friday the 13th, Nightmare on Elm Street, Hellraiser, and all the Child's Play movies (except for Seed of Chucky). So, when I found out about this comic, I knew right away I'd love it. I own every issue.

I have a couple questions and suggestions: first, I've heard there is talk of Cassie and Vlad appearing in Freddy vs. Jason 2. This would be so awesome! I knew ever since she fought Chucky that she'd encounter them eventually, and if it happened on the big screen so much the better. Then, I had another idea: there is also talk of Ash from Evil Dead being in that movie. I know that obviously both of them won't be in it, but it got me thinking how awesome it would be if they met in comics. I mean, they are the two greatest killers of killers in history. Logic dictates they meet down the road somewhere! I mean, in a way there is already a connection, though slim it may be. Follow if you will: Cassie has battled Chucky so they exist together. In Bride of Chucky, there is an evidence locker where you can see either Freddy's razor glove or Jason's mask (I can't remember which). So, technically, they all exist together. Even more, in Jason Goes to Hell, you can see the Necronomicon on the dresser of Jason's home, so Jason and Ash exist together. Through this logic, it proves that Cassie and Ash DO exist together, too!

Have you guys thought about a TV series? There are similarities between HACK/SLASH and Buffy the Vampire Slayer. That show lasted 7 seasons.

Finally, I have an idea for a story plot for one of the comics. Have you considered having Cassie meet up with another slasher slayer? If she met up with a male slasher slayer, and they teamed up for several issues, they could form a kind of relationship, just to have it revealed that he's actually a slasher that's only killing slashers to eliminate competition. I think it goes without saying that betrayal always makes for a great story. See, people always like my ideas. So, I'm sure you'll like that one. It's just a matter of whether you like it enough to have it made.
– John Lepper

Hey man! Thanks for the suggestions! Way back when, Stefano Caselli suggested having Cassie meet a male slasher slayer as well. I kinda put the kibosh on that idea only because I want Cass to remain unique in her world. Besides, she's got Vlad!

Emily Tabet provided us with this sexy Cassie drawing. Apparently being named Emily is the only prerequisite for drawing a great Cassie!

Thanks, all... it was a blast to meet a bunch of you twisted bastards at the various conventions this summer. Keep comin' to see me!

SLASHER FILM OF THE ISSUE:
THE BURNING (1981) - Directed by Tony Maylam (and strangely, starring a young, non-bald Jason Alexander). An unusually atmospheric early 80's slasher flick with a number of gruesome deaths and plenty of teen naughtiness. A genuinely creepy Camp-killer movie with shades of Deliverance. Watch it!

"...A WALLOWING, ROCKIN' COMPENDIUM OF SEXED-UP ULTRA-GORE."
–THE ONION A.V. CLUB

HACK/SLASH™

FEATURING
H.P. Lovecraft's
RE-ANIMATOR
PART 2 OF 3

THE FIRST EVER
RE-ANIMATOR CROSSOVER
LICENSED BY FILMMAKER
BRIAN YUZNA!

WRITTEN BY
TIM SEELEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
EMILY STONE &
COURTNEY VIA

ISSUE 16 • 2 COVERS
32PGS • SEPT

READ THE MONTHLY SERIES
& GRAPHIC NOVELS

DDP

ASK YOUR RETAILER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY TODAY! CALL 1-800-COMIC-BOOK TO FIND A RETAILER NEAR YOU, OR VISIT WWW.DEVILDOUESTORE.COM (OPEN 24/7), TO GET THE LATEST DDP PRODUCTS!

SUCK IT!!!!!!

DGP

DEGENERATION X

HACK/SLASH: IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A...
DDP
HACK/SLASH
STARRING
HERBERT WEST,
the guy who likes to
reanimate stuff!
Part 2 of 3
TIM
SEELEY
EMILY
STONE
DDP | SEPT 2008 | $3.50 | ISSUE 16
82142 00076 2
02801

HACK/SLASH: IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!

HACK/SLASH

STARRING

HERBERT WEST,

the guy who likes to reanimate stuff!

Part 2 of 3

TIM SEELEY

EMILY STONE

DDP | SEPT 2008 | $3.50 | ISSUE 16

02802>

8 82142 00076 2

CASSIE & VLAD MEET THE RE-ANIMATOR

PART 2 OF 3

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HERBERT WEST IS THE INVENTOR OF A SPECIAL RE-ANIMATION SERUM CALLED RE-AGENT THAT WHEN INJECTED INTO A RECENTLY DECEASED PERSON CAUSES THE BODY'S MECHANICAL, LIVING FUNCTIONS TO RETURN. HOWEVER, MOST SUBJECTS THAT HAVE UNDERGONE THE "RE–ANIMATION" PROCESS HAVE TURNED INTO VIOLENT, ZOMBIE–LIKE MONSTERS! WEST SEEKS TO PERFECT HIS EXPERIMENTS TO DEFEAT DEATH ITSELF!

COVER A

SCRIPT BY **TIM SEELEY**

STORY BY **TIM SEELEY & BARRY KEATING**

ART BY **EMILY STONE**

COLORS BY **MARK ENGLERT**

LETTERS BY **CRANK!**

DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**

EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

COVER B

THANKS TO BRIAN YUZNA, BARRY KEATING, STEVE BARON AND STEFAN HUTCHINSON

COVER A BY **TIM SEELEY & JENNY FRISON**

COVER B BY **VINNIE TARTAMELLA**

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
VP DEVELOPMENT STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE CODY DeMATTEIS
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR MIKE BEAR
OFFICE ASSISTANCE NORA HICKEY
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #16, JULY, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #230, Chicago, IL 60613.
HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. © 2008 Re-Animator Productions, Inc. Re-Animator™ characters and elements used under license from Re-Animator Productions, Inc. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. , man, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
LEY
STOP
LIIIISA!
WHY, HOW ARE YOU?
OH... HI, MRS. CALLAWAY... JUST, Y'KNOW... WALKING ONE OF THE DOGS.
OH, HOW CUTE! HIM'S ALL BUNDLED UP!
WHO'S IS HE? I JUST WANT TO SEE HIS LITTLE FACE...
ERR... I WOULDN'T... HE'S GOT... UM... MANGE.
Yessss... pet meee...
OH. WELL... THAT SOUNDS... UNPLEASANT. NOW WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU SHACKING UP WITH SOME LITTLE ASIAN MAN?
OH... NO, HE'S A... JUST A TENANT...
BZZ BZZ
sigh
OH! YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, BUS NESS, Y'KNOW. COULD BE IMPORTANT... MANGE INFORMATION...
CHRIS, THE ONLY REASON I EVEN PICKED UP THE PHONE IS TO GET OUT OF TALKING TO MRS. CALLAWAY, SO DON'T THINK I'M NOT STILL PISSED THAT YOU MISSED THAT JOB INTERVIEW...
LISA. SHUT UP. FOR JUST ONE SECOND. I JUST READ AN ARTICLE FROM THE EAU CLAIRE LEADER TELEGRAM WEBSITE...
SOME-ONE STOLE THE LUNCH LADY'S BODY.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
INNER LIFE
AAAIIIEEGHHHH!
ESSENTIAL OILS
CDs
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? SHOULD WE CALL THE POLICE?
NO WAY, MAN. I GOT ENOUGH WEED STASHED IN THIS PLACE TO LAST AN ENTIRE PHISH TOUR.
I WOULD SAY THIS ANSWERS THE QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT I COULD PROPERLY RESTORE MRS. HACK'S 'LIFE'.
GRAAAAHHH
AAAHHH.
NOW NOW. BE A DEAR AND LET DR. WEST HAVE A LOOK AT THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU WANT TO TRULY LIVE AGAIN... YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA?
YOU'LL BE FINE. VLAD KNOWS HOW TO STITCH A CUT. HE HAD TO LEARN ALL KINDS OF THINGS LIKE THAT...
...AFTER HIS PARENTS ABANDONED HIM.
AFTER YOU LEFT US, I TRIED EVERYTHING A LITTLE KID CAN THINK OF TO MAKE YOU COME BACK.
I FIGURED IF I DID THE SAME THING I WAS DOING THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, EVERYTHING WOULD GO BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS...
I SPENT A WHOLE SPRING SITTING IN THE RECLINER WITH MY STUFFED RABBIT REPEATING "DADDY COME BACK, DADDY COME BACK" OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD.

OH, GOD, HONEY... I'VE RUN THIS THROUGH MY HEAD A MILLION TIMES SINCE THAT DAY... HOW I WOULD APOLOGIZE AND WHAT I WOULD TELL YOU.
BUT NOW... NOW... I DON'T REMEMBER A SINGLE ONE OF MY REHEARSED LINES.
I-I REALLY HAD TO LEAVE. YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE RUNNING FROM SOME VERY... POWERFUL PEOPLE. SOME VERY BAD PEOPLE.
I DECIDED TO GIVE THEM A TARGET. SO I RAN. I RAN AND I LET THEM THINK THEY KILLED ME. AND THEN I WATCHED THEM FROM AFAR TO MAKE SURE THEY NEVER GOT NEAR YOU AND YOUR MOTHER.
OR... WELL... I TRIED TO. THEN MY OWN SHIT STARTED CATCHING UP WITH ME... I MADE DEALS WITH OTHER BAD MEN... AND THEN I HAD TO RUN FROM THEM, TOO.
BAD MEN, HUH? LIKE YOUR BUDDIES DR. WHITE AND DR. PHILLIPS? WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU INVOLVED IN? WERE YOU MAKING KILLERS WITH THOSE PEOPLE?
DID YOU MAKE MOM INTO A FUCKING MONSTER?! DID YOU KNOW WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO DO?! IS THAT WHY YOU HAD TO RUN!?!

NO.
WE DIDN'T MAKE THEM. IF THERE'S ONE WAY I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LIVE WITH MYSE_F AFTER ALL THIS, IT'S THE FACT THAT WE DIDN'T CREATE THEM.
"WE NEVER KNEW EXACTLY WHEN THEY BEGAN SHOWING UP. BUT WE HAD RECORDS OF THEM GOING BACK AT LEAST A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.
"WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM REALLY. JUST THAT THEY KILLED, WOULDN'T STAY DEAD, AND THAT THEY'D BEGUN TO APPEAR MORE REGULARLY IN THE 80s.
"THE EARLIEST EDICT FROM LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES WAS THAT THE REVENANTS WERE TO BE DESTROYED WHEN FOUND. BUT THAT ALL CHANGED WHEN THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION WANTED NEW WEAPONS AND NEW WAYS TO WIN WARS.
"THE PROJECT MANAGED TO CAPTURE A FEW SUBJECTS, AND SET UP SEVERAL DIVISIONS TASKED WITH STUDYING UNUSUAL ASPECTS OF THE REVS. HOW THEY THOUGHT. HOW THEY KEPT COMING BACK. WHAT THEY HATED. WHY THEY KILLED. I WAS HIRED TO WORK IN THE PSYCH DIVISION.
"IT WAS MY JOB TO DEVELOP A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE... A WAY TO RECOGNIZE THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO MIGHT BECOME ONE OF THEM. A REVENANT.
"YOUR MOTHER FIT THAT PROFILE: A LONER, AN INDIVIDUALIST, OBSESSIVE... PRONE TO FITS OF ANGER AND VIOLENCE."

"SHE WAS ALSO THE MOST INCREDIBLE WOMAN I'D EVER MET.
"SHE MADE ME SEE THAT EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PROJECT WAS WRONG. THAT WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR WAY TO CURE THE REVENANTS, NOT TO USE THEM.
"I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO PERSUADE THEM TO STOP THE PROJECT. BUT THEY WANTED YOUR MOTHER. THEY WANTED TO TURN HER INTO A GUINEA PIG.
"SO WE LEFT.
"WE MOVED FAR AWAY FROM THE PROJECT. AWAY FROM OUR PASTS. ALL TO RAISE YOU.
"I HAD ENOUGH DIRT ON THE PROJECT THAT I COULD HOLD IT OVER THEIR HEADS, AND THREATEN THAT I'D GO THE PRESS IF THEY BOTHERED US. IT WAS ENOUGH.
"FOR A WHILE.
"WE STARTED TO GET VISITS. THE WANTED ME BACK ON THE PROJECT. AND IF I WOULDN'T TAKE THEIR OFFER, THEY WEREN'T ABOVE THREATS.
"I HAD TO KEEP THE TWO OF YOU SAFE. ONE OF THE OTHER DOCTORS, PHILLIPS. HE KNEW PEOPLE... HE WANTED TO HELP ME DISAPPEAR.
"SO, I SET UP A NEW NAME AND A NEW LIFE. I WALKED OUT OF THE DOOR ONE DAY.
"AND I NEVER CAME BACK."

SO... YOU KNOW.. ABOUT MOM?
YES.
I HEARD. IT BROKE MY HEART. KILLED ME. I WANTED TO COME BACK. I WANTED TO...
H-HOW DIDN'T YOU?
I'M NOT A GOOD MAN, HONEY. I'M... I'VE GOT PROBLEMS. GAMBLING AND MONEY... AND...
YOU WERE IN JAIL..
SO, NOW WHAT? WHY WERE THOSE THUGS AFTER YOU?
B-BZZ
B-BZZ
B-BZZ
IT'S... I HAD TO BORROW SOME MONEY... TO START SOME NEW WORK AND BUILD A LAB... AND...
OH GOD.
B-BZZ
B-BZZ
B-BZZ

OH GOD... HERBERT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
LOOK. I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING BIG.
NO I JUST FOUND YOU.
I'M SORRY. PUT YOUR NUMBER IN MY PHONE. GO SOMEWHERE AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE. THOSE GOONS WILL BE BACK WITH FRIENDS. I WILL CALL YOU... AND... WE'LL START OVER OKAY?
YOU... UMM... BIG GUY... YOU LOOK AFTER HER FOR NOW, OKAY?
YES. HURRRM.
I'LL BE BACK. I'LL BE THE FATHER I ALWAYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN. I JUST HAVE TO FIX ONE LAST MISTAKE.

FUCK. FUCK!
ARE YOU... WOULD YOU LIKE TO... URR. TALK? I CAN CALL GEORGIA FOR YOU IF YOU LIKE.
I... JUST... GIVE ME A MINUTE, OKAY? THEN... THEN WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH ANY MORE THUGS, Y'KNOW?
URR. YES.
I... URR... I WILL LISTEN TO OUR MESSAGE FROM LISA.
URRRM... YOU MIGHT WANT TO HEAR THIS.

HERBERT!
WHERE ARE YOU?!
JACK!
WHAT'S GOING ON? SCOTT AND RAMONA SAID THEY HEARD CRAZY NOISES FROM DOWN HERE!
NOW, JACK...
HEH EHE HHEEE...
DELILAH.
WHAT DID YOU DO?! I TOLD YOU TO WAIT!
I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LEAVE THE PROJECT JACK. THIS IS IMPORTANT WORK! I NEED YOU IN THE GAME.
GODDAMMIT!
SLAM!
WOOF!

HAHAHA HEHE.
DELILAH!
JACK!
NO SCOFFE DON'T. .

OH, GOD, DEE... I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE.
JACK... JACK... DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE STRAPS... JACK... JUST KISS ME.
OH, JACK.
STOP! JACK... SHE'S... BACK AWAY FROM HER!!
SHE IS EXPERIENCING AN INTENSITY IN SENSATION, AN INTENSITY THAT I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED BEFORE IN MY RESEARCH. THE VERY SAME INTENSITY WITH WHICH SHE ONCE EXPRESSED HATE AND THE RAGING DESIRE TO KILL.
YOU DID IT... YOU BROUGHT HER BACK... SHE'S... BEAUTIFUL....
THE SENEX REV S WORKED, JACK. SHE FEELS. SCOFF! SHE'S EXHIBITING EMOTIONS OTHER THAN RAGE...

NO, HERBERT, YOU'VE GIVEN ME ANOTHER CHANCE. I'M SO SORRY I DOUBTED YOU.
WE CAN START FRESH, DEE. IT'S MEANT TO BE. A SIGN.
YOU'RE BACK. OUR DAUGHTER FOUND ME TODAY. I HAVE HER NUMBER RIGHT HERE. I CAN CALL, AND WE'LL BE A FAMILY AGAIN. YOU, CASSIE AND ME.
CASSIE?
CASSIE?! WHERE'S MY GIRL? IS SHE SAFE?! ARE THOSE BOYS BOTHERING HER?!
HONEY... NO...
GHUH!
AHH!
I APOLOGIZE, MRS. HACK...YOU AREN'T READY YET!

GHUH... EMOTIONS...
HUHN... ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY...
YOU! YOU HURT MY HUSBAND!
DAMN YOU, FAL!
DID YOU TOUCH MY DAUGHTER, TOO? DID YOU TAUNT HER FOR BEING UGLY?
KRSSH!
FSSSH!

MY REAGENT!
WHUNH
DID YOU HIT HER?!
KRAK!
YOU BASTARD. SHE'S A NICE GIRL. WHY ARE PEOPLE LIKE YOU ALWAYS TRYING TO RUIN HER INNOCENCE?!
HEY, CABRONA!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL S GOIN' ON DOWN HERE, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HURT MR. LAZURUS.
YEAH, MAN.
HA.
HAH HA HEE HEE!

WHUNNNNNHH.
JUH... JACK?
THE ADDITIONAL REAGENT APPEARS TO HAVE WORKED WELL.
TOO WELL. DAMN.

HHHKKK!
GAH!

NEED SOME KIND OF HELP...

JACK'S DAUGHTER! PERHAPS... YES... SHE WILL HAVE TO DO...
CASSIE
CALL

MS. HACK? YES... I NEED YOUR HELP. IT... IT CONCERNS YOUR FATHER, JACK.
YES... I CAN'T EXPLAIN ALL THAT RIGHT NOW... IT'S A BIT OF A BAD SITUATION.

GHUUHHH...
URRR...
YES.

AHHHUHHH
YES, THE SOONER THE BETTER.

ROWF ROWF!
YURF YURF!
ROWF ROWF!
YURF!
WHUUULHH.
DELILAH? WHAT'S... WHERE ARE WE GOING?
OH, JACK. SMELL THAT AIR. IT'S SO FRESH AND WARM. I'M SO GLAD WE'RE TOGETHER.
DO YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE ALONE?
ALONE IN THE GROUND.
YOU WOULDN'T. YOU LEFT ME ALONE, ME AND CASSIE.
UHM... THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW. DEE, TAKE US SOMEWHERE. SO WE CAN BE ALONE *TOGETHER*. I WANT TO MAKE YOU FEEL ALIVE. GOOD.
GOLDEN ANGEL CAFE
MOTEL
OH... OH YES. I KNOW *JUST* THE PLACE.

SQUAWK!
SPLOOK
I GAVE YOU LIFE!
RUUUUGHHHRRRLL!
FSSSSS
INGRATE.
SPLAT
GLLLAGGH!

GHAH! DAMNED HOT GLASS!
GLAAAHG
HLK:
ZUGHS
ZURRGGHS
POK!
YEEEHEEIIIEH!**
GHAH!
**TRANSLATION: "REVENGE!"
ZAMN
GLLLURRRGLLL
GURK!
PUSSH!

THANK YOU, YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE...
YOU... AH, YOU MUST BE JACK'S DAUGHTER...
SAVE IT, GEEK.
WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY PARENTS?!
DO NOT MISS THE HORRIFIC CONCLUSION!

NOMINATED BEST COMIC BOOK BY SPIKE TV'S SCREAM AWARDS 2008

HACK/SLASH

STARRING

HERBERT WEST,

the guy who likes to reanimate stuff!

Part 3 of 3

TIM SEELEY

EMILY STONE

ODP | OCT 2008 | $3.50 | ISSUE 17

02901>

8 82142 00076 2

NOMINATED FOR BEST COMIC BOOK BY SPIKE TV'S SCREAM AWARDS 2008
DDP
HACK/SLASH
STARRING
HERBERT WEST,
the guy who likes to reanimate stuff!
Part 3 of 3
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
ZOMBIE GIRL MUST BE DESTROYED
DDP | OCT 2008 | $3.50 | ISSUE 17
82142 00076 2
02902

CASSIE & VLAD MEET THE
RE-ANIMATOR
PART 3 OF 3

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HERBERT WEST IS THE INVENTOR OF A SPECIAL RE-ANIMATION SERUM CALLED RE-AGENT THAT WHEN INJECTED INTO A RECENTLY DECEASED PERSON CAUSES THE BODY'S MECHANICAL, LIVING FUNCTIONS TO RETURN. HOWEVER, MOST SUBJECTS THAT HAVE UNDERGONE THE "RE-ANIMATION" PROCESS HAVE TURNED INTO VIOLENT, ZOMBIE–LIKE MONSTERS! WEST SEEKS TO PERFECT HIS EXPERIMENTS TO DEFEAT DEATH ITSELF!

COVER A

SCRIPT BY **TIM SEELEY**

STORY BY **TIM SEELEY & BARRY KEATING**

ART BY **EMILY STONE**

COLORS BY **MARK ENGLERT**

LETTERS BY **CRANK!**

DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE**

EDITS BY **MIKE O'SULLIVAN**

COVER B

THANKS TO BRIAN YUZNA, BARRY KEATING, STEVE BARON AND STEFAN HUTCHINSON

COVER A BY **TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA**
COVER B BY **JEFF ZORNOW**

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
VP DEVELOPMENT STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE CODY DeMATTEIS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #12. OCTOBER, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #230, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. © 2008 Re-Animator Productions, Inc. Re-Animator™ characters and elements used under license from Re-Animator Productions, Inc. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys. Do they LOOK like real people?!? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
GOLDEN ANGEL
DINER
MOTEL
VACANCY
ADULT MOVIES
SUNNE
SUNNE
SUNNE
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP
OH GOD, YES!
YES!
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP
GOD DA-YUM...
SOUNDS BETTER THAN THE PAY-PER-VIEW SHIT ON THE TUBE...
OH GOD! FUCK YES!
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP
OH YEAH! YES! FUCK!
31
DO NOT DISTURB
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP
OH YES, JACK! YES!
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP

JACK! I MISSED YOU. OH, I MISSED YOU!
OH DEE... I LOVE YOU...
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE FOREVER... I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU...
SPLUK!!!
SPLUTCH!!!
DEE?!
SPLLUTCH!!!
AHHHH!

NO! DON'T LOOK AT ME.
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO.
DEE! IT'S OKAY SWEETHEART! IT'S... IT'S OKAY.
YOUR BODY IS JUST REACTING... IT'S... REVERTING. HERBERT REGENERATED YOU WITH HIS RE-AGENT. REPLACED DAMAGED TISSUE WITH B.O.LOG.CA. TISSUE.
SO UGLY. SO UGLY... DON'T LOOK.
YOU'LL JUST NEED MORE TREATMENTS OF HIS "STEW" TO MAKE IT PERMANENT.
STEW? HA.
HA HA HA!
THE LUNCH LADY CAN MAKE A MEAN STEW.

INTERLUDE. NEF.
HOST
SIDE THE RE
OUR OWN FEARS
TENTACLES!
I/ WE BELIEVE
THAT THE WINNER
IN THE BATTLE TO DEC
O SHALL TRAVEL T
WORLD AND D
HATED CA
KUHA.
AVE
YOUR SP
PROGEN
AVEN
NEF
HUCHRA
FAGO DAH. AS YOU
COMMAND.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
WELL, G'NIGHT CAMILLA.
BUENOS NOCHES, SENOR.
DEULAH! DON'T!
HUH?!
A NICE HEALTHY STEW.
DEE!
GHUH
RUNCH
OH, DEE. GODDAMN IT...

NOW, JACK. REALLY. YOU KNOW YOU WANT ME THE WAY I'M SUPPOSED TO BE. YOU DON'T WANT THIS BODY. YOU WANT YOUR DEE.
WHEN YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES YOU WANT TO FEE- SOMETHING GOOD.
REMEMBER, JACK: IT'S JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAID. IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME WHAT ANYONE ELSE THINKS. IT ONLY MATTERS WHAT YOU THINK.
DOS MIO.
IT HAS TO BE THE WAY IT ALWAYS WAS. WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN ALONE TOGETHER. US AGAINST THE REST OF THE WORLD. ME. YOU. AND OUR CASSIE. ALWAYS ON THE OUTSIDE. ALWAYS FREAKS.
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE NOW...
...IS THAT EVERYONE ELSE IS THE VICTIM.

HIT HIM AGAIN, VLAD.
FWAK!
GHUNH!
SO YOU'RE A DOCTOR, EH, WEST? I'LL TELL YA WHAT, I'M NOT.
BUT, I'VE SPENT SOME TIME DIGGING AROUND IN BODIES, JUST LIKE YOU HAVE.
IT'S PRETTY FAIR TO SAY I LACK THE SURGICAL FINESSE OF A DOCTOR LIKE YOURSELF.
NOW, IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE MY PARENTS ARE, I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU MY VERSION OF A SEX REASSIGNMENT PROCEDURE.
THREATEN ALL YOU WANT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE TOOK YOUR FATHER. SHE'S NOT SOME RE-ANIMATED CORPSE, SIMPLY GOING THROUGH THE BIOLOGICAL MOTIONS.

SHE FEELS. SHE THINKS. SHE MAKES COHESIVE DECISIONS. SHE IS COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY ALIVE!
THROUGH HER, I HAVE TRULY DEFEATED DEATH!
THAT'S WHAT THIS WAS TO YOU? A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT?
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE MY PARENTS ARE, YOU SMUG BASTARD.
THEN YOU'RE OF NO USE TO ME, SO I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.
DAD.
CASSIE, I NEED YOU TO COME TO THE GOLDEN ANGEL DINER...
...AND I NEED YOU TO BRING HERBERT.
JUST BECAUSE, FOR ONE SHORT SECOND, IT'LL FEEL GOOD.
BRRUNG
JUH- JACK'S... JACK'S PHONE!
BRRUNG

THE GOLDEN ANGEL DINER.
HGUK!
THAT'S MY JACK. NEVER A VERY STRONG STOMACH.
I'M SORRY, HONEY, I KNOW THIS ISN'T ONE OF MY BEST SMELLING RECIPES.
BUT ONCE DR. WEST GETS HERE WITH HIS CHEMICALS, WE CAN ADD THAT TO THE POT. IT'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN NO TIME.
AND HE'S BRINGING OUR BABY WITH HIM. OUR BABY CASSIE. ALL GROWN UP, AND SO BEAUTIFUL NOW.
AS BEAUTIFUL AS I ALWAYS KNEW SHE WAS, EVEN IF THOSE KIDS AT SCHOOL CALLED HER NAMES.
HM. DO YOU THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH? NO... I DON'T THINK WE DO. IT SEEMS LIKE DR. WEST HAD QUITE A BIT MORE.
FORTUNATELY WE HAVE MORE INGREDIENTS.

DEE. NO. IT'S... JUST LEAVE HER. I-I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.
LET'S JUST GO BACK TO THE ROOM... WE DIDN'T FINISH... YOU KNOW...
AHEM!
...MAKING LOVE.
YOU DON'T SOUND SO CONVINCED, JACK. DO YOU... DO YOU THINK SHE'S PRETTIER THAN ME? IS THAT IT?
I'VE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME. WHO HAVE YOU BEEN FUCKING, JACK?
DEE. HONEY. YOUR FEELINGS ARE... YOU'RE AMPED UP... EVERYTHING IS STRONGER...
YOU LITTLE TRAMP! FUCKING MY HUSBAND!
NO! DEE! DON'T!
SHUK!
OH. DEE..

HMM. PORNO AND A PLATTER. YOUR MOTHER CERTAINLY DOESN'T LACK IN REFINED TASTES, MS. HACK.
SHUT THE FUCK UP.
LOOK, MS. HACK, IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I NEVER MEANT FOR YOUR FATHER TO GET HURT. I GENUINELY RESPECT HIM--
SHH.
--DESPITE HIS FAULTS AS A MAN OF SCIENCE, SO WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK OF ME YOU SHOULD KNOW.
JACK HACK IS A GOOD M--
FWUMP
MUH...
DAD!
AH... CAS...

OH GOD, DADDY...
MOVE ASIDE, I'M A DOCTOR!
GHYLH.
WEST! I NEED YOU TO FIX ME!
MY MOM.
ATTEND TO YOUR FATHER. I WILL GET WEST.
NO. FIX MY DAD, V_AD.
SKAFF!
I'LL DEAL WITH MY MOM.

MAKE IT, WEST! YOU'VE GOT ALL THE BLOOD AND SKIN YOU NEED. NOW FIX ME!
YOUR HUSBAND. HE'S... HE'S DYING OUT THERE RIGHT NOW. LET ME SAVE HIM!

MOM.
NO... NO... I CAN'T LET YOU SAVE HIM. JACK HAS TO *DIE* NOW, WEST. AND THEN YOU'LL BRING HIM BACK. WE'LL BE THE ***SAME*** THEN. HE'LL UNDERSTAND.

CASSIE! THIS IS SO PERFECT. WEST IS HERE, CASSIE!
HE CAN BRING US ALL BACK! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LEAVE THIS MISERABLE OLD LIFE BEHIND. WE CAN MAKE UP FOR ALL THE TIME WE LOST: YOU, YOUR FATHER AND I.

IT'S... IT'S A REALLY NICE IDEA MOM. IT'S WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED... TO BE WITH THE PEOPLE WHO LOVED ME.

IT'S A REALLY NICE IDEA, MOM. THANK YOU...

..BUT I CAN'T.
KRAK!
GHNUH! CASSIE! HOW COULD YOU HIT YOUR MOTHER?!
LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME! WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO HURT YOUR MOMMY?!
HNF!
AHGK!

NUHNNN...
HURRRR... I AM... SO SORRY.
I CANNOT SAVE YOU, JACK HACK.
IF THIS WERE ONE OF THE SHOWS CASSIE AND I WATCH IN THE HOTELS, I KNOW THAT BEFORE YOU DIED, YOU WOULD SAY WORDS...
WISE WORDS, YESS SMART, KIND, SAD WORDS, THAT WOULD MAKE PEOPLE CRY.
BUT THIS IS NOT ONE OF THOSE SHOWS. AND THE WORDS YOU WOULD SAY WILL NOT COME. SO, I WILL SAY THEM FOR YOU, JACK HACK.
I PROMISE TO LOOK AFTER YOUR GIRL, CASSIE. I WILL PROTECT HER. AS YOU WANTED TO.
WITH ALL MY LIFE.

SUNGH!
WHY, HONEY? WHY?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I PREFER ABOUT MY OTHER RE-ANIMATES...
...THEY DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS.
UGH!
YOU HAVE TO RUN. GET THE FLICK OUT OF HERE! DON'T LOOK BACK, AND DON'T CALL THE POLICE.
AND FORGET YOU EVER SAW ANY OF THIS. COMPRENDE?
NO! GODDAMMIT! I NEED THAT GIRL! HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY YOUR MOTHER!
TRASH!!!

YOU DISOBEY ME, CASSIE. YOU DISOBEY AND YOU TALK BACK. I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, BUT I HAVE TO PUNISH YOU.
THIS IS HOW I DID IT, HONEY. THIS IS HOW I PUNISHED MYSELF FOR ALL THE BAD THINGS I DID TO YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS. A DIP INTO THE POT... IT HURTS AT FIRST... YOUR SKIN BUBBLES, YOUR EYES MELT.
THEN IT STOPS HURTING. EVERYTHING STOPS HURT--
UK!
THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND FOR WHAT'S LEFT OF MY RE-AGENT, BUT YOU'VE FORCED MY HAND, MRS. HACK.
OVERDOSE!
A DOSAGE OF THAT AMOUNT WILL TRIGGER AN ENHANCED REACTION. DRAWING FROM YOUR REGENERATED CELLS, THE SENEX ENHANCED RE-AGENT WILL FLUSH YOUR MUCH MORE COMPLEX ORGANS, NOTABLY, THE BRAIN.
ESSENTIALLY, YOU'LL JUST SHRIVEL AND DECAY.

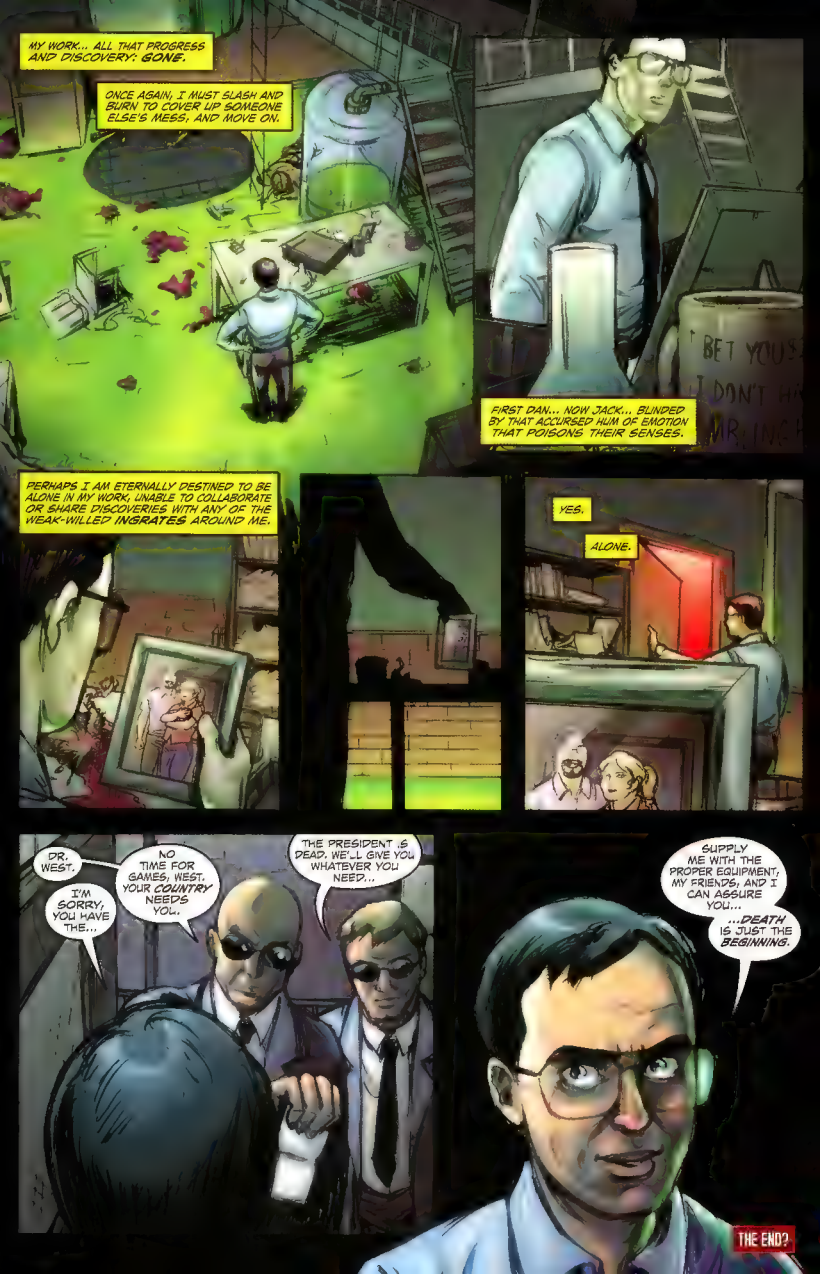
AS A SIDE EFFECT YOU'LL FEEL EUPHORIC. FOLLOWING THAT IS A SENSATION NOT UNLIKE THAT OF HAVING YOUR LIFE "FLASH BEFORE YOUR EYES".
THEN YOUR BODY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS, QUITE LITERALLY AND QUITE SPEEDILY, TO CONSUME ITSELF. AN UNEXPECTED AND UNSIGHTLY RESULT OF TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING, REALLY...
OH, CASSIE. YOU'RE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BABY. I'M SO HAPPY...
IT'S SO HARD TO BE ALONE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY LITTLE GIRL. NO ONE TOLD ME HOW TO BE A MOTHER.
I ONLY KNOW I WANT TO STOP ALL HER PAIN. MY LITTLE GIRL SHOULD NEVER HURT...
...THE WAY HER MOTHER...
...POOOSSSSS.

JACK?
HE HAS... PASSED.
NOOOOOO, DADDY.
DAMN IT. ALL BROKEN. NO... NO, THERE IS ONE LEFT.
HERE. THE BACK OF THE NECK AT THE BASE OF THE SKULL. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE WITHOUT HIM.

KKRSH

YEAH, GOLDEN ANGEL... NEAR THE HOTEL. BURNING! FUCKING HOT, TOO. MUST BE A KITCHEN FIRE.
WEST.
I WANT YOU TO KEEP WALKING. VLAD AND I ARE GONNA GO ONE WAY, YOU'LL GO ANOTHER. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW SOMETHING. IF I EVER HEAR OF ANY OF YOUR EXPERIMENTS AGAIN...
WHEEEOOOOOOOOOO
WHEEEOOOOOOOOOO
...ANY EXPERIMENT, I'LL...
FUCK.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
WE NEEDED THAT.
WE NEEDED ALL THREE HOURS OF IT.
YOU MAY BE A USELESS SLOB SOMETIMES, BUT YOU MAKE A PRETTY GOOD BOYFRIEND, CHRIS.
I LOVE YOU, LISA. YOU KNOW THAT RIGHT?
I DO. AND I LOVE YOU, TOO. I GUESS I SHOULD QUIT QUESTIONING THE WHYS AND HOW...
"...AND JUST ACCEPT THAT SOMETIMES THE EXPERIENCES THAT PEOPLE SHARE, DRIVE THEM TOGETHER.
"AND THE MORE ALIEN THE EXPERIENCE...
"...THE LESS PEOPLE HAVE TO HAVE IN COMMON TO FIND THEY NEED EACH OTHER."


MY WORK... ALL THAT PROGRESS AND DISCOVERY: GONE.
ONCE AGAIN, I MUST SLASH AND BURN TO COVER UP SOMEONE ELSE'S MESS, AND MOVE ON.
FIRST DAN... NOW JACK... BLINDED BY THAT ACCURSED HUM OF EMOTION THAT POISONS THEIR SENSES.
PERHAPS I AM ETERNALLY DESTINED TO BE ALONE IN MY WORK, UNABLE TO COLLABORATE OR SHARE DISCOVERIES WITH ANY OF THE WEAK-WILLED INGRATES AROUND ME.
YES.
ALONE.
DR. WEST.
I'M SORRY, YOU HAVE THE...
NO TIME FOR GAMES, WEST. YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.
THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD. WE'LL GIVE YOU WHATEVER YOU NEED...
SUPPLY ME WITH THE PROPER EQUIPMENT, MY FRIENDS, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU...
...DEATH IS JUST THE BEGINNING.
THE END?

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
$3.50
#18
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
KEVIN MELLON
GUEST-STARS GALORE!!!
82142 00076 2
00301

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
HACK/SLASH
ODP
$3.50
#18
TIM SEELEY
EMILY STONE
KEVIN MELLON
00302
8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER*!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

CLOSER part 1

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by EMILY STONE & KEVIN MELLON

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Design by SEAN K DOVE

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by
TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA

Cover B by
DREW JOHNSON, PAUL WEE & LIZZY JOHN

DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
V.P. DEVELOPMENT STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE CODY DeMATTEIS
ART DIRECTOR SEAN DOVE
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #18, NOVEMBER, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #230, Chicago, IL 60613.

HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact ... Printed in Canada.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
NEAR DUSK.
C'MON, POOCH! IT'S COLDER THAN A WITCH'S TIT OUT HERE!
Master. I cannot expunge my vile wastes while you command your humble Pooch.
FUCKIN' CHINK... STEALIN' MY HOUSE AN' MY LISA.
I'M MUNNA TELL HIM TO GETTHEFUCKOUT..
DEAR GOD, THAT WAS A HOT, STINKY ONE.
Yes. Hot and stinky. You should pick it up as Mistress Lisa asks. yes?
YEAH, YEAH. LATER. WHAT'S THE HURT? IT'S NOT LIKE ANYONE IS GONNA STEP IN--
AWWWW, SHIIIIIT!

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.
117 MILES SOUTHEAST OF TULSA, OKLAHOMA.
IT HAS BEEN 14 HOURS SINCE WE LEFT THE NEW MEXICO.
14 HOURS SINCE CASSANDRA WATCHED HER MOTHER DIE. HER FATHER TOO. 14 HOURS SINCE SHE WATCHED THEM BURN.
14 HOURS SINCE SHE SAID A WORD. MADE A NOISE.
SHE LIES. DOES NOT MOVE. COVERED IN BLOOD.
I HAVE ASKED HER IF SHE NEEDS THINGS. NEEDS ORANGE CREAM SODA. NEEDS MICROWAVE BURRITOS. NO WORDS. NO SOUND. JUST BLUE EYES.
CASSANDRA SAYS I AM HER BEST FRIEND. THAT ALL WE HAVE IS EACH OTHER.
WHEN WE SEE TERRIBLE THINGS, I HOLD HER. SHE CRIES. WE EAT MICROWAVE BURRITOS. ORANGE CREAM SODAS.
BUT, NOW... I AM NOT WHAT SHE NEEDS.
GEORGIA? CASSANDRA... SHE...
...SHE NEEDS YOU.

EMINENCE.
KYLE BELL! THIS IS THE POLICE!
HEY, MR. HOYNS. WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT ON THIS FINE EVENIN'?
I'M WORKING, KYLE. AND, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN SPYING AROUND LISA ELSTEN'S PLACE.
OH... I WUZ JUST SWINGING BY TO CHECK ON HER, Y'KNOW? HER AN' THE LIL' GOOK ARE DOIN' SOME WEIRD SHIT OVER THERE, MAN...
THEY GOT LIKE AN ALIEN DOG... HE'S ALL PINK AND HAIRLESS. AND, I WUZ JUS' TRYING TO BE, LIKE, ALL FOX MULDER AND MAKE SURE IT DIDN'T, LIKE... LAY EGGS IN LISA'S BRAIN OR SOMETHING.
KYLE, YOU WERE STUMBLING AROUND THE YARD, YELLING.
SO, HOW ABOUT YOU HOP IN THE CAR, AND I'LL RUN YOU DOWN TO THE STATION FOR A NICE HOT CHOCOLATE AND A TRESPASSING CITATION?
YOU SURE YOU DON' WANN' BE MY SCULLY AND WE'LL GO HUNT DOWN THE ALIEN TOGETHER?
SIGH
GET IN THE CAR, BELL.

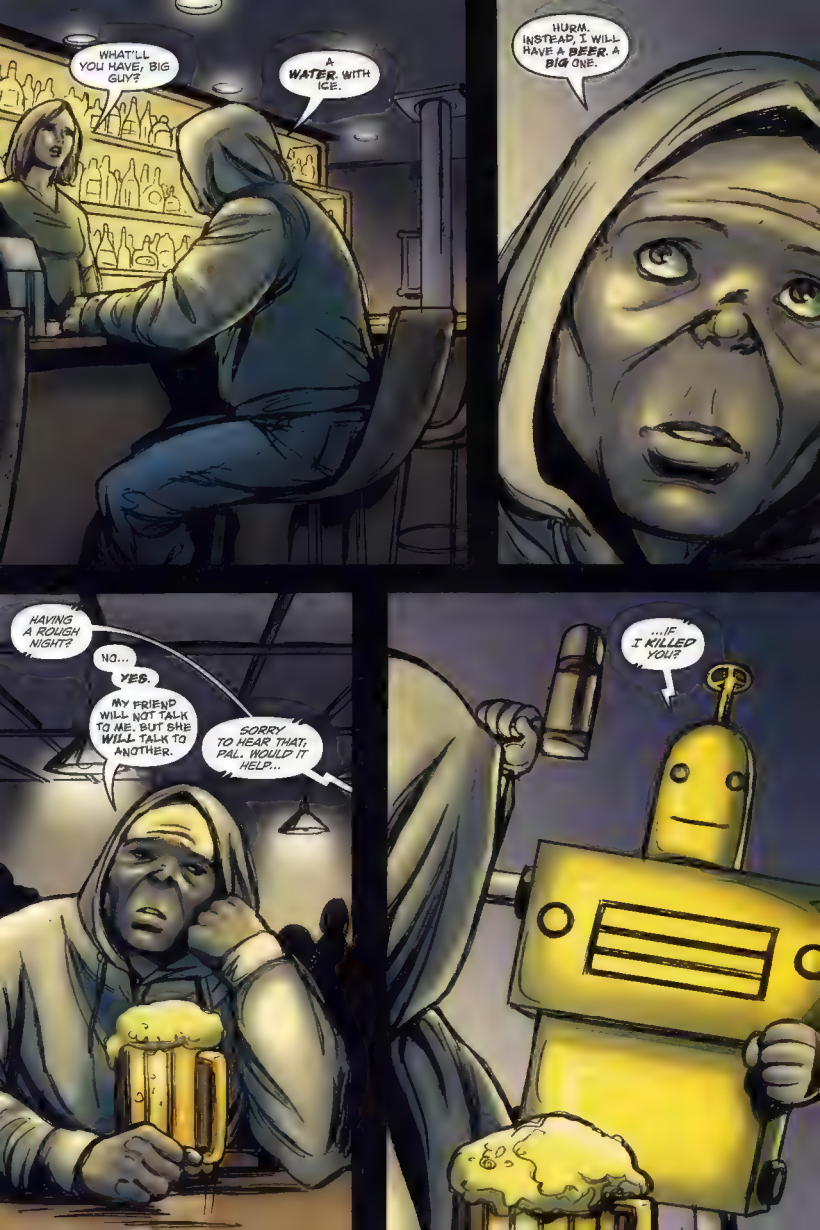
I'M...
...I'M REALLY SORRY, MR. HOYNE.
TELL LISA I'M SORRY TOO.
:SNIFF: DID YOU STEP IN DOG SHI--
CAR 23, WHAT'S YOUR 10-38?
HEADING BACK TO THE STATION ON 142.
CAN YOU SWING BY THE HARVEY PLACE FOR A POSSIBLE WILD ANIMAL INCIDENT?
WILL DO.
GET THIS... DOC HARVEY SAYS HE SAW A BIGFOOT.
BIGFOOT? UH... YEAH, BE THERE IN FIVE. 10-4.
YOU WHISTLE ONE NOTE OF THE X-FILES THEME, AND I'LL DROP YOU OFF RIGHT--
:H FUCK!

SKRRREEEEEK!
KRROOM!
THOOMP!
BELL! YOU OKAY?!
WHA--?!
FOOM!
AAAAAHHHHHH!

POTTS CAMP, MISSISSIPPI
Holida
Inn
EXPRE
NO SPLASHING! THE HOT TUB'S FER RELAXIN', NOT HORSEPL--

EMINENCE.
:HUNH HUNH:
WHO'S THERE?! IS... IS THAT YOU, BOBBY?!
KRASSH!
AGGGGK!!
:SNFFF
KUCHA ROOKA CHRA.
KRAK!
THE LOW-BEASTS'S FILTH ON YOU. YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS. YOU WILL LEAD ME TO THE LOW BEAST.
AGGGGGHHH!
OH FUCK! GODDAMN BIGFOOT!
OR I BREAK ALL YOUR PARTS.

POTTS CAMP
KACHUNK KACHUNK
VLAD! I'M SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG...
YOUR CAR...?
YEAH, ALL THIS DRIVING... WELL... IT DOESN'T MATTER...
WHERE'S CASSIE?
SHE IS HERE. SHE IS LAYING IN BED... SHE HAS NOT SPOKEN IN A DAY.
OH GOSH... POOR THING! HER MOM AND DAD... I HOPE I CAN HELP.
I HAVE BROUGHT A FRIEND...
CASSIE?
MARGARET.
OH, HONEY. I'M SO SORRY!


WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BIG GUY?
A WATER. WITH ICE.
HURM. INSTEAD, I WILL HAVE A BEER. A BIG ONE.
HAVING A ROUGH NIGHT?
NO... YES.
MY FRIEND WILL NOT TALK TO ME. BUT SHE WILL TALK TO ANOTHER.
SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PAL. WOULD IT HELP...
...IF I KILLED YOU?

WOULD IT HELP IF WE ALL KILLED YOU?

YOU'RE WHAT?
BUT, ALL THOSE PEOPLE YOU'VE SAVED...
I'M DONE. NO MORE CASSIE THE SLASHER SLAYER.
ALL FOR THE WRONG REASONS. I WAS PISSED AT MY MOM. PISSED AT MYSELF. I TURNED MYSELF INTO A WEAPON. A BULLET AIMED AT MY MOM, WHICH WOULD EVENTUALLY COME AROUND AND GET ME, TOO.
BUT I WATCHED MY MOM DIE AGAIN. FINALLY MET MY DAD, AND WATCHED HIM DIE, TOO. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO THIS FOR. NO ONE BUT ME.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THE WEAPON.
I CAN START OVER. I CAN TRY TO BE SOMEONE WITH A LIFE OTHER THAN THIS FUCKING HORROR STORY I'VE BEEN LIVING.
ARE YOU SURE, HONEY? ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS?
YEAH. YEAH... I AM. AND I'M SCARED. REALLY SCARED.
BUT NOT FOR MYSELF. I'M FUCKING SCARED... BECAUSE IF WE AREN'T LIVING THIS LIFE...
...WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE VLAD?

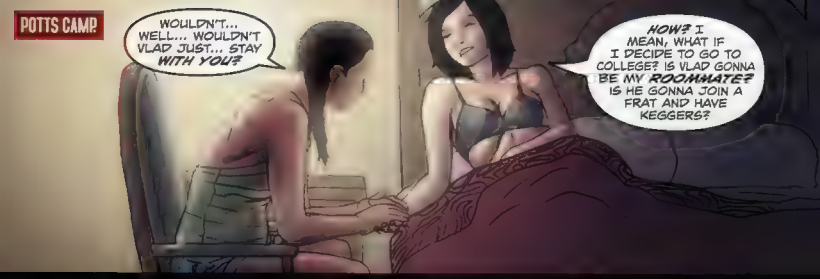
KILL YOU.
KILL YOU.
RRRRAAAAGHM!
KILL YOOOF--!
HHHHH!
KILL YOU.
GHRAH!
KILL YOU.
KILL. KILL.
KILL. YOU.
KILL YOU.
KILL. KILL.
KILL YOU.

FWOK!
WHOP!
KILL.
SWOK!
KILL.
KILL.
KILL.
KILL.
KRASSH!

HURR.
KILL YOU.
KILL.
KILL.
YOU.
KILL.
KILL YOU.
KILL.
KILL YOU.
KILL.
KILL YOU.
KILL YOU.
THE MILK AND CHEESE DAIRY MEN.
GHUH!

EMINENCE
GODDAMN ALIEN DOG SHIT...
THERE. NOW IF YOU HAD PICKED IT UP EARLIER LIKE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO--
WE'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN KYLE'S DRUNK ASS WAS STUMBLING AROUND OUT HERE.
TOUCHÉ.
DID YOU TRY CALLING CASSIE AGAIN?
YEAH... STILL NOTHING.
SO, POOCH... YOU CAN TALK NOW... HOW ABOUT LEARNING TO SCOOP YOUR OWN DAMN DEVIL DOG TURDS?
Sniffff.
Oh no. NO NO.
AW, C'MON. I WAS--
POOCH?
KNRRGH!!
GHYAH!
AAAAAAAH!

GODDAMNIT, KYLE! YOU'VE GONE TOO--
--FAR?
OTHERWORLDERS!
FOR EACH MOMENT MY QUESTION IS NOT ANSWERED, THIS SOFT THING WILL LOSE ANOTHER PIECE.
THERE ARE TWO I SEEK. WHERE IS THE TRAITOROUS LOW-BEAST? THAT IS THE FIRST QUESTION.
THIS IS THE SECOND...
WHERE IS THE HATED CASSANDRA HACK?


WOULDN'T... WELL... WOULDN'T VLAD JUST... STAY WITH YOU?
HOW? I MEAN, WHAT IF I DECIDE TO GO TO COLLEGE? IS VLAD GONNA BE MY ROOMMATE? IS HE GONNA JOIN A FRAT AND HAVE KEGGERS?

I HAVEN'T KNOWN WHAT TO EVEN SAY TO HIM THE LAST FEW DAYS.
WHEN I FOUND HIM, HE WAS LIVING LIFE AS A GHOST... AS A FREAK. JUST LIKE ME.
I BROUGHT HIM INTO A LIFE THAT WE COULD LIVE TOGETHER, AND IT WORKED. BUT HOW DO I JOIN THE REAL WORLD WITH VLAD?

WHEN I MET YOU... YOU... YOU ACCEPTED US AS THE FREAKS THAT WE ARE.
BUT YOU LIVE IN THE REAL WORLD. YOU MAKE IT WORK. YOU HAVE GOALS AND DREAMS. NORMAL PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
IF I DO THIS... WOULD...
...WOULD YOU HELP ME, MARGARET?

CASSIE. I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
THE THINGS I'VE SEEN SINCE I MET YOU. SHIT, THE PLACES I'VE BEEN! THE WORLD NEEDS YOU AND VLAD.
IF I HELP YOU GET OUT OF THIS LIFE... HOW MANY DEATHS ARE ON MY HANDS? LIVES THAT COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED BY YOU?

DO YOU THINK I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF THAT?
THAT'S WHY I'LL TAKE EVERYTHING I KNOW... EVERYTHING I'VE LEARNED ABOUT SLASHERS... AND I'LL GO TO THE POLICE. AND IF THE POLICE WON'T LISTEN, I'LL GO THE MEDIA. SOMEONE WILL LISTEN. AND SOMEONE WILL TAKE UP THE REINS.

YES. OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, YOU PSYCHO BITCH.
THANK YOU.
OH... MARGARET... WAIT. THERE'S ONE MORE THING.
IF I'M GOING TO DO THIS... I WANT TO FEEL NORMAL. I WANT TO FEEL THINGS THAT PEOPLE MY AGE FEEL.
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU. YOU KNOW...
WELL... I JUST WANT TO...
...KISS YOU.
BUT...

CASSANDRA. SHE ALSO DREAMT OF THE DAIRY MEN.
THIS IS THE SAME DREAM. MONSTERS. CARTOONS. TOYS. THERE IS SOMETHING... SOMETHING VERY WRONG.
I MUST SHARE THIS WITH CASSANDRA. SHE WILL KNOW WHAT TO--
MMMMMMM
HMP
MMMMMMMM
I KNOW THESE SOUNDS.
I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN.
THEY MEAN THAT CASSANDRA...
DOES NOT WISH TO SHARE ANYTHING WITH ME.

ELSEWHERE.
KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU.
KILL YOU!
NOT STRONG ENOUGH. CAN'T KILL THE BIG, UGLY GUY YET... NOT BY MYSELF.

BUT THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR.
THEY HELP YOU WHEN YOU CAN'T DO SOMETHING ALL BY YOURSELF.
I MADE A NEW FRIEND. SHE'S SUCH A NICE LADY. SHE'S BEEN HELPING ME A LOT LATELY.
HER NAME IS MUFFY.
SHE'S MY BESTEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD.
TO BE CONTINUED...

IN DEVELOPMENT TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROGUE PICTURES!
DDP
$3.50
#19
HACK/SLASH
TIM SEELEY
KEVIN MELLON
03102>
8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER!*

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

CLOSER part II

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by KEVIN MELLON

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Design by SEAN K DOVE

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by
TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA

Cover B by
CHUCK B B

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN
L.P. DEVELOPMENT STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE CODY DeMATTEIS
ART DIRECTION SEAN DOVE
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #19, DECEMBER, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3750 N. Ravenswood Ave. #230, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any resolution to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I wish, kids at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For All Rights, please contact admin@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
DID YOU TRY CALLING CASSIE AGAIN?
YEAH... STILL NOTHING.
SO, POOCH... YOU CAN TALK NOW... HOW ABOUT LEARNING TO SCOOP YOUR OWN DAMN DEVIL DOG TURDS?
Sniffff.
Oh no. NO NO.
One of my brethren is here. Oh, mercies.
A female. One of my many sisters, all of us spawns of the Neflords. A daughter of the Tusks.
Twice as large as the males. twice as wicked. Best for hunting.
POOCH?
AW, C'MON. I WAS--
Best for hunting wayward assassins who did not accomplish tasks. Best for hunting poor, traitorous Pooch.
KNRGSH!!
GHYAH!
AAAAAAAH!
I did not kill the hated Cassandra Hack. Did not hunt her down for shaming my fathers, the Neflords. Instead, poor Pooch took new masters, enjoyed their companies, and watched them play with each other's pink things.

Tusk Daughter only wants Pooch, and Hated Cassandra Hack. Master Chris and Mistress Lisa will not die for poor, lonely Pooch.
Mistress Lisa's Rolling Ball. It is heavy. It is hard.
No one will die for poor lonely Pooch. Not even the beasts in the cages in the kennel.
KRSSH!
Not even the one who is called Goblin (oh, he hates Pooch so much).
≠Whunf≠
Pooch is only a lowbeast. Most pathetic of all Net Spawn.

Small and meek. Sad and so alone.
LOWBEAST!
But always loyal. Is poor Pooch.
Always loyal.
PSSSSSSSS
SSSS
YOU DARE CHALLENGE KUMA?! YOU DARE MARK THIS GROUND AS YOUR OWN?
YOU FORGET YOUR PLACE, LOWBEAST!

POTTS CAMP, MISSISSIPPI.
THIS IS AMAZING.
I'VE KISSED PEOPLE BEFORE.
IN FIFTH GRADE, WHEN DAVE RICHARDS TOLD ME TO MEET HIM UNDER THE BLEACHERS. AT THE SHELTER, WHEN MATT SANTUCCI TRIED TO GET IN MY PANTS ON A DARE. AT THE CLUB, WHEN I WAS DRUNK FOR THE FIRST TIME. WHEN I KISSED AMBER AND IMAGINED MARGARET.
I'M NOT IMAGINING NOW. I'M HERE. MARGARET'S HERE, AND HER LIPS ARE WARM AND SOFT, AND I CAN FEEL HER HEART FLUTTERING NEXT TO MY CHEST.
SHE'S SCARED... SHE'S NEVER KISSED A GIRL BEFORE. BUT SHE LIKES THIS. SHE LIKES ME.
NO ONE'S TRYING TO GET ANY-THING. THIS ISN'T BAIT FOR SOME PSYCHO KILLER IN A BAD MASK.
THIS IS JUST ME, AND THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO UNDERSTANDS ME. WHO CAME ALL THE WAY FROM FLORIDA TO COMFORT ME.
OH MY GOD. SHE LIKES THIS.
SHE LIKES ME.

LAST CALL, BIG GUY.
THEN, I WILL HAVE ANOTHER.
BEER TASTES VERY BAD. YET MANY OF THE TEENS CASSANDRA AND I FIND ARE VERY FULL OF IT.
HURM. AND THIS FEELING THAT COMES WITH IT. IT IS NOT SO GOOD AS THEY SAY.
THE BEERS DO NOT WASH AWAY... ANGER. WHY IS CASSANDRA BEING SO CLOSE TO THAT GIRL, BUT VERY FAR FROM ME?
HOWDY, BOYS. ABOUT TO CLOSE SHOP, BUT THERE'S STILL TIME FOR A NIGHTCAP.
HEY, MAN. GIMME TWO SHOTS OF WILD TURKEY.
HEY, MAN. WHAT'S WITH THE HOODY? TRYING TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE?
IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

HA! YA HEAR THAT, MAN? I TRY TO BE NICE, AN' THIS FUCKER GETS ALL IMPOLITE ON ME?
NO SHIT, MAN. AND THAT VOICE. HEY MAN, YOU SMOKE TEN PACKS A DAY?

I WISH. TO BE LEFT. ALONE.
HOLY DAMN! NO WONDER HE'S IN SUCH A BAD MOOD!
FACE LIKE THE FLOOR OF A ROADSIDE SHITTER!

WE'LL DRINK TO YOU, MY FRIEND.
YEP... TO HAVING A BAD DAY, AND A FACE THAT LOOKS LIKE AN ASSHOLE.
ONE PUSH. ONE LITTLE SHOVE. AND THEY WILL FIGHT ME.

BUT I KNOW WHY I WISH TO FIGHT THESE MEN. AND I KNOW THAT IT IS NOT WHY I FIGHT. I FIGHT TO SURVIVE. TO PROTECT THE INNOCENTS. TO PROTECT CASSANDRA...

I WILL NOT FIGHT BECAUSE IT MAKES ME ANGRY TO BE WITHOUT HER.

EMINENCE.
OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!
BE CAREFUL! HE COULD BLEED OUT AT ANY TIME!
YEAH, I KNOW!
GOD- DAMNED PRICK COULDN'T HAVE GONE TO THE GYM A FEW LESS TIMES COULD YOU FUCKING "BRUCE WILLIS, MALE NURSE"
OH SHIT!
THE ARM.
WHAT?
WE LEFT HIS FUCKING ARM STUCK TO THE WALL! DON'T YOU HAVE TO GET THAT ON ICE OR SOMETHING?!
WHATEVER THE HELL THAT THING WAS, KYLE, YOU BETTER HOPE POOCH IS GIVING IT A HELL OF A RUN...
OH, GOD! I'LL GO GET IT!

Pooch may be a lowbeast, most spat upon of all Nef-Spawn. But Pooch is fast. Faster than Tusk Daughter.
Not not so much faster.
LOWBEAST!
Lowly Pooch is also much smaller. Much easier for him...
...to stop
KU CHA RA!
GHRUH!
I HAVE YOU, LOWBEAST!
Oh, no.

It is so cold here, this place called Indiana.
CROOM!
KRAK!
SLOOSH
The otherworlders have grown used to it. They grow layers of smelly, greasy fat. They wear fake skins.
But for we of Net, the cold is new. Humbles we children of Net. Brings us pain.
Numbs our senses.
KRAK!

CHOK!
The Daughters may be the strongest and most vicious of our kind...
...but even they are not without soft, sensitive parts.
HITTchchchchch...
Poorest Pooch. So cold. How the one called Goblin will rejoice to know I have died here.
What will Master Chris think when he finds that loyal Pooch is frozen, on a rock, like a lowly, meek statue?
Yes, yes... He will thank Pooch for saving his friend, the Hated Cassandra Hack from being a severed head on the tusk of this daughter.
And maybe...

...maybe he will pet the corpse of his loyal Pooch.

POTTS CAMP
SHOULD WE... Y'KNOW?
JUMPING RIGHT IN, ARE WE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE WAITING FOR A CERTAIN CHARISMATIC ACTOR MAN.
HA! DON'T... DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME. I'M SCARED ENOUGH OF ALL THIS AS IT IS. BUT, I...
...DO YOU WANT TO?
I'M JUST JOINING THE REAL WORLD, YOU KNOW? IT SEEMS LIKE THAT MIGHT BE A LITTLE MUCH TO JUMP INTO RIGHT NOW. BABY STEPS, RIGHT?
YEAH... YEAH, BABY STEPS. I JUST... I DIDN'T KNOW I'D WANT TO... OR... WELL...
SHHHH. IT'S OKAY. THIS ISN'T LIKE WHEN WE WERE STUCK ON NEF AND MIGHT HAVE HAD TO HURRY TO LOSE IT. NOT LIKE VLAD HAD...
SHIT. VLAD. I WONDER IF HE... MAYBE HE JUST WENT FOR A WALK, OR...
OH, HE'S OUT IN THE VAN. HE'S FINE.
HE'S PROBABLY READING THE SUNDAY COMICS, WITH A BIG SMILE ON HIS FACE.

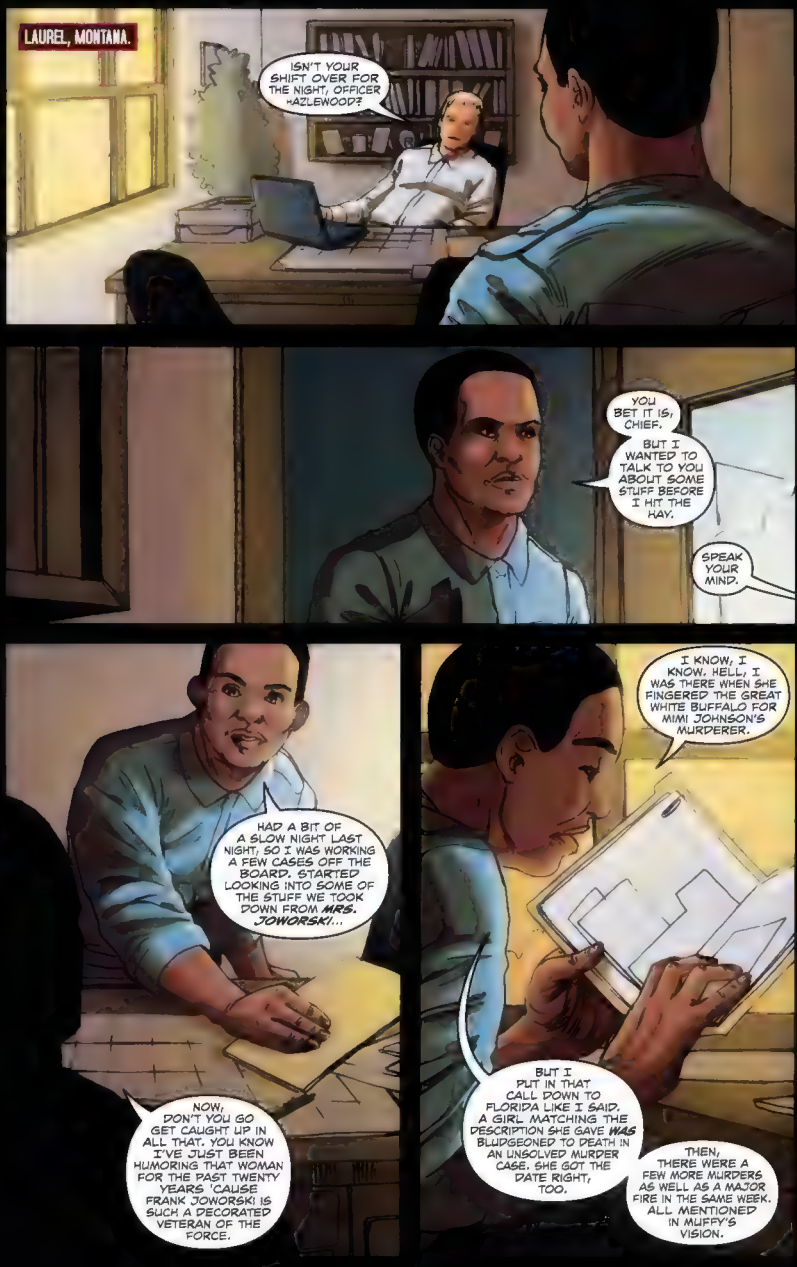
HOW'S THE JERK DOING?!
NOT GOOD... IT'S A PRETTY RAGGED WOUND...
THE SHOCK OF THE INJURY ALONE MIGHT KILL HIM AT THIS POINT.
IF I CAN CLOSE OFF THIS...
SHYAH!
GOD DAMN IT! I'VE BEEN DOING MORE WORK ON PEOPLE IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS THAN ANIMALS: THIS. IS. FUCKED. UP!
YES. FUCKED UP.
THE ANIMAL SLAVES YOU KEEP IN THESE CAGES... THEY DID NOT RAISE ONE NOISE TO ALERT YOU OF ME. THEY FEAR ME, AND HAVE NO LOVE FOR YOU.
THE LOWBEAST ON THE OTHER HAND, WOULD NOT TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THE HATED CASSANDRA HACK, NO MATTER WHAT THREATS I MADE.
POOCH?!
LOYAL, THAT ONE IS, EVEN TO HIS ENEMIES, WHEN THE ENEMY IS A FRIEND TO HIS MASTERS.

I SEE YOU ARE A HEALER. I WILL NOT GO BACK TO NEF MISSING A TUSK, ESPECIALLY NOT DUE TO A FIGHT WITH A LOW-BEAST.
YOU WILL PUT IT BACK, AND I WILL GIVE YOU A FAST DEATH, HEALER.
BUT... I DON'T...
NOW, HEALER
MY JOURNEY HAS ONLY BEGUN, AND I ASSUME IT WILL TAKE HOURS OF TORTURE TO DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE HATED FROM YOUR WILD-HAIRED MATE.
THAT LU'FAG IS NOT HER MATE!
SPLICH!!!

UGLY BITCH... TORE OFF MY GODDAMN ARM
RREEEOOOORRRRKK!!!
UHN... FUH...
CHRIS! CLOSE THIS GODDAMN DOOR.
DO !!!--
UGHK!
GHUH!
SLAM!

GHRAAAHHHHHHOOORK!
TURN. ON. THUH. GATTH!!!
I... IT'LL KILL YOU! IT'S A GAS CHAMBER, MAN!
AHH!
KRSSH!
I WILL SKIN YOU NEXT!
KLICK
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

POTTS CAMP
HUWUH?
HEY. HOW'D YOU SLEEP?
HURM BAD.
SORRY BIG GUY. MARGARET AND I REALLY HAD TO TALK.
HURM. YEB. TALK. WHERE IS "MARGARET"?
STILL SLEEPIN.
IT'S JUST... ALL WE DO IS... WELL, WE JUST SUFFER.
WE NEVER GET ANY FARTHER AHEAD. THERE'S ALWAYS A NEW SLASHER TO KILL, ALWAYS SOME NEW BUNCH OF SCREAMING FOOLS. ARE WE GETTING ANY CLOSER TO ENDING THIS SHIT?
WHERE DOES THIS END FOR US, VLAD?
... I'VE BEEN THINKING. ABOUT YOU AND ME. AND THIS LIFE WE'VE BEEN LIVING. AND, Y'KNOW, MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S NOT THE BEST.
HURR?
IT ENDS FOR ME WHEN YOU DO NOT NEED ME ANY-MORE.


LAUREL, MONTANA.
ISN'T YOUR SHIFT OVER FOR THE NIGHT, OFFICER HAZLEWOOD?
YOU BET IT IS, CHIEF.
BUT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOME STUFF BEFORE I HIT THE HAY.
SPEAK YOUR MIND.
HAD A BIT OF A SLOW NIGHT LAST NIGHT; SO I WAS WORKING A FEW CASES OFF THE BOARD. STARTED LOOKING INTO SOME OF THE STUFF WE TOOK DOWN FROM MRS. JOWORSKI'...
NOW, DON'T YOU GO GET CAUGHT UP IN ALL THAT. YOU KNOW I'VE JUST BEEN HUMORING THAT WOMAN FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS 'CAUSE FRANK JOWORSKI IS SUCH A DECORATED VETERAN OF THE FORCE.
I KNOW, I KNOW. HELL, I WAS THERE WHEN SHE FINGERED THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO FOR MIMI JOHNSON'S MURDERER.
BUT I PUT IN THAT CALL DOWN TO FLORIDA LIKE I SAID. A GIRL MATCHING THE DESCRIPTION SHE GAVE WAS BLUDGEONED TO DEATH IN AN UNSOLVED MURDER CASE. SHE GOT THE DATE RIGHT, TOO.
THEN, THERE WERE A FEW MORE MURDERS AS WELL AS A MAJOR FIRE IN THE SAME WEEK. ALL MENTIONED IN MUFFY'S VISION.

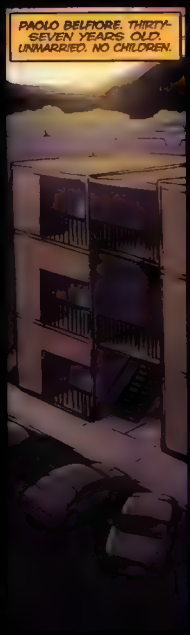
SO, WHAT'S TO SAY SHE DON'T JUST SPEND A LOT OF TIME ON CNN AND THE INTERNET?
SURE, GOTHY WHITE GIRL. COULDA GOTTEN 'EM FROM ONE OF THOSE SUICIDE GIRL SITES FOR ALL WE KNOW.
RIGHT, I THOUGHT THAT, TOO. BUT, MRS. JOWORSKI SUPPLIED US WITH SOME PHOTOS OF WHOM SHE BELIEVES TO BE THE KILLER... THIS "CASSIE HACK" PERSON.
I RAN HER THROUGH A COUPLE OF PLACES... TURNS OUT SHE WAS INVOLVED IN A SERIAL MURDER CASE IN CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN. HER MOTHER WAS THE INFAMOUS *LUNCH LADY* KILLER.
I HEARD OF IT. STILL, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW HOW MUFFY LIKES TO READ ALL THAT CHARLIE MANSON/ JOHN WAYNE GACY SERIAL KILLER SHIT.
I DO. BUT, I RAN THROUGH THE RECORDS FOR CHIPPEWA FALLS, AND FOUND OUT MRS. HACK'S BODY WENT MISSING FROM THE CEMETERY ABOUT A WEEK AGO.
BUT, IT *DIDN'T* DISAPPEAR. SEEMS IT SHOWED UP IN A RESTAURANT FIRE IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. IDENTIFIED BY THE DENTAL RECORDS.
FOUND TWO OTHER BODIES THERE. ONE IDENTIFIED AS THE CHEF. THE OTHER CURRENTLY UNIDENTIFIED.
THERE WAS A WITNESS TO THIS WHOLE THING: A TERRIFIED WOMAN, NEARLY CRAZY WITH FEAR. NAME'S *CONCHITA IZQUERIDO*.
FROM THE WITNESS DESCRIPTION, THEY CAME UP WITH A SKETCH OF THEIR "PERSON OF INTEREST".
SHE LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU?

EMINENCE.
LISA'S ACTING REALLY STRONG. NOT A TEAR.
BUT I KNOW. YOU CAN'T SPEND THAT LONG LOVING SOMEONE TO NOT BE TOTALLY DESTROYED AT WATCHING THEM DIE. EVEN IF KYLE WAS A TOTAL FUCKING JERK.
EVEN IF HE WAS INADVERTENTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT GUY. A GUY HE BURIED IN THIS VERY FIELD, WITH ALL THE UNWANTED ANIMALS FROM THE SHELTER.
HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO HAVE TO GET CAUGHT UP IN ALL THIS. FOR ME TO HAVE TO... KILL HIM.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WEIRDLY FUCKING APROPOS THAT WE HAVE TO HIDE HIM UP HERE... I JUST KNOW THAT THERE'S NO WAY WE'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED...
...OR THIS.
BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO BRING US ALL TOGETHER NOW. A NEW SECRET. A NEW THREAT.
AND A NEWFOUND RESPECT.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
SANTA FE POLICE DEPARTMENT MORGUE.

BELFIORE! YOU AWAKE THERE?
YUHUH

WHAT WERE YOU DOING? WAITING TO SEE IF SHE'D MOVE?
THAT IS ONE VERY DEAD CORPSE, BELFIORE. DUG OUT OF A GRAVE, BROUGHT TO A DINER, AND THEN BURNED. *VERY* DEAD.
OH, EHH, EMM... YES, I WAS JUST.. WELL, *THINKING*, YOU KNOW? LONG SHIFT AND ALL.
I GUESS. HEAD HOME, WILL YA? YOU'RE CREEPING ME OUT.


PAOLO BELFIORE. THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD. UNMARRIED. NO CHILDREN.

CONTRACTOR. NOT A MEMBER. A MAN OF SCIENCE AND FINANCES. NOT *FAITH*. PROBABLY THINKS HE'S WORKING FOR A PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATION. REPORTED TO SOCIETY THIRTEEN HOURS AGO CONCERNING THE RECEIPT OF A CORPSE. THAT OF ONE **DELILAH HACK**. INTENDED TO RECORD DATA CONCERNING STATUS OF THE BODY AND RECEIVE A MONETARY RESTITUTION.

NOT A FANATIC. NOT A BELIEVER

GHYAH!
COME. TALK WITH ME

TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL THEM.
TO BE CONTINUED...

HACK/SLASH
NO. 20
$3.50
TIM SEELEY
KEVIN MELLON
DDP

"ONE OF THE BEST COMIC BOOKS OF 2008"
HACK/SLASH
DDP
#20
TIM
SEELEY
KEVIN
MELLON

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER!*

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

CLOSER part III

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by KEVIN MELLON

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Design by SEAN K DOVE

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by
ERIK JONES

Cover B by
SHANE WHITE

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series: ISSUE #20. JANUARY, 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: 2727 W. Roscoe St., Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2009 T'in Seeley and Stefano Caselli used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. 1 reason, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For ad rates, please contact advertising@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

JACKSON POLICE DEPARTMENT, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.
WOMEN'S HOLDING CELL.
WOW.
WAIT, SO YOU TURNED YOURSELF IN?
WELL...
...NOT EXACTLY.

POTTS CAMP POLICE DEPARTMENT.
THREE HOURS, 12 MINUTES AGO.
HI! I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD POSSIBLY SPEAK TO ONE OF YOUR DETECTIVES.
I HAVE SOME REALLY INTERESTING INFORMATION, AND I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT THE BEST WAY TO... Y'KNOW... SHARE IT.
OKAY. I'LL NEED YOU TO FILL OUT A FORM. YOUR NAME?
WANTED
CASSIE. CASSIE HACK.
WANTED
HERE YA GO.
AHEM!
MS. HACK. ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU'RE CONSIDERED A SUSPECT IN A MULTIPLE HOMICIDE CASE AND THE UNAUTHORIZED REMOVAL OF A DEAD BODY BY FEDERAL AUTHORITIES?
CASSANDRA "CASSIE" HACK
FUCK ME RUNNING.

MS. HACK... IF WE CAN JUST ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS. THIS JUST CAME IN THIS MORNING AND...
NO... NO WAY.
LOOK, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO HOLD YOU. YOU CAN HAVE A CALL AND A LAWYER, JUST DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID...
SO I DID SOMETHING STUPID.
YOU WENT TO GO TALK TO THE POLICE, BUT YA DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO SEE IF THERE MIGHT BE A WARRANT OUT FOR YOUR ARREST? THAT IS STUPID.
WHAT WERE YOU THINKIN', HONEY?
I-I WASN'T THINKING. I HAD... THINGS ON MY MIND.
THINGS? HEH. I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE, SWEETHEART.
YOU GOT SOME MAN ON YOUR MIND.
NOT EXACTLY.

MEANWHILE...
WE'LL HAVE IT READY TOMORROW AT THE EARLIEST, MA'AM.
JACKSON
GREAT. WE'LL BE BACK TO PICK IT UP.
HEY, VLAD... UHM... WHEN WE COME TO GET MY CAR, I MIGHT HAVE TO BORROW SOME CASH.
YES. TAKE WHAT I HAVE LEFT.
THANKS BIG GUY. ALL THIS RUNNING AROUND THE COUNTRY FOLLOWING YOU TWO PRETTY MUCH BUSTED MY BANK.
YES. HURRM. WELL, THAT IS OVER NOW, YES?
VLAD, LOOK. CASSIE HASN'T CALLED FOR US TO PICK HER UP, YET. HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME HIT THIS RESTAURANT, AND WE'LL USE THE CHANGE TO GET US SOME PIE AND COFFEE.
I DO NOT LIKE COFFEE
A MILKSHAKE THEN?
HURRM

I KNOW THIS MUST SEEM LIKE IT TOTALLY CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.
BUT, I GUESS CASSIE JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... ALL THE DEATH AND THE BLOOD. NOT HAVING A LIFE. AND THEN ALL THAT STUFF WITH HER DAD... IT JUST...
SHE REALLY WANTED TO CHANGE, Y'KNOW?
HURRM
SHE WANTS TO CHANGE BECAUSE YOU MADE SEX WITH HER.
NO... THAT'S NOT... WAIT, WE DIDN'T...
SAHEM?
HAVE SEX.
WE JUST... WELL, LOOK, VLAD HONEY, THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
BEFORE YOU, THERE WAS ONLY ME AND CASSIE. AND THEN WHEN SHE MET YOU, IT WAS ME, CASSIE AND YOU ON THE PHONE.
IT WAS I WHO CALLED YOU TO COMFORT SAD CASSIE. YOU CAME WHEN SHE WOULD NOT SPEAK TO ME. YOU CAME WHEN SHE NEEDED SOMEONE.
IT IS MY FAULT THAT SHE WANTS TO RUN AWAY TO BE WITH YOU AND KISS AND TALK AND LAUGH. YOU CAN DO ALL THE THINGS FOR HER. AND NOW I WILL BE ALONE AGAIN. TO LIVE IN BASEMENT. BUT NO ONE IS GUILTY BUT ME.
NO! I DIDN'T TRY TO STEAL HER... VLAD, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I FEEL ABOUT HER. IT'S CONFUSING AS HELL...
BUT, IF SHE WANTS TO STOP THIS LIFE, IT'S UP TO US TO HELP HER DO IT. WE'RE HER FRIENDS.
YOU ARE HER FRIEND. I AM JUST MUSCLE WITH A SHARP KNIFE.

VLAD! WAIT PLEASE...
STOP! NO MORE PLEASES AND HOW CAN I HELPS!
ALWAYS YOU ARE SWEET AND KIND! ALWAYS YOU ARE YOUNG AND PRETTY AND SEXY! ALWAYS YOU ARE THERE! WITH YOU AROUND, VLAD IS NEVER GOOD ENOUGH!
YES, THIS IS VLAD, WHO IS SPEAKING, YES?
VLAD, I AM IN SOME DEEP SHIT.

LAUREL, MONTANA.
I BEEN TELLING YOU SHE HAD THE SIFT FOR TWENTY YEARS, MIKE.
ALL OF MUFFY'S VISIONS, THEY ALL LINED UP WITH A COLD CASE.
THAT YOU DID, FRANK. GUESS YOU AIN'T AS FULL OF SHIT AS I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE.
HAZELWOOD MANAGED TO STRING A WHOLE BUNCH OF THE CASES TOGETHER. F.B.I. JOINED IN AND SPREAD AN ALL-STATES BULLETIN FOR US.
WISH MUFF WAS FEELING GOOD ENOUGH TO HEAR YA SAY IT. ALL THOSE VISIONS TOOK A TOLL ON HER. SHE'S HARDLY BEEN AWAKE AT ALL IN THE PAST TWO DAYS.
I'M GONNA RUN HER SOME SOUP. BE BACK IN A SECOND.
MUFF? YOU AWAKE? GOT SOME FOOD FOR--
MUFF?
HEY FRANK! LOOK WHAT I DID!

MISSISSIPPI.
MY LORD! NEVER IN ALL MY YEARS AS A PUBLIC DEFENDER HAVE I SEEN SUCH, EXCUSE MY LANGUAGE, SUCH BULLSHIT.
THESE BACK WOOD HICK COPS... THEY USED A PSYCHIC, OF ALL THINGS, TO LINK YOU TO SEVERAL MURDER SCENES.
A PSYCHIC! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT UP NORTH, BUT HERE IN MISSISSIPPI WE DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS SORCERY!
THEY'VE GOT YOU FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, AND THEY'RE MOVING YOU TO RAYMOND DETENTION FOR TONIGHT.
BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT AFTER THAT. I JUST CAN'T SEE THEM MAKING THIS STICK.
SINCE WHEN DO THE DREAMS OF AN OLD WOMAN IN MONTANA MAKE FOR SOLID EVIDENCE?
DREAMS?
YOU'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES HERE ENJOY.
VLAD
CASSANDRA
THE LITTLE BALD GUY JUST TOLD ME THAT THERE'S A WOMAN IN MONTANA WHO DREAMED THAT I COMMITTED ALL THESE CRIMES.
AND I DREAMED LAST NIGHT OF COLORFUL ACTION MEN TRYING TO KILL ME. ALSO, LITTLE, ANGRY DAIRY MEN.
ASHLEY GUTHRIE.
ASHLEY GUTHRIE.
YOU'RE GETTING REALLY GOOD AT THIS.

EMINENCE, INDIANA
Many sorries, my Master, for your broken house-hole.
CONSIDERING YOU SAVED OUR ASSES, I'M SURE LISA WILL LET THIS ONE GO.
WELL, AFTER THAT, I'M PRETTY SURE SHE'LL LOOK THE OTHER WAY THE NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO DRY HUMP ONE OF HER CASHMERE SWEATERS.
So soft on my penis.
AND PEOPLE WONDER WHAT DOGS WOULD SAY IF THEY COULD TALK.
HEY, DINAY ON THE ALKTAY, EH?
Bark. Bark. I shall.
HI. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
HI THERE.
I'M CAPTAIN REILLY. MAGGIE. I TRANSFERRED FROM INDIANAPOLIS... MIGHT BE TAKING THE SHERIFF JOB HERE IN EMINENCE.
I'M IMPRESSED.
DON'T BE. THE TWO OFFICERS WITH SENIORITY HERE DIDN'T WANT IT. SAID IT WAS BAD LUCK TO BE SHERIFF IN THIS COUNTY.
SEEMS THEY HAVE A HISTORY OF GRUESOME, VIOLENT DEATHS. EFFED UP, RIGHT?

ANYWHO, I WAS FOLLOWING UP ON SOME OF THE THINGS SHERIFF KOYNE WAS WORKING ON BEFORE THE... ACCIDENT.
RIGHT BEFORE HE WENT OFF THE ROAD, HE CHECKED IN WITH A KYLE BELL IN HIS CAR. BELL HAD BEEN HERE, AT THIS HOUSE. TRESPASSING.
BUT HE WASN'T IN THE CAR WHEN EMTs GOT THERE. WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE YOU'D HEARD FROM HIM.

NOPE. JEEZ... I DO HOPE YOU FIND HIM THOUGH. I DIDN'T LIKE THE GUY MUCH... BUT, MAN, WANDERING AROUND AFTER AN ACCIDENT LIKE THAT...
Ahem. Back. Bark.

YEAH. JEESH. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HOUSE?
AH... Y'KNOW. THE USUAL. GIANT ALIEN ATTACK.
HEH. GOTCHA.

WELL, IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING FROM BELL, GIMME A CALL.
WILL DO. I MEAN, I'D RATHER HAVE HIM SNEAKING AROUND MY YARD, THEN, Y'KNOW, DEAD.
GOOD TO MEET YOU...
CHRIS. KRANK. CHRIS KRANK.
WELL, YOU GET BACK TO THAT HOUSEWORK, MR. KRANK. AND HEY... WATCH OUT FOR MECHA-GODZILLA.
HA.

Master? Did my impersonation of an earth-dog suffice?
YEAH... SURE, POOCH. SHE DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING.

RAYMOND, MISSISSIPPI.
COUNTY HIGHWAY 18.
23 MILES OUTSIDE JACKSON.
KINDA SAD, ISN'T IT?
WHAT'S THAT?
WELL, YOU ALWAYS HEAR THESE GOTH KIDS DEFENDING THEIR LIFESTYLE. "WEARING ALL BLACK DOESN'T MAKE US EVIL. LISTENING TO DEVIL MUSIC DOESN'T MAKE US MURDERERS."
"BUT, THIS GIRL, THIS CASSIE HACK. KINDA PROVES THE STEREOTYPE, DOESN'T SHE?"
YOU SOUND LIKE AN OLD WOMAN.
PAF!
AND THAT'S COMING FROM AN OLD--
BILL?
PAF!
GULK

TINK!
SONOVAWHORE
CHAAAAAAMMMMCK!
GODDAMMIT. ISN'T GETTING SENT TO JAIL ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?
SHRRCH!
ALRIGHT. I'M CUFFED AND I'VE HAD A *REALLY* SHITTY DAY.
DO. YOUR. WORS--
FIKK!
SSSSSSTT

WHUH?
FOREST. SMELL OF BURNING WOOD.
VINTAGE EIGHTEES CAMP COUNSELOR UNIFORM. EXPERTLY TRIMMED TO BE MORE PROVOCATIVE.
ALCOHOL. DRUGS. CONDOMS FOR THAT PREMARITAL SEX... PORN. AND SOME REALLY BIG PLASTIC DICKS.
I KNOW WHAT THIS IS. I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE.
I'M SLASHER BAIT
BEER
DRUGS

AND I'M NOT ALONE
CASSANDRA HACK. YOU STAND ACCUSED BY THE SOCIETY OF THE BLACK LAMP.
YOU HAVE SLAIN OUR PALADINS, AND EXTINGUISHED THE DARK FLAME THAT LIGHTS THEIR WAY AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE.
YOU ARE AN ABOMINATION. AND SO YOU WILL BE EXECUTED AS A DAUGHTER OF DIONYSUS.

LICK YUH, SUH-BREEHA.
SHUNKK!
LEGS. FREE!
HELL. YES.
CAMP COUNSELOR
RUUUH!!
KRAK!
STO--OOHF!
AAIIIGGH!
FWOOSH!

SHE'S ON FIRE! GET WATER! NOW!
RRRRRRGG!
WHORE! IT'S NOT ENOUGH YOU HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED FOR?!
NUH UH.
AAGHGH! PUT IT OUT!
AMATEURS. ALL OF THEM. THEY'RE NOT USED TO FIGHTING WITH THOSE KNIVES.
PROBABLY GOTTEN USED TO ALL THEIR VICTIMS BEING TIED UP AND HELPLESS. THEY'VE ALL GOT DESK JOBS I BET. NEVER BEEN IN A FIGHT.
I'M GOOD FOR A DIRTY FIGHT. BUT I'M STILL CUFFED. AND I CAN STILL FEEL THE FUZZ FROM WHATEVER DRUGS THEY POPPED ME WITH.
BEEK!

DAMMIT! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT HER TO ROT IN JAIL!
BILL, YOU ASSHOLE... QUIT COMPLAINING AND GET--
KRSSH!
HRRA!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE! NEXT TIME, WE AT LEAST NEED GUNS!
NEED ANOTHER BOTTLE, COME ON... BOTTLE...
...OR GIANT RUBBER MAN-WAND. WHATEVER WORKS, I GUESS.
BITCH OF BACCHUS! I CLAIM YOUR BLOOD!

AND I CLAIM THIS ASSHOLE'S FANCY KNIFE.
AAAAARRRGH!
WHICH I GIVE TO YOU.
SHIT. STILL WOOZY FROM THE DART. CAN'T LET THE ADRENALIN WEAR OFF... OR... I'M..
FUCKED.
AAAHHH!
GET HER!
GRAH!

NORMALLY, WE'D JUST SLIT YOUR THROAT, BUT I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THIS ONE NICE AND SLOW AND PAINFUL. RIGHT?
WHAT HURTS MORE? GUTTIN' HER? OR CUTTIN' HER EYES OUT?
DO HER STOMACH... SHE CAN WATCH HER INSIDES SPILL OUT.
NOW... I'M GONNA MESS UP THAT PRETTY FACE...
KKKCH!
SLICH!
SAM... SAMHAIN.
SHINK!

NO... SAMHAIN...
SSSHHHHHH
KLEIK!
UHNN... WHAT... WHAT THE...? WHO ARE Y--
OH, NO... NOT NOW!
AUUH!

UNGGH
OH, FUCK YOU! NOT YOU... NOT YOU...
AHHH
ALICE
N-NO.
WHY THE RITUAL FOR THIS GIRL?
SHE DESTROYS THE PREPARERS. THE OTHERS L-LIKE YOU.
YOU KNOW HOW THIS MUST CONCLUDE
YES. LIVE BY THE L-LAMP.
NOT LIKE ME

DIE BY THE LAMP
AAAIIIEEEE!
TO BE CONTINUED...

"ONE OF THE BEST COMIC BOOKS OF 2008"

•COMICBOOKRESOURCES.COM •FANGORIA.COM •IGNCOMICSRELATED.COM •COMIC BOOK CLUB

DDP

$3.50

#21

HACK/SLASH

TIM SEELEY

EMILY STONE

03301>

8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

MIND KILLER part I

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by EMILY STONE

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Art Direction by SEAN K DOVE

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by
GREG TITUS + KIERAN OATS

Cover B by
JOEL HUMBERTO HERRERA

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #21. FEBRUARY, 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, inc. Office of publication 2217 W. Roscoe St., Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact sales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

THEN...
NOW I'M REALLY MAD! WHO WANTS--?
*SEE HACK/SLASH VOLUME 2: DEATH BY SEQUEL
SHUNK!
OWW!
EMILY! VLAD SAYS YOU HAVE A LIGHTER
YOU'RE DEAD, HACK!
CAN T THINK CLEAR FOR LONG
THIS WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IF I WERE IN MY DREAM WORLD. I'M THE BOSS THERE. I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT.
THOSE STUPID SLASHER GUYS WEREN'T AS GOOD AS MY TOYS. CASSIE KEPT KILLING EM'
CASSIE, YOUR DUMB MOM ALMOST KILLED ME ONCE, BUT I CAME BACK.
GETTING MY HEAD STUCK TO A WALL AIN'T GONNA STOP ME. I'LL GET THE KNIFE OUT...
PAR , FOR THE COURSE .
SHUNK
AND I'LL KILL YOU

FOR REALLY REAL THIS TIME.
KH-KOOM!

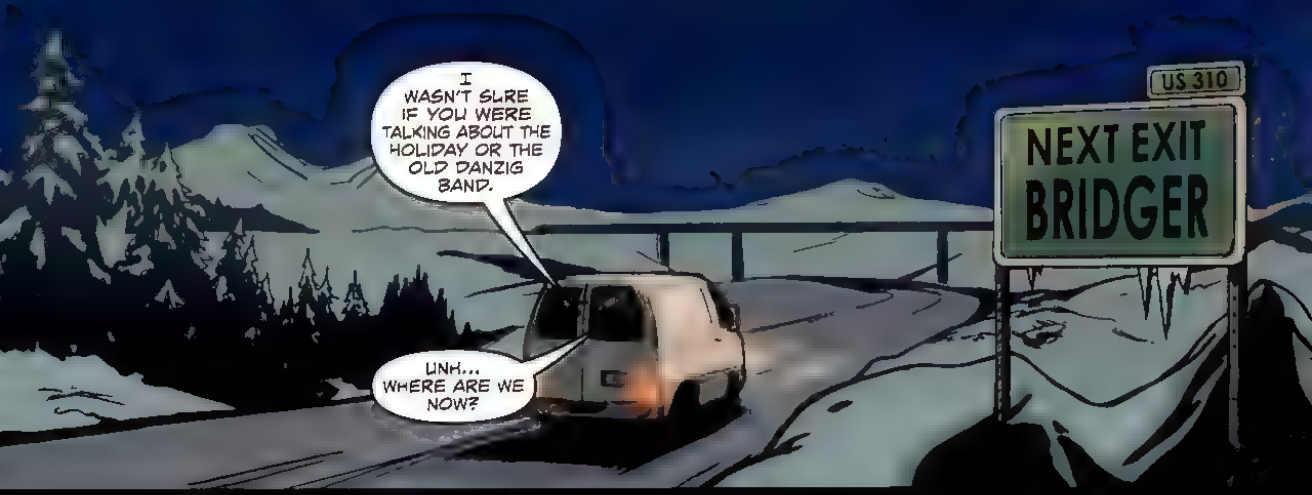
THAT WAS REALLY HOT.
OH. OH! I REMEMBER THIS PLACE. I'M. . I'M... AHUH... HUNH... :SOB:
I'M DEAD AGAIN.

MOOMMMMMYYYYYY

HEY, WHO LET KIDS IN HERE!?

NOW.
EMINENCE, INDIANA.
TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
CRUNCH
AWWW, POOCH!
Mmm. It is like sucking sweet milk from a cold, crunchy teat.
FEELING BETTER, I TAKE IT?
Yes, master. And strangely, Pooch now finds he enjoys frozen treats more after his swim in miserable frozen river.
What is Master doing? There are no naked human females on the glowing box.
WELL, WHEN YOUR "MOST HATED" CASSIE GOT SENT TO JAIL, I REALIZED WE HAD NO WAY OF GETTING INFORMATION FROM HER DIRECTLY.
I THOUGHT WE SHOULD START BUILDING A DATABASE NETWORK IN CASE THAT EVER HAPPENED AGAIN. YOU KNOW, EVERY FRIEND, EVERY ENEMY... ALL AT THE CLICK OF A BUTTON.
Ally Name:
Chris Krank
Primary Specialties:
Intelligence. Action Figures.
Current Mood:
Committed.
WE LIVE A PRETTY CRAZY LIFE. YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE OVER.

ELSEWHERE.
MMUUUHHH?
YOU AWAKEN
WHO.. WHOO URR YOOO?
PLEASE DEPOSIT THIRTY-FIVE CENTS TO MAKE A CALL.
MNUUUHHH
Ally Name: Cassandra "Cassie" Hack
Primary Specialties: Decapitation. Evisceration. Well-timed one-liners.
Current Mood: Groggy.
US ROUTE 310.
NEAR BRIDGER, MONTANA.
CASSIE'S AWAKE!
HRMM. SHE HAS SLEPT VERY LONG. SEE THAT SHE IS OKAY.
GHAH! WHAT THE FUUUCK..?
WOMAN, WE WEREN'T SURE IF YOU'D EVER WAKE UP.
HOW LONG WAS I OUT?
UM... LIKE TWO DAYS.
TWO DAYS?!
YEAH. YOU CALLED US FROM A TRUCK STOP. WHEN WE CAME TO GET YOU, YOU WERE IN THIS WEIRD OUTFIT AND ACTING LIKE YOU WERE REALLY STONED.
YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SAMHAIN, AND THEN YOU PASSED OUT.
SAMHAIN..



Ally Name:
Margaret Crump

Known aliases:
Georgia Peaches

Primary
Specialties:
Thespian.

Current mood:
Relieved.

Ally Name:
Vlad

Primary Specialties:
Meat carving.
Combat nurse.
Inadvertently humorous one-liners.

Current mood:
Covetous.

Ally Name:
Gertrude Hall.

Primary Specialties:
Band support.
Roadie persuasion.
Rusty trombone.

Current mood:
Distressed.

LAUREL, MONTANA.
THE HOME OF FRANK AND MUFFY JOWORSKI.
WHEN DID SHE GET LIKE THIS?
SHE WAS ACTIN' ALL CRAZY... KINDA CHILDISH...
FRANK CALLED ME ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO. MUFF HAD JUST COLLAPSED, EYES WIDE OPEN.
SHE'S BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS WITH THIS CASE SHE'S WORKING ON. ALMOST LIKE SHE GOT SO SCARED OF THE WORLD SHE SAW...
...SHE ESCAPED DOWN INTO HER OWN PLACE.
WHAT'S WRONG, GRANNY?! ARE YOU SCARED?

DON'T WORRY. I *LIKE* YOU, GRANNY. YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO CAN HEAR AND SEE THINGS OTHER PEOPLE CAN'T.
A *WAKING* DREAMER.
THAT MEANS YOU COULD HEAR ME *ANYTIME*. I COULD HEAR YOU, TOO. AND ONCE I FOUND YA, I COULD CRAWL RIGHT INTO YOUR *DREAMS*.
AND MAKE YOU SEE WHATEVER I WANTED YOU TO SEE.
AFTER A WHILE I EVEN FIGURED OUT TO TAKE OVER AND MOVE YOU AROUND. LIKE A TOY. *COOL*, HUH?
AHHH!
ASH!
DUDE... IT'S *HERE!* I CAN FUCKING FEEL MY *GUITAR*, MAN!
SWEET.
WAIT... FUH-- THERE'S SOMETHIN' *ELSE*.

SHE... SHE GOT OUT, MAN. THEY COULDN'T HOLD HER DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI.
YOU GOTTA TELL THE COPS, DUDE.
CASSIE HACK IS *HERE*.
HIGHWAY THREE-TEN, NEAR BRIDGER.
BRING *LOTS* OF POLICE.

OKAY, ASSUMING I'M NOT STILL DRUGGED AND SLEEPING, AND THIS ISN'T A WEIRD HALLUCINATION...
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MY CAR BROKE DOWN...
DON'T PLAY WITH ME, GERTRUDE. WHY DID YOU COME HERE?
I... WELL, SEE, I HAD THIS DREAM...
Gertrude Hall. You are the greatest fan to ever live. Thus, it falls upon you to deliver the guitar of famed rocker Six Sixx to us, the Gods of Metal.
WHERE OZZY, WHERE? NEW YORK? L.A.? LONDON?
No, Gertrude. We need you to go to the most rocking place of all.
Montana.

WE TOLD YOU TO DESTROY THAT GUITAR, GERTRUDE!
YEAH... I KNOW... I MEANT TO...
BUT, I KINDA WANTED TO KEEP IT... AS A SOUVENIR.
OF VLAD.
HRRM. THAT IS UNDERSTANDABLE.
YEAH, ABOUT AS UNDERSTANDABLE AS FOLLOWING AN OZZY-DREAM ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
DREAMS AND TOYS, THAT'S ASHLEY. AND THE GUITAR MEANS SIX SIXX.
THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON.
UNLOCK THE TRUNK, GERTRUDE. I'M DESTROYING THE GUITAR. RIGHT NOW, BEFORE IT GETS WORSE.
NO... NO WAY.
ALL KINDS OF WEIRD SHIT HAPPENS. YOU KNOW. YOU'VE SEEN IT.
I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE WORSHIPPING ROCK STARS. WHAT IF THEY REALLY DID CHOOSE ME?
THEY DIDN'T. MOVE.
YOU DON'T GET IT! I'M THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD. I'M NOT AS HOT AS I USED TO BE. THIS... THIS COULD BE MY LAST CHANCE.

I'M NOT GETTING US ALL KILLED BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU MIGHT GET TO BE SOME ASSHOLE'S ROCK OF LOVE. MOVE, GERT--
POK!
I SAID NO!
YOU BIG-HAIRED DUMPSTER SLUT!
CASSANDRA!

NO! DON'T!
OW!
SHE HIT GEORGIA. LET ME GO, VLAD!
THERE IS NO NEED TO FIGHT! WE WILL SORT THIS OUT!
IF CASSIE SAYS THE GUITAR'S GOTTA GO, IT'S GOTTA GO!
GET OFF ME, BITCH!
AAAGH!
GET OFF!
GEORGIA!
NO. YOU MUST NOT FIGHT GERTRUDE. WE NEED TO STOP THIS...
RIGHT, LIKE YOU'RE REAL IMPARTIAL, ASSHOLE. YOU FUCKED GERTRUDE...
BUT...
BUT, YOU...

=SIGH=
HUH?
NO.
MORE.
FIGHTING.

WE HAVE NO TIME TO ACT AS MONKEYS!
WE KNOW THERE IS SOMETHING GOING ON HERE. WE ARE BEING PLAYED WITH, AND IT IS NOT A MATTER FOR LAUGHY GAMES!
WE NEED TO THINK CLEAR! IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO HAS MADE THE SEX WITH WHO!
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO MAKE SURE WE ARE ALL VERY MUCH--
ALL OF YOU FREEZE!
FUCK-ASSED
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR AIDING AND ABETTING A KNOWN FUGITIVE.
PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!

THEY GOT 'ER.
HER AND THREE ACCOMPLICES... RIGHT ON THREE-TEN LIKE YOU SAID, MUFFY.
SWEET! DID THEY FIND MR. SIXX'S TOTALLY SWEET AX?
AN AX? YOU MEAN A GUITAR?
YEAH, GRANDPA... WE NEED THE GUITAR.
MUFFY... YOU'RE ACTING REALLY STRANGE. ARE YOU OKAY?
NO... MAYBE WE SHOULD PULL OVER. I HAVE TO... UM... PEE.
OKAY, I PULLED OVER. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
HEE HEE, I SAID "PEE".
I'M SO NAUGHTY!
MUFFY! OH GOD! WHAT DID YOU DO?!
SHUT UP, OLD GUY! I'M DRIVING NOW!
WHAM WHAM WHAM

SO... CASS... THIS IS PROBABLY KINDA LIKE DEJA VU, HUH?
YEAH, WE CAN THANK UTA FORD OVER THERE FOR THIS ONE.
ME?! YOU'RE THE ONE WITH HER FACE ON "AMERICA'S MOST WANTED"!
JESUS, GEORGIA, HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW? MAYBE SHE DID DO ALL THAT CRAZY SHIT! MAYBE SHE HAS THE PSYCHO ALL ALONG!
LADIES, PLEASE. MS. HACK, I NEED TO MOVE YOU DOWN TO THE MAXIMUM-SECURITY WING NOW...
NO!
IT'S COOL. THE FASTER THEY BOOK ME, THE FASTER THEY'LL LET THE REST OF YOU OUT.
WHAT?
NOTHIN'... JUST... HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU...
YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME.
GOOD. DO ME A FAVOR. DESTROY THE GUITAR YOU GUYS TOOK AS EVIDENCE.
I DON'T TAKE REQUESTS FROM YOU.
NOW, WHEN YOU COME OUT, PLEASE FA--
FRA-KROOOOOM!

THAT WAS AWWWEEESOME!
THAT WAS JUST LIKE IN TERMINATOR!
OKAY, FRANK... COME ON OUT!
OKAY, POLICEMEN! I WANT THE GUITAR YOU GOT FROM CASSIE HACK'S FRIEND. THE GIRL WITH THE GIANT HAIR.
OR I'LL SHOOT FRANK IN THE FACE, LIKE, A BUNCH OF TIMES!
I... I HAVE IT.

OH MAN, MR. SIXX, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW COOL THE GUITAR WAS.
OKAY, RIGHT, YEAH... I KNOW, I KNOW.
QUIT YELLING, MR. SIXX!
HERE GOES NOTHIN'!
BWEEOOOO CHUNG BWEOO!!
HEY. IT DIDN'T WORK.
OKAY, GEEZ, SORRY. IT'S HARDER TO PLAY IT RIGHT WITH OLD LADY FINGERS THAN I THOUGHT IT'D BE.
BWEEOOOO BWOW CHUUUUNG!!
AWESOME!
HELLLOOOOOOO MONTANA!
SHRRAAAK!!

COME ON, STUPID CAMERAS...
I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GONNA SEE.
Y'KNOW THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD PSYCHIC LADY?
THE ONE THAT USED HER MENTAL POWERS TO TELL YOU WHO KILLED ALL THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE?
SHE'S HERE TO SHOW JUST HOW BAD YOU GOT PLAYED.
I AM BACK!
SHRRRAAK!!

OH MAN! CAN I TRY THAT?
I DID JUST LET YOU OUT OF HELL.
MAYBE LATER, ASH. RIGHT NOW, I JUST WANT TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS.
SIX SIXX.
BACK IN BLACK, HACK.
LOOK AT THAT. ALL FOUR OF THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING MY BAND AND SENDING ME TO THE WORST GODDAMN PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. ALL LOCKED UP WITH NO PLACE TO GO.
MMMM... BEEN A WHILE. WHATDYA SAY, CAS? A LITTLE HATE-FUCK BEFORE I TORTURE YOU, THE SLUTS AND THAT BIG RETARD?
PLEASE. THE ONLY THING YOUR LITTLE ORANGE DICK IS GOOD FOR IS BEING MISTAKEN FOR A CHEE-TOH.
YOU BIT-
BLAM!
BLAM BLAM BLAM!
AHHHHHH!

SHEERRAAK!
NOT THE TOTALLY SWEET AX!
BLAM!
GAH!
WOAH! THAT'S NOTHING LIKE SHOOTING A VIDEO GAME GUN. I'M LEARNING A LOT TODAY!
FUCK! IT'S TOTALLY FUBAR! NOW I CAN'T OPEN, LIKE, TELEPORT GATES OR ANYTHING, MAN!
I FINALLY GET OUT OF HELL, BUT NOW I'M STUCK IN MONTANA!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO TURN AROUND, SIX...

OH, FUCK ME!
...I DON'T THINK YOU GOT OUT OF HELL ALONE.
HHHSSSSSS
TO BE CONTINUED...

"ONE OF THE BEST COMIC BOOKS OF 2008"

•COMICBOOKRESOURCES.COM •FANGORIA.COM •COMIC BOOK CLUB

ODP

$3.50

#22

HACK/SLASH

03402>

"ONE OF THE BEST COMIC BOOKS OF 2008"

•COMICBOOKROUNDUP.COM •FANBORIA.COM •COMICSPLATED.COM •COMIC BOOK CLUB

DDP

$3.50

#22

HACK/SLASH

TIM SEELEY

EMILY STONE

03401

8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER*!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

MIND KILLER part II

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by EMILY STONE

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by
TIM SEELEY & WES DZIOBA

Cover B by
MARTIN ABLE

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #22, for MARCH, 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: 2217 W. Hoover St., Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Classic, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Rates, please contact sales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

CASSIE!
CASSIE HACK!
CASSIE THE PSYCHO!
LUNCH LADY! LUNCH LADY! LUNCH LADY!
GOD, YOU ARE SO GROSS.
SHE'S STILL A FUCKING FREAK. JUST LIKE IN SCHOOL.
YEAH, EVEN THOUGH SHE DRESSES LIKE A SLUT NOW.
THAT'S WHY SHE DRESSES LIKE SUCH A SLUT.
SHE THINKS IF SHE THROWS OUT SOME SEX, NO ONE WILL NOTICE HOW PATHETIC SHE REALLY IS.
CASSIE'S GOT NO DADDY!
CASSIE'S GOT NO DADDY!
CAMP

HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT HER?
BECAUSE SHE THINKS I'M HER FRIEND.
SHE THINKS I COULD ACTUALLY LOVE HER.
DESPERATE FREAK!
NO ONE LOVES YOU! NO ONE COULD!
NO.
NO.
NO!

RHAAAAAA!
YOU BITCH! YOU FUCKING BITCH!
SHUNHE
SHUNHE
SHUNHE
SHUNHE
SPLUK!!!
SPLAP!
OH.
SHUNHE
SHUNHE
SHUNHE
OH.
AHHHHHGG!

LAUREL, MONTANA.
COUNTY POLICE STATION.
HOLDING CELLS.
CAMP
<THE FEAR IN THIS ONE IS *IMMENSE*. SHE ***ALONE*** COULD SUSTAIN US FOR A LIFETIME.>
<DRINK DEEPLY AND GROW FAT. THERE IS MUCH MORE SUSTENANCE HERE. AND SO MANY FLAVORS. I WAS GROWING TIRED OF THE SAME MEAL EVERY DAY.>*

M-FLICKUUUUHHH...
SHIT, MAN. THEY CAME WITH. I THOUGHT I FINALLY GOT AWAY FROM 'EM... BUT THE BASTARDS FOLLOWED ME THROUGH THE DOOR.
HEAD HURTS SO BAD! MUST HAVE TAKEN US ALL OUT WITH THEIR WEIRD FUCKING MIND-MELTING HOODOO.
I'M THE ONLY ONE UP. PROBABLY A LITTLE BIT IMMUNE TO THEIR WHAMMY, SINCE I HAD MY BRAIN CHEWED ON BY THESE UGLY BITCHES FOR THE LAST FEW MONTHS.
FUCK THE REST OF THESE ASS-HOLES. MY ASS NEEDS OUT OF--
GK!
<IT APPEARS THE OLD MEAL AWAKENS...>
<BAH. KILL IT. WITH SO MANY MEALS TO COME, IT SEEMS UNNECESSARY TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME ON IT.>
<SMASH IT'S HEAD. WE WILL ENJOY A COURSE OF RAW FEAR AS IT TRICKLES FROM HIS DYING BRAIN MATTER. THEN, THE BREEDING BEGINS.>
<EXCELLENT.>
JEFFREY BREVARD SIX SIXX.
RAW BRAIN YOURS SUCCULENT FORNICATE ON

STUPID FUCKIN' THINGS, PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW THEY MAKE SPINNING CHAIRS...
AGHK!
KRAK!
AW, SHIT! SUH! BROKE MY FUCKING ARM!
UHN... BUT, THAT MIGHT HELP ME GET OUT OF THIS HOG TIE...
DOWNSIDE: IT'S REALLY, REALLY GOING TO--
AGGGGGGGGHHH!
YOU ASSHOLE! THAT'S MY FUCKING PLAYING ARM!
IT'S NOT ENOUGH YOU FUCKIN' LEECHES GOTTA BE IN MY HEAD MAKING ME LIVE THE SCARIEST SHIT MY BRAIN CAN COME UP WITH?!
FUCK YOU!
ASSHOLE! YOU FUCKIN'--
OH. .

(GET HIM! DO NOT LET HIM ESCAPE! OR HAVE YOU ALL EATEN SO MUCH THAT YOU'RE FAT AND USELESS?!)
ALWAYS OURS BE YOU JEFFREY BREVARD SIX SIXX.
DRINK YOU FEAR AGONY CASSIE HACK!
SPLUT!
SPAK!
AH!
G-K

AHHHHHHG!
STILL A LITTLE BIT OF KICK IN IT...
FIZZT!
HARRUM!
FIZZKKKK!!!
<NOOOOOOOO!!!>

Snff.
We feed.
Be silent.
NO ONE, NO DADDY, LUNCH LADY, LUNCH LADY...

GLRH.
ARKOVASCAR THE EATER!
SPUK!

GHUNH! WE HAVE CREATED DEAD! ALONE AGAIN!
IT APPEARS ARKOVASCAR'S LEGENDARY ABILITIES TO INSPIRE SHEER TERROR AND DRINK OF IT ARE NOT ONLY STORIES.
SILENCE! WE WILL HAVE NO FEAR IN NEF SAVE THAT CREATED BY US/ME!
EEEEEEEEEE!
MUNH. NEF. I'M IN NEF.
NO! NO... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT! CASSIE HACK AND HER FRIENDS USED THE GUITAR TO SEND ME TO SOME OTHER WORLD, MAN.
AND, LIKE, THESE THINGS, I CALLED 'EM DREAD DRINKERS, CUZ, LIKE, I THOUGHT I'D MAKE A GREAT SONG SOMEDAY, AND THEY MADE ME LIVE ALL THIS SCARY STUFF, AND THEY LIVED OFF IT.
AND WHEN I GOT OUT OF THERE WITH THE HELP OF THIS KID ASHLEY, THEY FOLLOWED ME TO EARTH.
FOOLISH FAILED AVATAR. THE HATED CASSANDRA HACK AND HER ALLIES BANISHED YOU TO THE EXILE WORLD OF THE EATER, A BEING THAT FEEDS UPON THE FEARS OF LIFE.
FOR MILLENNIA, IT WILL, WEAK, POWERLESS.
BUT YOU FOUND IT. AND IT HAS USED YOU TO ENTER YOUR WORLD! I/WE FIND YOU DISPLEASINGLY DIM, AVATAR!
OH... SHIT. IT WANTED ME TO FIND ASHLEY. HE CAN GO INTO PEOPLE'S DREAMS.
...THEIR NIGHTMARES.

AND THOUGHT/WE ARE FILLED WITH SURGES OF PLEASURE AT THE THOUGHT OF THE HATED CASSANDRA HACK BEING USED AS AN APPETIZER FOR THE EATER. WE LAMENT AT THE LOSS OF THE ONLY WORLD THAT GIVES US MATES FOR OUR GIFT OF SEED.
NO! WAIT!
GIMME SOME OF YOUR JUICE AGAIN, MAN. Y'KNOW, MAKE ME A ROCKSTAR OR AVATAR OR WHATEVER
GIMME A NEW AXE, AND SEND ME BACK. I'LL TAKE OUT THIS EATER MOTHERFUCKER
WE/I WILL BE WEAK SHOULD WE ASSIST YOU. IN TURN, YOU WILL HAVE TO ASSIST US/ME.
AND, YOU WILL BRING US THE HATED CASSANDRA HACK, WHOSE ARMY OF FOLLOWERS HAVE REPELLED OUR/MY REPEATED ATTEMPTS AT SATISFACTION AND REVENGE.
AND THEN I/WE SHALL FEAST UPON HER INNARDS. EITHER WAY, I/WE WILL BE PLEASED.
DO IT TO IT.

LAUREL, MONTANA.
<THIS BODY WILL BE A BETTER HOST. IT IS STRONG, AND SUPPLIES SO LITTLE FEAR FOR DRINKING, ANYWAY.>
<WE HAVE SO FEW BODIES NOW. AND EVEN WITH SUCH POTENT DRINK, WE WILL NEED THE DREAMWALKER TO LET US TOUCH EVERY MIND UPON THIS WORLD. THEN OUR NUMBERS WILL BE LEGION.>
<ENOUGH TO BEGIN OUR RAPE OF THIS REALITY AND CONSUME ALL THAT THE ONE HAS CREATED.>
AAAGH!
FFARK!

Ally Name:
Jeffrey "Six Sixx" Brevard

Primary Specialties:
Lead Guitar. Singing. Hogging the spotlight.

Current Mood:
Dr. Feelgood

YOU'RE SIPPING UP ALL THE JUICES, OF THINGS THAT MADE ME COLD.
FROM THE MONSTER IN MY CLOSET TO GROWING ALONE AND OLD.
UGNH!
AAAGHHH!
HUNH.
KHOOM!
BUT, I'M GETTIN' OVER WHAT SCARES ME. THE ONLY SCREAMIN' WILL BE ROCK.
SO LISTEN HERE, DREAD DRINKERS...
ZZRAK!
YOU CAN DRINK MY COCK!
ZZRAK!

PATHETIC THING. FULL OF FEARS. ONLY GOOD AS FUEL.
THUK!
LIKE ALL LIFE. ALWAYS FEAR. FEAR DEATH. FEAR LIFE WORSE.
THUK!
YOU! EVEN FEAR THE ONE. THE MAKER OF ALL. FEAR HE WILL REJECT YOUR SOUL...
SUNHS
NOT ME, MAN...
SHLOUK!
SOLD MY SOUL TO THE DEVIL.
GUH. ONLY ONE. ONE NEED SURVIVE ONLY
TUMP!

SHREEEE!
SQUISH
ZERO SURVIVE.
OH MAN... WHAT THE HELL...?
HURRM... CABBANPRAP
OH GOD... MY HEAD...
SIX, YOU SELFISH ASSHOLE. STILL MAKING A MESS JUST SO YOU CAN BE THE NEXT GODDAMN AMERICAN IDOL.
THIS IS JUST AS GOOD AS HAVING HER IN THE JAIL CELL. ALL TIED UP AND DELIVERED FOR US!
LET'S KILL HER. LIKE. REALLY KILL HER BAD. AND ALL HER FRIENDS SO SHE HAS TO WATCH.
HEEHEHEHEEEEE!

ASHE. LEAVE HER ALONE. SHE'S NOT FOR YOU. I TRADED HER TO THE NEFLORDS. SHE'S THEIRS.
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, STUPID HEAD?
JUST MOVE AWAY, ASHE.
HA. WHEN IT'S LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY. I ALWAYS TAKE THE CANDY.
GHK!
GODAMMIT, ASHLEY!
SHRAK!
I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU. YOU CAN JUST KILL ME. I'M NOT AFRAID OF DEATH.
I KNOW.
YOU CAN'T LEAVE WITH THAT WOMAN!
I GOTTA BE AT LEAST ONE FOR TWO, BABY. BESIDES, THE OLD LADY IS DEAD. HER BODY IS ASHE'S NOW. I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR BY TAKING HIM.
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
YOU'VE GOT YOUR PERSONAL HELL... I'VE GOT MINE.

...AUTHORITIES ARE CALLING THE EXPLOSION A FREAK ACCIDENT. NAMES HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED, BUT SOURCES SAY THE OFFICERS WILL BE TREATED AS HEROES WHO DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY...
POLICE
NEWS
OH GOD. THAT'S... THAT'S ALL MY FAULT.
NO. YOU DID NOT KNOW.
FRANK WANTED YOU TO KNOW YOU CAN STAY FOR THE NIGHT AND GET RESTED UP BEFORE YOU HEAD OUT. HE'S GONNA BE BUSY, VISTIN' THE SHERIFF IN THE HOSPITAL AND WITH... WELL... FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
THANKS. WE'LL KEEP IT TIDY.
HAZELWOOD... WHERE DO WE STAND?
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
ALL OF THIS. YOU CAN COVER UP WHAT HAPPENED, BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? DO I HAVE TO DYE MY HAIR BLOND, MOVE TO THE COUNTRY AND AVOID DONUT SHOPS?
IT'LL TAKE SOME DOING... I'VE GOT A LOT OF SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE THAT WILL JUST HAVE TO DISAPPEAR. BUT AS FAR AS YOU AND THE LAW ARE CONCERNED... THE SHERIFF AND I ARE GOING TO DO OUR DAMNEDEST TO GET YOU TABULA RASA.
THANKS.
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO ME A FAVOR. DON'T GET BACK ON THE LISTS. YOU... YOU DO YOUR THING... BUT STAY LOW.
I'LL DO MY DAMNEDEST.

LATER.
...BEFORE, I WAS JUST USELESS... BUT NOW, 'CUZ OF ME, A BUNCH OF PEOPLE DIED, VLAD. I-I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE. I'M WORTHLESS.
SHHHH. YOU ARE A GOOD PERSON IN YOUR HEART. YOU HAVE WORTH. PEOPLE CARE FOR YOU.
I CARE FOR YOU.
MARGARET? ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?
I AM.
MMM?

YOU AREN'T KISSING ME BACK.
I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE, WELL, I FEEL SO ALIVE RIGHT NOW. AND SINCE THAT WAS YOUR LAST CASE, I THOUGHT WE'D CELEBRATE. Y'KNOW.
I THOUGHT WE'D MAKE LOVE.
THAT WASN'T MY LAST CASE.
BUT... YOU'RE FREE AND CLEAR WITH THE COPS, , ASHLEY IS GONE--
MARGARET, LOOK.. ALL THIS TAUGHT ME IS THAT I CAN'T QUIT. WHEN I LET MY GUARD DOWN, PEOPLE START DROPPING LEFT AND RIGHT.
THEN I GO WITH YOU. YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME NOW.
YOU DON'T LOVE ME.
IS THAT IT? I'VE FOLLOWED YOU ACROSS THIS COUNTRY. I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I COULD DO TO BE NEAR YOU. WHETHER I KNEW THE REASON I WAS DOING IT OR NOT.
AND I'M SITTING A FRONT SEAT TO YOU, BREAKING EVERY RULE I HAVE JUST SO I CAN BE AS CLOSE TO YOU AS POSSIBLE. WHAT ARE YOU NOT SEEING HERE? WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF?
THE PROBLEM IS I DON'T LOVE YOU. I DON'T THINK I'M REALLY INTO GIRLS. THIS WAS...
...IT WAS A MISTAKE.
I'LL BE ON THE COUCH DOWNSTAIRS. WE LEAVE IN THE MORNING.

ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA.
THREE MONTHS FROM NOW.
I'M UNUSUAL. NOT SO TYPICAL. WAY TOO SMART TO BE WAITING AROUND.
TEEN TALENT SHOW TODAY!
lizabeth City Elementary
TAI CHI PRACTICING. SNOWBOARD CHAMPION. I COULD FIX THE FLAT ON YOUR CAR. I MIGHT EVEN BE A ROCK STAR.
THANK YOU, RACHEL!
OH MY GOD, RACHEL, YOU WERE A-MAY-ZIIIING!
YEAH! YOU, LIKE, LOCKED DOWN FIRST PLACE!
MS. RITER? RACHEL RITER?
I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME INCREDIBLE POTENTIAL. IT JUST NEEDS THE PROPER INCENTIVE TO BE UNLEASHED.
LIKE, WHO ARE YOU? A RECORD EXECUTIVE?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
JEFFREY BREVARD. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
THE END?

"ONE OF THE BEST COMIC BOOKS OF 2008"

•COMICBOOKRESOURCES.COM •FANGORIA.COM •COMICRELATED.COM •COMIC BOOK CLUB

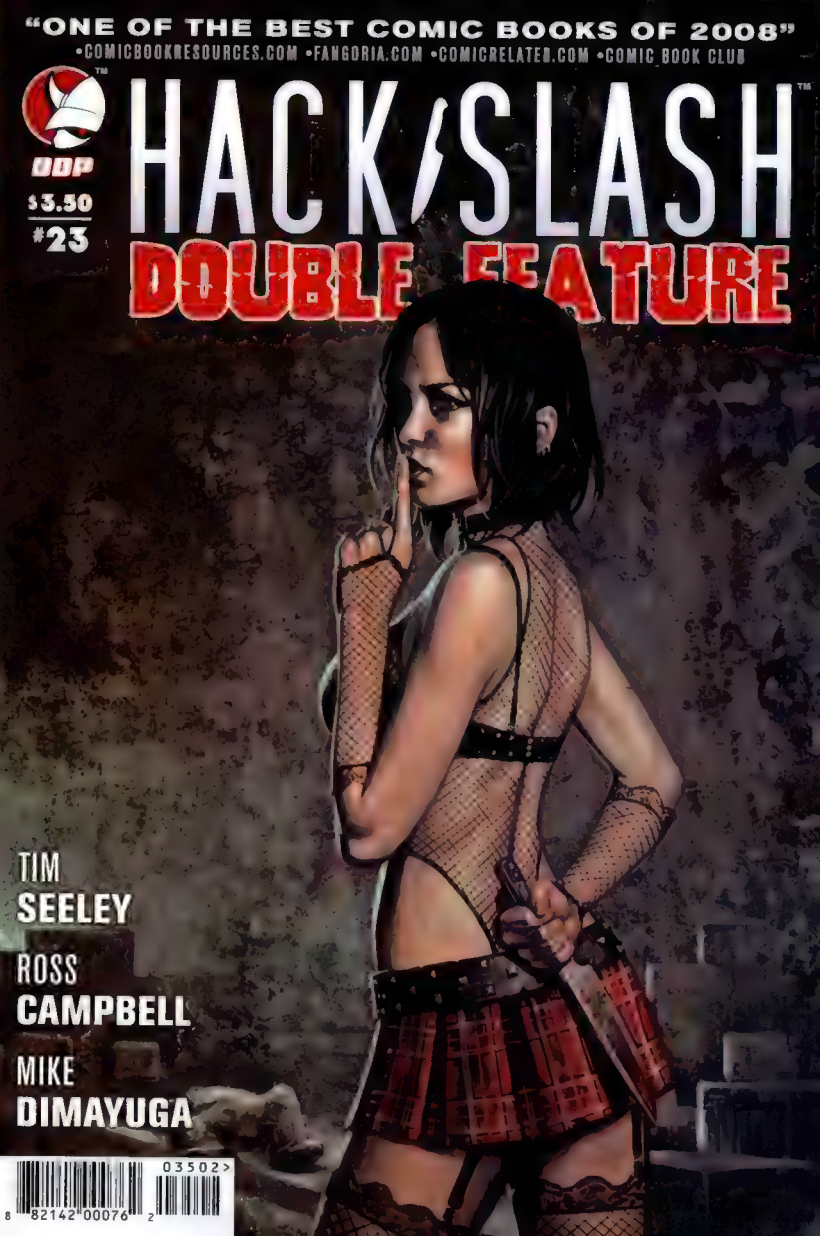
DDP

$3.50

#23

HACK/SLASH

DOUBLE FEATURE



TIM SEELEY

ROSS CAMPBELL

MIKE DIMAYUGA

03502>

8 82142 00076 2

DDP
$3.50
#23
HACK/SLASH
DOUBLE FEATURE
SPECIAL DELIVERY: DEATH!
the MAD, MAD MAILMAN
BLOOD BLOWER
03501>
8 82142 00076 2

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER*!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

DOUBLE FEATURE

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by ROSS CAMPBELL (Mad, Mad Mailman) and

MIKE DIMAYUGA (Blood Blower)

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by TIM SEELEY

Cover B by CHRIS DIEN

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

DDP

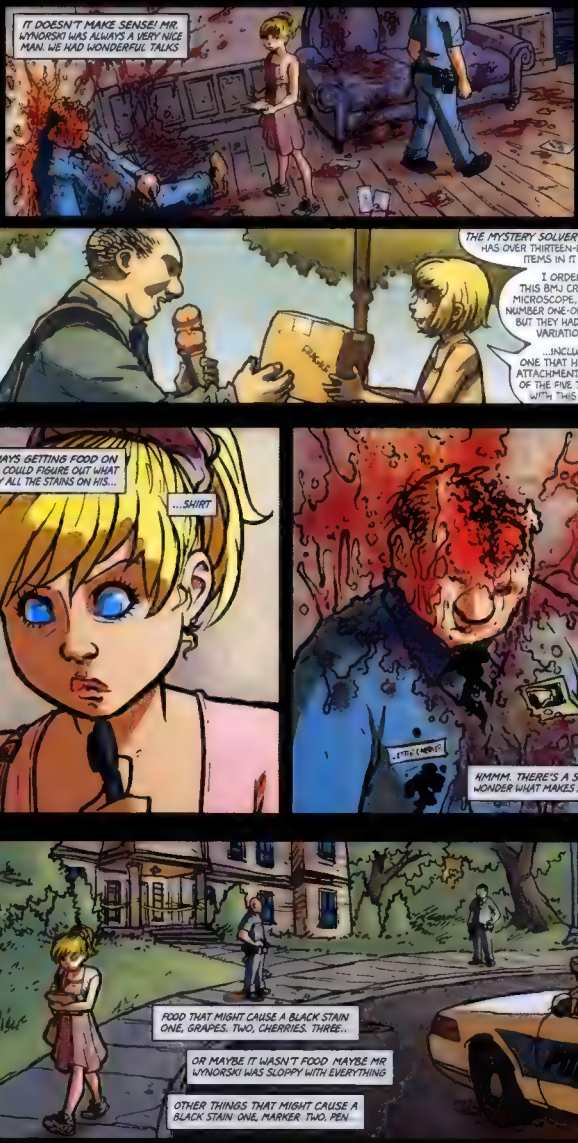
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH The Series, ISSUE #23 for APRIL, 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2217 W. Roscoe St., Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means digital or proof without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

CAT CURIO in case 1012:

THE CASE OF THE MAD, MAD MAILMAN!

HOT MILK. HOT MILK WILL USUALLY DO IT-
CAT! ...LOOK... UH. IT'S GREAT THAT YOU'RE HERE TO HELP BUT I HAVE TO DO... SOMETHING
OVER THERE
OF COURSE! WELL, I'M NOT JUST A BABYSITTER, SO I SHOULD DO MY OTHER JOB. AS CAT CLARKS, INTREPID DETECTIVE!
RIGHT. OKAY, WELL, DO YOUR THING. I'LL GET BACK TO WORK
HELLO, FELLOW DETECTIVE
MS. CURIO YOUR DAD SAY YOU COULD BE HERE?
SORT OF HE JUST TOLD ME TO GO KEEP BUSY
AND OUT OF HIS HAIR FOR AWHILE?
NO. MY FATHER IS VERY NEARLY BALD, DETECTIVE. SO, WHAT HAVE WE GOT?
THIS MAILMAN, ONE MR. ROBERT WYNORSKI, CAME TO DELIVER THE MAIL AT ELEVEN A.M. TO THIS SORORITY HOUSE.
HE STRANGLED THE GIRL WHO WENT TO THE DOOR, WALKED TO THE FIREPLACE, RETRIEVED A POKER, BLUDGEONED TWO MORE GIRLS, AND THEN BLUDGEONED HIMSELF TO DEATH.
MR. WYNORSKI?! BUT HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN! HE WOULDN'T HURT ANYONE!
THIS IS A MYSTERY!
A MAILMAN WENT NUTS AND KILLED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE.
THIS IS THE NINETIES. IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, HONEY
MYSTERY SOLVED


IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! MR. WYNORSKI WAS ALWAYS A VERY NICE MAN. WE HAD WONDERFUL TALKS
THE MYSTERY SOLVER'S CATALOG HAS OVER THIRTEEN-HUNDRED ITEMS IN IT
I ORDERED THIS BMJ CRIME LAB MICROSCOPE, PRODUCT NUMBER ONE-ON-ONE-FIVE BUT THEY HAD SEVERAL VARIATIONS.
...INCLUDING ONE THAT HAD SEVEN ATTACHMENTS INSTEAD OF THE FIVE THAT CAME WITH THIS ONE.
HE WAS ALWAYS GETTING FOOD ON HIMSELF. YOU COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT HE'D EATEN BY ALL THE STAINS ON HIS...
...SHIRT
HMMM. THERE'S A STRANGE ONE. WONDER WHAT MAKES A BLACK STAIN?
FOOD THAT MIGHT CAUSE A BLACK STAIN ONE, GRAPES. TWO, CHERRIES. THREE..
OR MAYBE IT WASN'T FOOD. MAYBE MR WYNORSKI WAS SLOPPY WITH EVERYTHING
OTHER THINGS THAT MIGHT CAUSE A BLACK STAIN ONE, MARKER. TWO, PEN.
POLICE

OR THAT..
OH NO! THE POLICE MUST HAVE MISSED THIS. PROBABLY SO FOCUSED ON ALL THE BLOOD AND YUCKIES THAT THEY DIDN'T THINK TO DIG IN THE BUSHES
IT'S A PACKAGE. LOOKS LIKE IT FELL OUT OF THE MAIL BAG. THE ADDRESS SAYS ALICE CILENTO, ONE-SEVEN-ONE EAST COLLEGE AVENUE, FROSTBURG, MARYLAND
I SHOULD PROBABLY PICK THIS UP AND TURN IT RIGHT OVER TO THE POLICE. MAYBE THE DETECTIVE CAN USE IT TO SOLVE THE CRIME.
EVIDENCE!
A MAILMAN WENT NUTS AND KILLED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE. MYSTERY SOLVED. I'M MEAN AND NASTY, AND I'M GOING TO TREAT YOU LIKE YOU'RE DUMB.

CAAAATHERINE! DINNER!
JUST A SECOND, MOTHER!
HMMM... LOOKS SORT OF LIKE OIL DOES THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. BUT WHY WOULD SOMEONE SEND A VIAL OF MOTOR OIL THROUGH THE MAIL?
I MADE YOUR FAVORITE...
OH BOY! STEAMED CABBAGE AND BEETS!
SO, HONEY, DID YOU SOLVE ANY CRIMES TODAY?
DID YOU GET THE LUNCH BOX LUPIN? OR THE VANDAL PHANTOM OF THE DRIVE-THRU?
NO. BUT I DID INVESTIGATE A CASE INVOLVING A MASS MURDER OF SORORITY GIRLS BY A MAILMAN
ONE OF THE GIRLS HAD A POKER STUCK RIGHT IN HER...
OH.
CAT? SOMETHING WRONG?

THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE! WATCHING US!
CATHERINE! YOU SIT DOWN! YOU STARTLED BILLY-JACK!
COME ON, KITTEN... YOU'RE JUST, WELL, FREAKED OUT BY THE CRIME SCENE...
NO. THERE WAS SOMEONE THERE!
I KNOW I SAW IT..
Waaaaah!
CAT, YOU'RE SUCH A TARD.
RONNIE! DON'T CALL YOUR SISTER A RETARD!
I'M GONNA GET THE DOOR, HONEY. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
Waaaaah!
EVENIN' OFFICER MARKS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU THIS EVENING?
HEY, MIKE. JUST STOPPING BY THE DETECTIVE WANTED TO HAVE A WORD WITH CAT.
OH SURE
KITTEN!
SOME POLICE ARE HERE TO SEE YOU!
OH HELLO! WHAT'S UP, MR. MARKS? DETECTIVE?
WE WERE JUST WONDERING IF YOU HAPPENED TO ACCIDENTALLY PICK ANYTHING UP AT THE CRIME SCENE TODAY
SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE USED TO SOLVE THIS MASS MURDER?
HMM I DID FIND SOMETHING. THERE WAS THIS PRETTY ROCK ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE HOUSE.
IT WAS REALLY INTERESTING. I THINK MAYBE IT WAS AN IGNEOUS ROCK, BUT IT HAD BEEN BLACK-TOPPED OVER, SO IT WAS BOTH SHINY AND THEN KINDA ROUGH, BUT ALL BLACK

'GNEOUS ROCK IS FAIRLY COMMON IN MARYLAND. SOME OTHER KINDS OF ROCKS IN MARYLAND ARE GNEISS, QUARTZITE, SCHIST, SANDSTONE, SHALE, SILTSTONE, RED SANDSTONE, WHICH IS DIFFERENT I GUESS THAN REGULAR SANDSTONE--
YEAH, YEAH, WE GET IT, CAT.
WELL, WE'RE SORRY TO BOTHER YOU FOLKS. FINISH UP YOUR DINNER. LET'S GO, DETECTIVE
SHE'S HIDING SOMETHING
OH, COME ON. CAT IS HARMLESS
SHE'S Y'KNOW, MENTALLY HANDICAPPED.
SHE'S LIKE, AUTISTIC, I THINK
IF YOU SAY SO...
SOMEONE AT THE WINDOW. COPS COMING AROUND.
THAT'S NOT JUST MOTOR OIL IN THAT VIAL
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT
LATER.
G'NIGHT, KITTEN. YOU... UH... YOU'RE ALRIGHT? THAT MURDER SCENE DIDN'T SCARE YOU TOO MUCH?
NOPE
I KNOW YOU LOVE MYSTERIES, BUT, PLEASE, STICK WITH.. SMALL MYSTERIES, OKAY, KITTEN?
YES, DADDY
TIME TO TRY OUT THE BMJ CRIME LAB TACTICAL RAPPELING HARNESS, PRODUCT NUMBER ONE-ONE-EIGHT- ONE

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE DETECTIVE LADY THAT I DON'T LIKE. SHE WASN'T INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED UNTIL I TOOK THE VIAL AWAY
SHE KNEW ABOUT THE BLACK STUFF AND SHE KNOWS WHY NICE OLD MR WNORSK KILLED THOSE GIRLS
IF SHE FINDS THIS, SHE'S GONNA COVER IT UP. BUT IF ONLY I KNOW ABOUT IT, I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON
I THINK THIS CASE IS BIGGER THAN THE LUNCHBOX LUPIN. MAYBE EVEN BIGGER THAN THE CASE OF THE DING DONG DITCH DEMON
WHAT? IT ISN'T BURNING. NOT EVEN THE SOAKED BOX...
NO. IT'S HOT. VERY HOT.

THE FLAME IS BLACK
I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO THIS WAS GOING TO.
OH GOSH. THIS HOUSE IS REALLY SCARY.
I WANT TO GO HOME. GET IN MY BED. HIDE UNDER THE COVERS. BUT MR. WYNORSKI WAS ALWAYS GOOD TO ME.
THE MYSTERY SOLVER'S CATALOG WAS OVER THIRTEEN-HUNDRED ITEMS IN IT
I ORDERED THIS BMJ SPY LAB SPY TELESCOPE. PRODUCT NUMBER SEVEN-FIVE-FOUR
THERE'S A BLUE ONE, A RED ONE, A WHITE ONE.. I ORDERED THE GUNMETAL GREY ONE
AND I KNOW HE DIDN'T KILL THOSE GIRLS CUZ HE WENT CRAZY
SHE'S HERE. I KNEW IT. MENTALLY HANDICAPPED, MY ASS
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LED YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I COMMAND YOU TO STOP HER. AT ALL COSTS

THERE'S A WOMAN ON THE PHONE PROBABLY ALICE. CAN'T HEAR HER
GOOD THING I ORDERED THE BMJ SPY LAB PARABOLIC AMPLIFIER
..OOK, I KNOW IT'S STILL A PRETTY LOOSE ORGANIZATION, BUT THAT'S AN IDIOTIC RISK!
OH... RIGHT. SURE. NOW WE KNOW IT WORKS. GOOD FOR US. WE CAN MAKE A MAILMAN GO POSTAL. ALL HAIL THE GREAT BLACK LAMP SOCIETY
THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY?
OH!
SMAK!
AHHH!
HOOFT!
WHUMP!

OH! OH, THANK YOU ARE YOU A SUPERHERO? LIKE BATMAN OR SHE-RA?
THERE'S SOME BAD PEOPLE HERE. THEY DID SOMETHING WITH THIS BLACK FIRE...
THEY TURNED A GOOD MAN INTO A KILLER.
SHHHH
SHUNK!
HUNH. CASE ONE-OH-ONE-TWO CASE OF THE MAD...
MAD MALLMAN.

COBLES, MICHIGAN.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
ROAD RANGER
24/7
Lite
MERRY XMAS
OPEN
ICE
HOMETOWN
I REALLY CAN'T STAY... BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIDE.
Owwww. Oowwoww... baby... cold... owwoooo!
I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY... BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIDE.
BLOOD BLOWER. SERIOUSLY?
PLEASE. LIKE IT'S ANY WEIRDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE YOU'VE SEEN, CASSIE.
OOH... I LOVE THE KNIFE WITH THE BEARS FISHING IN A SUNSET PAINTED ON IT.
THINK THAT'LL KILL AN EVIL SNOW BLOWER?
HEY, YOU THINK I WANT TO SPEND MY CHRISTMAS DAY DOING THIS?
I COULD BE WITH MY FAMILY RATHER THAN SCROUNGING FOR WEAPONS AT THE ONLY PLACE OPEN WITHIN FORTY MILES.
RELAX, LISA. IF SOMETHING IS SNOW BLOWING INNOCENT PUPPIES, THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO A SLASHER FOR ME.
AND I KNOW ANIMALS ARE IMPORTANT TO YOU.

YEAH, I DID NOTICE THAT YOU DIDN'T COMPLAIN VERY MUCH ABOUT LEAVING THE HOUSE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SOMETHING IS UP WITH YOU AND GEORGIA. EVERY TIME SHE COMES IN THE ROOM, YOU LEAVE.
DID YOU GUYS GET IN A FIGHT? ARE YOU FIGHTING OVER A BOY OR SOMETHING? I WAS YOUNG ONCE, YOU KNOW. I KNOW HOW GIRLS CAN BE.
YEAH, WELL... HOW ABOUT BUYING ME A CHRIS"MAS PRESEN" GRANNY?
ONLY $4.99!
PET SHOP TOYS
HMM... I WONDER IF I SHOULD GET POOCH SOMETHING?
HE'S BEEN KIND OF WEIRD LATELY. I THINK HE MIGHT BE IN HEAT, OR RUTTING, OR...
IT'S HARD TO TELL WITH ALIEN DOGS, Y'KNOW?
THAT REMINDS ME. WE'RE GOING TO NEED ONE OF THESE.
YOU THINK POOCH WILL HAVE SEX WITH THAT?
UH, NO... WE'RE GETTING THIS BECAUSE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WAY TOO LONG, IT'S NOT GONNA BE YOU OR ME THAT GETS TO BE BAIT.

No! No! Pooch hates it ever so much!
STOP SQUIRMING
I MAPPED OUT ALL THE INCIDENTS AND ADDRESSES OF PEOPLE REPORTING LOST PETS. EVERY DISAPPEARANCE CORRESPONDS TO A NIGHTTIME SNOWFALL...
TATER CHIPS
THAT MAKES SENSE. WHOEVER IS... POOCH. STOP. SQUIRMING! WHOEVER IS DOING THIS IS USING THAT TIME SINCE THE BLOOD BLOWER WOULD BLEND IN WITH THE SOUNDS OF ALL THE OTHER SNOW BLOWERS.
NOT TO MENTION THAT A NEW FALLEN SNOW HELPS COVER UP THE... AHEM. REMAINS FOR A FEW DAYS.
THEN WE TIMED THIS PERFECTLY. NEW SNOW.
...AND THE WORLD'S UGLIEST POODLE.
If you were not already the Most Hated Cassie Hack, poof, poof Pooch would now certainly hate you even more.

CLARENCE, INDIANA.
OH MY GOD. I'M GOING TO DIE.
I'M SOOO STUFFED!
BEST CHRISTMAS DINNER EVER, GERTRUDE.
I KNOW ALL KINDS OF THINGS TO DO WITH MEATLOAF.
BOTH.
WAIT, THE FOOD OR THE ROCK STAR?
HURR HURR.
WHICH HOLIDAY FILM WILL WE WATCH TONIGHT?
HOW ABOUT PORKY'S?
HEY KIDDO. DON'T YA WANNA COME IN AND PLAY SOME OF THAT ROCK BAND VIDEO GAME CRAP THE BOYS LIKE SO MUCH?
SOMETHING BUGGING YA, HON?

OH... NO. I MEAN, I'M NOT MAD ABOUT THE FIGHT WE ALL GOT IN OR ANYTHING.
GOOD. I'M ALMOST APOLOGIZED OUT, I THINK. AND, HEY, CAN I TELL YOU SOMETHING?
YEAH... SURE.
I'VE SEEN A LOT OF HEARTBREAK IN MY DAY. SEEN LOTS OF LOVE THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN, AND LOTS THAT SHOULD HAVE.
NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS, CASSIE LOVES YOU. THE FACT THAT SHE CAN'T DEAL WITH IT DOESN'T MAKE IT UNTRUE. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, HON?
I... SNIFF! OKAY... THANKS, GERT.
NOW LET'S GO GET LOADED AND SHOW THE FELLAS HOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ROCK.

I'M SO COLD I WANT TO CUT POOCH IN HALF LIKE A TAUNTAUN AND CRAWL INSIDE.
SHHHHH!
WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR A LONG TIME. I THINK WE HAVE THE WRONG PLAN.
WE MARKED ALL THE PREVIOUS SPOTS AND SIGHTINGS. THIS IS BLOOD BLOWER CENTRAL.
I DON'T THINK THIS IS A RANDOM THING, OR AN OPPORTUNISTIC THING. THE BLOWER DOESN'T KILL BECAUSE IT LIKES TO KILL.
THE BLOWER KILLS BECAUSE IT IS ANNOYED.
THE SNOW BLOWER DOESN'T LIKE BARKING?
THINK ABOUT IT. ALL THE PUREED PUPPIES HAVE BEEN SMALL DOGS. YIPPY DOGS. ANNOYING DOGS.
YOU THINK POOCH SMELLS WORSE ON THE INSIDE THAN HE DOES ON THE OUTSIDE?
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. I GET IT.
POOCH! MAKE SOME NOISE!
Yes, yes, humble Pooch makes noise.
Ahem
I really can't stay... Baby it's cold outside...

OH MY GOD. WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE SOUND?
I-I THINK THAT'S HIS *MATING CALL.*
YOU THINK THIS WILL WORK?
IF NOT, *I'M* GONNA RUN HIM OVER WITH A SNOW BLOWER.
GRRNNNGHHH!
I HATE THEM. *I HATE DOGS!*
THE NOISE.
MUST.
STOP!

YO... HEAR THAT?
I CAN BARELY HEAR ANYTHING OVER POOCH'S LOVE SONG.
FALSE ALARM.
Owoooo---oh?
Most Hated Cassie Hack?
Humble Pooch...
FORRROOOM!!
...makes most wonderful bath, he does.

POOCH!
HOLY--!
Pooch is moving!
Oh no oh no. Poor Pooch, he slips!
schitch schitch
MOVE ALONG, LIL' DOGGIE!
FRACHROOM!
YOU DOG MURDERING BASTARD!

AW, SHIT!
VRRROOORR!
Mistress Lisa!
STAY HERE.
I GOT LISA.
THIS IS SO FUCKING LAME.
GRROOM!
SHRRAAAK

CASSIE!
I'M GOOD. I'M GOOD.
OOOH. I LIKE WHAT IT DID TO THE BAT.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK PARTICULARLY EVIL OR POSSESSED.
IN FACT, FROM THE LOOK OF THE TRANSMITTER ON THE ENGINE I'D SAY IT'S REMOTE CONTROLLED.
POOCH, YOU THINK YOU CAN GET A SCENT OFF THAT THING, SO WE CAN TRACK DOWN THE ASSHOLE WHO MADE IT?
Yes, yes. Most humble Pooch can smell his sickly human stink already.
THANKS POOCH. I THINK NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO APOLOGIZE FOR OUR... PAST.
Yes. Pooch forgives you for hurting him, and for killing his master. But Pooch's new masters are his most favorite.
Most Hated Cassie Hack is Pooch's Most Hated no longer.
WHEN WE FIND HIM, THE ONLY JUSTICE WILL BE IF WE LET POOCH DO ALL KINDS OF TERRIBLE THINGS TO THE JERK.
I SECOND THAT. Y'KNOW WHAT? WE ALL MAKE A PRETTY GOOD LITTLE TEAM.
Oowwoww. Owwwww... Baby it's cold outside! Owwwoooo!
THE END.

DDP
$3.50
#24
HACK/SLASH
CAMP
TIM SEELEY
BRYAN BAUGH
MATURE READERS
03601>

HACK/SLASH
DDP
$3.50
#24
TIM SEELEY
BRYAN BAUGH
MATURE READERS
03602>
MERHOFF

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK
BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*...
A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER ***MOTHER!***

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SONS OF MAN PT 1

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by BRYAN BAUGH

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and WES DZIOBA

Cover B by MATT MERHOFF

a very special thanks to Mikey O' for years of service
& some very creepy back rubs.

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH- The Series, ISSUE #24 for MAY, 2009. Published by [illegible] Publishing, Inc. [illegible] Roscoe St., Chicago, IL 60618. [illegible] associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim [illegible] and Stefano Ca[illegible] permission. [illegible] characters [illegible] fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at [illegible] LOOK like real [illegible]??? No portion [illegible] comic book may [illegible] or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Pub[illegible] Inc. except for review purpose[illegible] Ad Sales, pleas[illegible] advsales@devil[illegible]. Printed in Canada.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA. 2:12 AM. TWO DAYS AGO.
CLUB NOCTURNE.
HAPPY NEW YEAR'S TO YOU TOO...
YOU FREAKY, KINKY MOTHER-FUCKERS.
I BROUGHT YOU SOME CHAMPAGNE, GIRL, SO HOW ABOUT THAT KISS--
UH, THERE'S A GUY LOOKING FOR YOU.
HELLO, LOUIS.
SAMHAIN! FUCK ME RUNNIN'!
TAKE A WALK WITH ME.
MAN, I DUNNO WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME!
I QUIT THAT BLACK LAMP SHIT. TOO RESTRICTIVE.
I MEAN, I LIKE TO GET MY FREAK ON SOMETIMES.

SHUT UP, LOUIS. WHERE ARE THEY HOLDING AVA PARK?
HUNF! MAN, EVEN IF I KNEW I WOULDN'T TELL YOU! THOSE BLACK LAMP DUDES ARE CRAZIER THAN SCIENTO_OGISTS! THEY'D KILL ME IF I SAID SHIT!

NOT MY BALLS, MAN!

YOU *KNOW*, LOUIS. ASSUME I'LL DO WORSE THAN KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T TELL ME.

SOON.

IT'S ALL YOURS.

UH...
NOT ONE WORD, MOTHERFUCKER!

TAMPA BAY, FLORIDA. NEAR YBOR CITY.
GEORGIA PEACHES/MARGARET CRUMP'S HOUSE.
TODAY. 1:15 AM.
SO... BEEN NICE SEEING YOU GUYS AGAIN.
YES. GOOD-BYE GEORGIA. YOU MAY ALWAYS CALL UPON US.
YEAH. SEE YOU SOON.
RIGHT. WELL. LATER.
THAT IS ALL?
GODDAMN IT.
MARGARET. WAIT...

CAS. JUST... JUST FORGET IT.
LOOK. I... WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO SAY, AND IF THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, THEN IT'S BEST YOU JUST LET ME WALK INTO MY HOUSE WHILE YOU DRIVE AWAY.
FUCK.

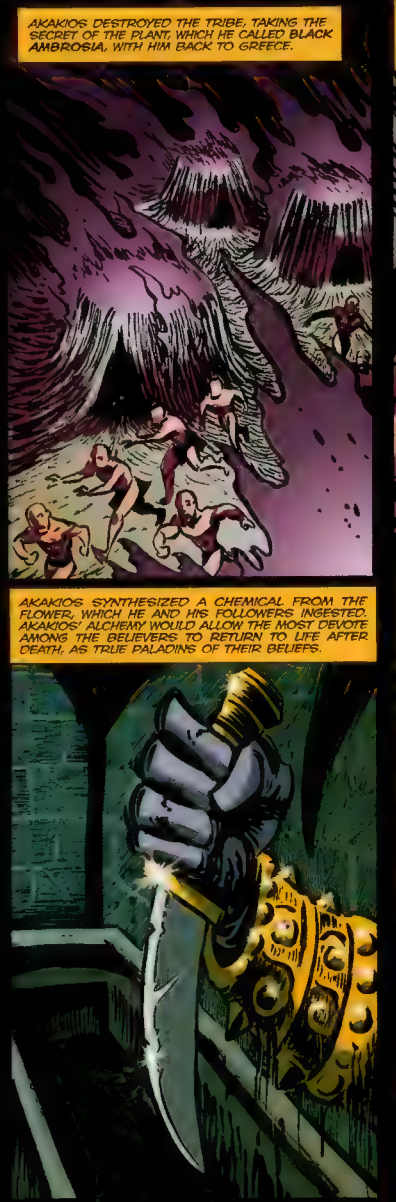
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.
YOU LEAD AN INTERESTING LIFE.
AH!
PWAP!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU. AN OLD HABIT.
SAMHAIN!? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I SAVED YOUR LIFE.* I BELIEVE YOU OWE ME.
I'VE COME TO COLLECT ON THAT DEBT.

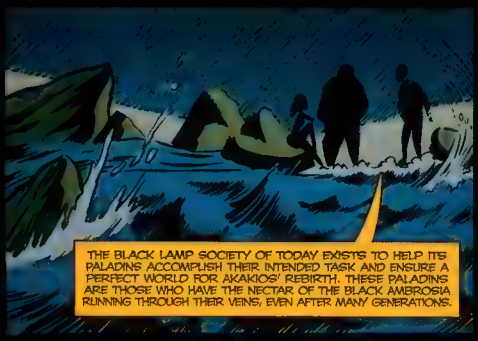
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME RESCUE SOMEONE.
RRRA--UH?
A PRISONER OF THE BLACK LAMP NAMED AVA PARK
WHUMP!
GHUH!
AH. THIS MUST BE YOUR "MONSTROUS SIDEKICK." THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY TELLS STORIES ABOUT HIM
YOU HURT HIM AND I'LL SMASH YOUR LIL' PUMPKIN-HEAD.
I DON'T INTEND TO HURT HIM. NOW, IF I COULD CONTINUE?
CHILL, VLAD. I WANT TO HEAR THIS GUY OUT.
THANK YOU. MAYBE WE COULD GO SOMEWHERE LESS CONSPICUOUS?

THE CLOVERDALE PUB. NEAR EMINENCE, INDIANA.
LAST CALL!
HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, KRANK. SAY HELLO TO THE MISSUS FOR ME.
YOU GOT IT, ELMER.
CHRIS?
OH, HEY... IT'S "THE NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN." HOW'S IT GOIN', MAGGIE?
IT'S BAR CLOSING TIME, AND I'M STILL WORKING. YOU FIGURE IT OUT.
MEH. SO WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?
STILL LOOKING INTO THE KYLE BELL CASE. I KNOW HE LIKED TO HANG OUT AT THIS BAR; SO I WAS GONNA CHAT WITH BARTENDER BILL.
WANT TO HANG OUT FOR A BIT, AND I CAN GIVE YOU A RIDE HOME?
NAH, I GOTTA GET BACK TO THE "WIFE."
HOW ABOUT I PUT IT THIS WAY? I CAN TELL YOU'VE HAD A FEW DRINKS. SO, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, I COMMAND YOU TO TAKE A RIDE HOME FROM ME.
MEH. YOU ARE THE SHERIFF.

FLORIDA.
VLAD, YOU CAN PUT THE MACHETES AWAY.
I DO NOT TRUST HIM.
IF HE WANTED ME DEAD, HE WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED MY ASS FROM THOSE BLACK LAMP FREAKS.
CASSANDRA! HE IS A STRANGER WITH A JACK-O-LANTERN FACE.
MY NAME IS SAMHAIN IF I EVER HAD ANOTHER NAME, I DO NOT REMEMBER IT. I DO NOT REMEMBER WHERE I COME FROM. I AM AS MUCH A STRANGER TO MYSELF AS I AM TO VLAD.
I DO NOT KNOW WHY I WEAR THIS MASK.
BUT I KNOW IT FEELS MORE LIKE MY FACE THAN THE ONE UNDERNEATH IT.
FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER I HAVE BEEN AT WAR WITH A GROUP CALLED THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY. I BELIEVED THEY HAD KILLED THE ONE PERSON IMPORTANT TO ME. SO I STRUCK BACK.
THOUGH MY MEMORY IS FAULTY, I DO REMEMBER HOW TO KILL.
NOW THE SOCIETY PURSUES YOU. WHEN I HEARD OF YOU, I SOUGHT YOU OUT. ANY ENEMY OF THE BLACK LAMP WAS PERHAPS A FRIEND OF MINE.
OKAY, AND THESE BLACK LAMP ASSHOLES ARE THE ONES WHO BROKE ME OUT OF JAIL, DRESSED ME AS A CAMP COUNSELOR AND TRIED TO SACRIFICE ME TO ZUUL OR SOMETHING.

THE SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE TEACHINGS OF AN ALCHEMIST NAMED AKAKIOS. HE BELIEVED THERE WERE TWO DISTINCT BREEDS OF HUMANITY: ONE SUPERIOR, POSSESSED OF HIGHER INTELLECT AND STRONG MORALITY. ANOTHER, INFERIOR, PRONE TO SIN AND DEBAUCHERY.
AKAKIOS POINTED TO "BACCHANALIA", RITUALS HELD BY ROMAN LIBERTINES IN PROTEST OF RESTRICTIVE SOCIAL LAWS, AS EVIDENCE AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, THESE "INFERIORS" BECAME KNOWN AS "CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS" AFTER THE GOD OF REVELRY AND WINE
DURING ONE OF HIS TRAVELS, AKAKIOS DISCOVERED A SMALL AFRICAN TRIBE WHOM REGULARLY USED A PLANT WITH MANY UNUSUAL PROPERTIES.
WHEN BURNED, IT CREATED A BLACK FLAME, AND WHEN ITS NECTAR WAS INJECTED INTO A CORPSE, THE BODY WOULD REGAIN A SEMBLANCE OF LIFE. THE PLANT WAS USED RESPECTFULLY, AND IN MODERATION.
INEVITABLY, THE PLANT'S EFFECT ON THE BRAIN WORE OFF, LEAVING ONLY A STARVING, UNLIVING BEAST THAT FED UPON LIVING FLESH.


AKAKIOS DESTROYED THE TRIBE, TAKING THE SECRET OF THE PLANT, WHICH HE CALLED BLACK AMBROSIA, WITH HIM BACK TO GREECE.
AKAKIOS SYNTHESIZED A CHEMICAL FROM THE FLOWER, WHICH HE AND HIS FOLLOWERS INGESTED. AKAKIOS' ALCHEMY WOULD ALLOW THE MOST DEVOTE AMONG THE BELIEVERS TO RETURN TO LIFE AFTER DEATH, AS TRUE PALADINS OF THEIR BELIEFS.
THE BLACK FLAME OF THE BURNING AMBROSIA BECAME THE SYMBOL OF AKAKIOS' DEVOUT FOLLOWERS. THEY BELIEVED IT SHED A LIGHT ONLY THEY COULD SEE THAT WOULD LEAD THEM THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF AN APOCALYPSE CAUSED BY THE REIGN OF THE "LAWLESS" CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS.
THEY WOULD LIVE AGAIN, STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE, SOME WITH BIZARRE POWERS AND ABILITIES LIKE THE ROMAN GODS OF MYTH, TO DESTROY THE CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS AND SAVE THE WORLD.


THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY OF TODAY EXISTS TO HELP ITS PALADINS ACCOMPLISH THEIR INTENDED TASK AND ENSURE A PERFECT WORLD FOR AKAKIOS' REBIRTH. THESE PALADINS ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE NECTAR OF THE BLACK AMBROSIA RUNNING THROUGH THEIR VEINS, EVEN AFTER MANY GENERATIONS.

THOSE YOU CALL *SLASHERS*. YOUR MOTHER, DELILAH HACK.

AND YOU, CASSANDRA HACK.

WE ARE TO BELIEVE THIS BOWL OF SHIT?!
VLAD! STOP!

LOOK, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE OR NOT. THE ASSHOLES THAT TIED ME TO A TREE BELIEVED IT. THEY CALLED ME A DAUGHTER OF DIONYSUS AND CALLED SLASHERS "PALADINS."
WE'VE GOT A NEW PAIN IN OUR COLLECTIVE ASSES, AND THIS FREAK IS AN EXPERT IN THEM.
HE GIVES ME A BAD FEELING.

VLAD DOESN'T LIKE YOU, SO *I* DON'T LIKE YOU. IF YOU DO ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, VLAD, I, OR ***BOTH*** OF US WILL PERFORATE YOU.
BUT, WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR FRIEND, BECAUSE THE MORE I KNOW ABOUT SLASHER-WORSHIPPING OFFICE JOCKEYS, THE BETTER OFF I AM.
ARE WE *CLEAR*?

A TENSE AND DISTRUSTFUL ALLIANCE OF CONVENIENCE...
I EXPECTED NOTHING LESS.

ELSEWHERE
HELP ME PLEASE, GOD. I AIN'T NEVER ASKED FOR MUCH, SO JUST DO ME THIS ONE SOLID...
SHIT! FUCK YOU, RODIN!
I DID WHAT YOU ASKED, DIDN'T I? YOUR BOY, SAMHAIN IS PROBABLY ON HIS WAY HERE RIGHT NOW.
WHY'D YOU PUT ME IN HERE WITH THESE GOD DAMNED THINGS?!
PHREEEEET!
F-FUCK IT.
FINE. I'M SICK OF RUNNING. Y'ALL CAN HAVE ME. YOU CAN CHOKE ON MY SKINNY ASS.
ALL I GOT TO ASK... BEFORE YOU EAT ME, Y'ALL GOT TO KILL ME.
PHREEEEE
HEE HEE HEE HEE

PHREEET'
HEHEE HEE HEE HEE
AAAAHHHH!
AAAIIIIEEEE!!!
YOU LAUGHING SOULLESS BASTARDS.
ALL I ASKED WAS YOU KILL ME...

JESUS CHRIST. WHAT KIND OF SICK BASTARD IS GOING TO WANT TO WATCH THAT?
IT'S FOOTAGE LIKE THIS THAT MAKES THE ARTEMIS SERIES OUR BEST SELLER, MR. WEINBERG.
I SUPPOSE. MORE MONEY TO BE MADE IN WAR THAN LOVE.
ME, I'LL TAKE THE SMALLER PAYCHECK, THE CLEANER CONSCIENCE, AND MORE SEX.
SPEAKING OF, YOU MIND IF I TAKE THIS NEW VENUS MODEL FOR A SPIN?
I CAN'T VERY WELL SELL IT IF I HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED THE NEW FEATURES FIRST HAND, RIGHT?

OF COURSE, VENUS TWELVE... GIVE GIL A "TOUR."
THANKS, RODIN. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SOCIETY GUYS STOP YOURSELF FROM "GETTING HIGH ON YOUR OWN SUPPLY."
IT TAKES A BETTER MAN THAN I TO RESIST THE PLEASURES OF A LITTLE SIN.
SINCE I'M QUITE SURE VENUS TWELVE WILL BLOW THE PATHETIC MIND OF MR. WEINBERG, I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A CELEBRATORY DINNER IN HONOR OF YOUR EXCELLENT WORK.
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT...
...MS. PARK?

AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!
OH SHIT. SHIT SHIT SHIT!
WHAT IS IT? FUCKIN' CHUCKY? SLASHER-KYLE?
Loyal Pooch will defend you with his trusty bag of bowling!
CHRIS...
WE HAVE TO TALK.

WHAT IS HE DOING?
NOTHING, VLAD.
Welcome To NORTH CAROLINA
YOU JUST KEEP DRIVING.
I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON SAMHAIN.

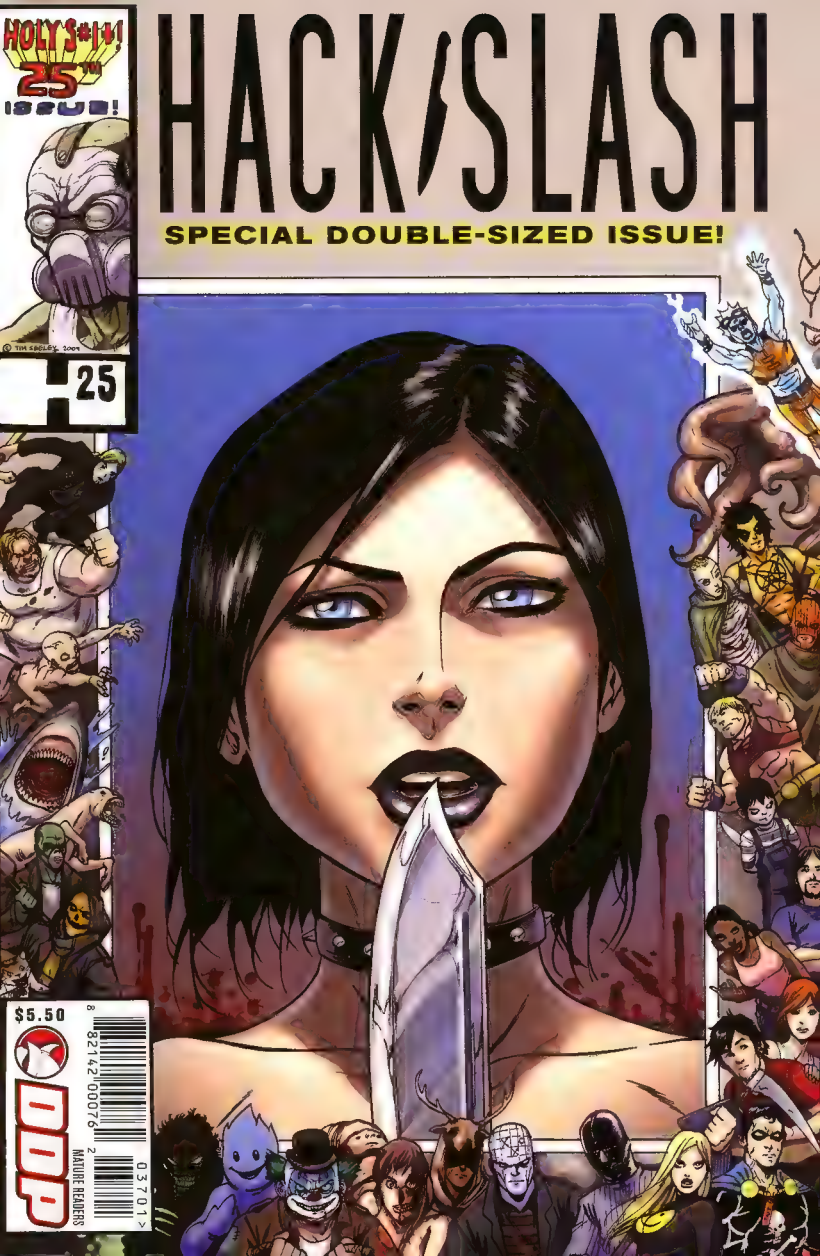
SAMHAIN. YOU MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE.
AMMO
NNNNGH!
WHAT? WHAT IS--
WE ARE HERE.
AVA.

ALL RIGHT, WHAT KIND OF MESSED UP CULT COMPOUND DID YOU BRING US TO?
IT IS ACTUALLY QUITE PLEASANT, YES?
CEDAR ISLAND
ACCORDING TO MY CONTACT, THEY ARE HOLDING AVA IN A LAB, DISGUISED AS A LUXURY HOME WITHIN THE FOREST RESERVE.
IF WE CROSS TO THE ISLAND FROM HERE, WE HAVE THE BEST CHANCE OF AVOIDING BEING DETECTED.
HERE. IF YOU WALK IN FRONT OF US, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO CARRY THIS GUN.
I HAVE NEED OF ONLY ONE WEAPON.
HUR HUR HUR. ONE SMALL KNIFE IS NOT ENOUGH.
ACTUALLY I'VE SEEN HIM USE IT. HE'S RIGHT. HE ONLY NEEDS ONE WEAPON.

AIIIIEEEEEE!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
IT WAS HUMAN.
THIS WAY!
AIIIEEEE!!
IT IS COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS FENCE...
GHAH! A FUCKIN' ELF!
AIIEEEEE!! AIEEEE!!

WHAT'S WRONG?!
AIEEE!! AIEE!
PHREEEEE!!
WAIT!
VLAD! MAKE A HOLE IN THIS FUCKING FENCE!
I'VE GOT HER
WHOA!
WHA?!
SWIIII

SOL
CHRIST, MARY LOU RETTON! YOU COULDA TOLD US YOU COULD DO THAT!
I'VE FOUND THE GIRL.
SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD WHEN I GOT TO HER. WHATEVER DID IT RAN OFF WHEN I APPROACHED. IT WAS LAUGHING.
JESUS. SHE... SOMETHING ATE HER.
WHAT... WHAT THE HELL DID THAT?
HURRRM.
WHATEVER IT WAS IT MOVED FAR TOO FAST FOR A BEAR OR A WOLF. THE GIRL DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.
THIS GIRL. SHE IS NOT JUST A GIRL.
SHE HAS, URRRR, BOTH BOY AND GIRL PARTS.
OKAY, THIS IS STARTING TO FREAK ME OUT.
HEE HEE HEE HEE
TO BE CONTINUED!


HOLY $#!+!
25TH
ISSUE!
HACK/SLASH
SPECIAL DOUBLE-SIZED ISSUE!
#25
$5.50
MATURE READERS

HOLY $#!+!
25TH
ISSUE!
HACK/SLASH
SPECIAL DOUBLE-SIZED ISSUE!
25
$5.50
MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER*!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

SONS OF MAN PT 2

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by BRYAN BAUGH

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and COURTNEY VIA

Cover B by STEFANO CASELLI and TIM SEELEY

Exclusive Comic cover by TIM SEELEY and DOMINIC MARCO

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #[illegible] JUNE, 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2217 W. Roscoe St., Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH, all [illegible] characters and their [illegible] likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are [illegible] fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be [illegible] or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@[illegible]. Printed in The United States of America.

LANTERN INDUSTRIAL SUPPLY.
A FRONT COMPANY MAINTAINED BY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.
TWO YEARS AGO.
AND THERE'S NO CHANGE IN SAMHAIN'S CONDITION?
NO, SIR. HE'S BACK TO HIS FORMER, PROGRAMMABLE SELF. HE'S BEEN FO...LOWING ALL THE COMMANDS IN THE TESTS.
GOOD. WE'LL HAVE TO CHALK UP HIS LITTLE REBELLION TO THE FACT THAT THE PALADINS ARE, BY THEIR VERY NATURE, EXTREMELY INDEPENDENT.
I LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT AKAKIOS GIVES US UNPREDICTABLE CHALLENGES TO TEST OUR FAITH.
HA HA. YOU HAVE A UNIQUE VIEW OF OUR SAVIOR, MS. PARK, JUST AS YOUR MOTHER DID.

WILL YOU BE ATTENDING TONIGHT'S SERVICE? WE'RE WELCOMING BROTHER RODIN FROM THE SONS OF MAN PROJECT WITH A SPECIAL SACRIFICE.
NO. I HAVE SOME DATA TO LOG, AND I'D LIKE TO GET THAT DONE BEFORE SAMHAIN'S NEXT MISSION.
YOU ARE YOUR MOTHER'S DAUGHTER. DON'T WORK TOO HARD. SOMETIMES NOTHING IS BETTER FOR ONE OF THE FAITHFUL THAN TO WEAR THE MASK AND WATCH A CHILD OF BACCHUS BLEED INTO THE NIGHT.
GOOD NIGHT, MS. PARK.
IS HE GONE?
YES.
GOOD. SET ME FREE.
NOT JUST YET.

CEDAR ISLAND RESERVE, NORTH CAROLINA.
NOW.
YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR FOOD.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU MAKE ME SICK TO MY STOMACH.
IS THIS STILL ABOUT VENUS NINE? BY GOD, PARK, I'LL JUS' HAVE A NEW ONE SENT OVER.
THE ARTEMIS BOYS HADN'T HAD A GOOD HUNT IN DAYS. BESIDES, SHE WAS STARTING TO LOOK HER AGE. WHAT GOOD IS A SHOW MODEL SEX SLAVE WITH WRINKLES?
DAMN IT, THIS IS THE CAM REMOTE... WHERE'S THE UNIVERSA..?
I WISH YOU HAD JUST KILLED ME.
DON'T LEAVE NOW.
THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO START...
AND I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A HORSE IN THIS RACE.

SO, SAM, I'VE GOT TO ASK...
WHEN YOU INVITED US ALONG FOR THIS RIDE, DID YOU KNOW WE WERE GONNA BE GETTING "HUNGRY EYES"...
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
FROM WHATEVER THE FUCK THOSE ARE?
NO. I FEEL CERTAIN THAT, HAD I EVER ENCOUNTERED THINGS LIKE THIS BEFORE, I WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED IT.
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
OKAY. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I HATE THEM ALREADY. PLUG YOUR EARS...
I'M GONNA MAKE A HOLE.

BOOM!
WHA--?
PHREEEEE!
PHREEE!
FUCK! FAST MOTHER-- GAH!
AHHH!
CHOK!!
UHN! NEED.. A... WEAPON.

CHOMP!
SHREP!
HOLY
HURRH!
AVARK!
PHREEEE!

GHRRUUH!
PHREEEE!!
NO. YOU. WILL...
NOT!
PHREE--!
SNAP!
GHRAAAH.
SHOK!

HUUR. THEY WORK AS A TEAM... WE MUST.
RRWUGHRRR
HEE HEE HEE.
CRIK!
AAAHHHH...
PUNT!
HUNH! THAT FUCKING HURT!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

PHREEEE!
KLICK!
AW, FUCK ME
PHREE!
GRAH!

THUK!
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
GHRAAAHH!
HUHN!

YES!
DID YOU SEE THAT, PARKS? NOT ONLY ARE THEY THE MOST EFFECTIVE PREDATORS THAT NATURE NEVER MADE, BUT THEY FOLLOW ORDERS AND USE TOOLS.
IT'S THE BEST BATCH YET. I CAN THANK YOU FOR THAT. IF YOU WEREN'T, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, MY SLAVE, I'D GIVE YOU A BONUS.
IT WAS YOU WHO SET OLD SAMHAIN FREE, AND WITH A LITTLE INCENTIVE FROM ME, YOU HELPED BRING HIM BACK INTO THE FOLD. HEY, MAYBE THE SOCIETY WILL CALL IT EVEN.
I'M SETTING YOUR IMPLANT TO KEEP YOU HERE. I DON'T WANT YOU ANYWHERE NEAR SAMHAIN UNTIL I'M DONE.
SO, ENJOY WATCHING THE BOYS FINISH OFF THE HACK WOMAN AND HER PARTNER. I'LL CATCH THE RERUN LATER.
VENUS TWELVE, YOU MAY EAT NOW.
BUT NOT TOO MUCH. A FAT SEX SLAVE IS AS USELESS AS A WRINKLED ONE.
IT'S TIME.

SAM!
HEE HEE HEE
GHA. HOW MANY OF THESE THINGS ARE THERE?!
SHIT. SHIT!!
BOOM!
LEAVE HER!

WE MUST RUN.
WE ARE OUT OF WEAPONS. WE ARE HURT. THEY ARE TOO MANY.
BUT, THEY'VE GOT SAMHAIN.

YOU SAW HIM FIGHT. YOU SAW HIM INJURED. AND YET, STILL HE FOUGHT.
HE USES A BLADE. HE WEARS A MASK. HE DOES NOT FEEL PAIN AS WE DO.
SAMHAIN IS A SLASHER.
I WILL NOT LET YOU BE MEAT FOR THESE WOLF-DOG-MAN... THINGS.
SAMHAIN WILL FEND FOR HIMSELF.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
FARM ROAD POND.
HEY, POOCH.
If it would please you, Master, you can throw this grotesque dead plant stem, and loyal Pooch will hunt it down and bring it back to you.
IT SOUNDS LESS FUN WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY.
Humble Pooch thinks maybe you are not so excited that you have impregnated Mistress Lisa, and that she will soon bear your love-spawn.
YEAH, THAT ALSO SOUNDS LESS FUN THE WAY YOU SAY IT.
On my world of Nef, days of birthing are days of great terror and pain. The fierce Neflords are unable to breed between each other, thus they must capture virgin otherworlders to fill with their seed.
My own mother was likely a lowly dog similar to the ones Mistress Lisa helps.
I have seen many other lowbeast birthed. The impregnated one always explodes in a shower of intestines and blood. This is what happened to Pooch's mother...
POOCH?
Yes, Master?
DON'T EVER TELL ME THAT STORY AGAIN.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
LOWER WEST SIDE.
EL AGUAGE BAR.
HEY, GRINGA!
TEQUILA.
ÁNDALE!
GRINGA? I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING THE ONLY WHITE GIRL WORKING IN A MEXICAN BAR.
NICE SHIRT, JUAN. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WENT IN FOR THAT SUPERSTITIOUS STUFF.

EH, I DON'T USUALLY. BUT EVERYONE SAYS LA SANTA MUERTE HAS COME TO CHICAGO. I FIGURE, IF SHE'S THAT CLOSE BY, WEARING THIS SHIRT MIGHT BRING ME A LITTLE LUCK.
MONICA. EVERYTHING COOL?
MNUUUHHHHNNNN.
UHM, THAT DEPENDS, LIBBY. DOES YOUR VERSION OF "COOL" INCLUDE AN UNDEAD KILLER MOANING AND FLOPPING AROUND IN THE BATHTUB?
AW, CRAP. I'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND.
WHAT, YOU'RE LEAVING?
AH... UH, EMERGENCY CAME UP. THE BAR IS YOURS UNTIL I GET BACK!
HEH. GRACIAS, SANTA MUERTE.

GODDAMN IT! WHERE THE HELL IS THAT FUCKING FENCE?!
THEY ARE MAKING US RUN IN CIRCLES. WHEN WE GO IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, THEY RUN AHEAD OF US, FORCE US BACK, YES?
OKAY, THEN THAT'S IT.
WHAT?
WE'RE DONE, VLAD.

SO... WE WILL GO OUT TOGETHER, FIGHTING THEM UNTIL THEY KILL US.
AND THEN EAT US. YEP. YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT.
HEE HEE HEE HEE.
CASSANDRA. I... I WOULD LIKE...
I WANT TO APOLOGIZE.
FOR WHAT?
BECAUSE. I WAS HAPPY AT YOUR SADNESS. I KNOW TELLING GEORGIA YOU COULD NOT BE HER LOVE HURT YOU VERY MUCH. BUT IT MADE ME VERY HAPPY.
AND BEING HAPPY ABOUT THAT HAS MADE ME SAD.
I KNOW I AM NOT YOUR BOYFRIEND. I AM NOT THE PERSON YOU WILL MARRY OR MAKE THE SEX WITH.
BUT I DO NOT LIKE TO SHARE YOU, CASSANDRA. I DO NOT LIKE TO SHARE YOU WITH ANYONE.
I KNOW.
PHREEE!

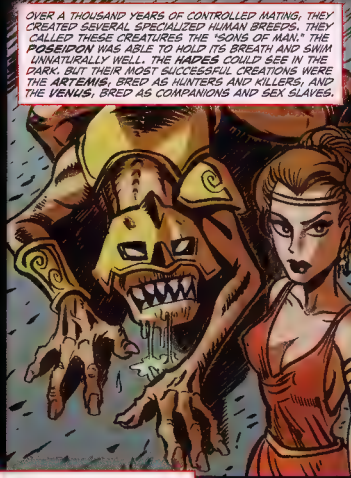
WHAT THE HELL--?
COME! NOW!

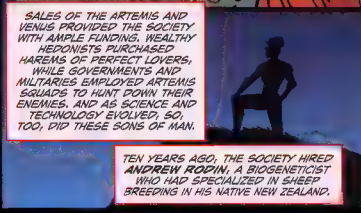
SQUEEE! SQUEE!!
HERE YA GO, BOYS. I KNOW THE ONLY THING YOU LIKE MORE THAN PORK IS TORMENTING AND KILLING THE INNOCENT.
SQUEEE!!
A REWARD FOR A JOB WELL DONE.
SQUEEEE!
HEE HEE HEE.
SAMHAIN. THE PUMPKIN-FACED DEMON. THE JACK O'LANTERN ASSASSIN. THE BLACK LAMP'S PET PALADIN.
I'M NOT IMPRESSED.

FZZZRK!
HURRRRNGH!!
WHY THEY WENT TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF GETTING YOU BACK, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND. BUT THEN, I NEVER DO GET THESE RELIGIOUS TYPES.
WITH THEM IT'S ALL ABOUT TRADITION AND RITUAL. "DON'T THINK TOO MUCH, FOLLOW THE RULES, AND SHUT UP..."
I MEAN, SURE, I'LL WORK FOR 'EM. BUT WHEN I'VE RETIRED AND BOUGHT MYSELF A REMOTE TROPICAL ISLAND, IT WON'T MATTER IF I WORKED FOR THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY OR THE BLACK AND DECKER CORPORATION.
UNGK!
SHUK!
OF COURSE, IF I'D SPENT MY LIFE ENGINEERING CORDLESS VACUUMS, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN TO INDULGE MY SADISTIC SIDE QUITE SO MUCH.
NOW, APPARENTLY, IT WAS "LOVE" THAT BROKE YOU OUT OF THE "STAB-ANY-BITCH-AROUND" TRANCE THAT THE SOCIETY SO APPRECIATED.
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT DR. PARK IS A FINE PIECE OF ASS. BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT WILL DESTROY THE LAST LITTLE SHRED OF HUMANITY THAT SHE SO KINDLY INVIGORATED WITH HER WONDERFUL WOMANHOOD.
AND THAT'S HEAPS AND PILES AND COPIOUS AMOUNTS...
OF PAIN.

TINKERBELL! SLOW DOWN... JUST... A SECOND.
JUST... A... SEC--
CASSANDRA!
SHE HAS LOST MUCH BLOOD. SHE IS WEAK.
IT'S... OKAY. WE HAVE A GOOD LEAD ON THE ARTEMIS, AND WE CAN SEE THEM APPROACH FROM THIS HILL. ATTEND TO HER.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
MAN... I ALMOST DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
HUNH... FUCK THOSE... ASSHOLES...

THE SOCIETY HAS LONG SPONSORED HUMAN BREEDING EXPERIMENTS, THEIR EARLIEST ATTEMPTS WERE IN PURSUIT OF MORE INTELLIGENT AND "MORALLY" PRONE INDIVIDUALS TO "PURIFY" THEIR RANKS FOR THE COMING APOCALYPSE. TO THEM, THE EXPERIMENTS WERE NO MORE INHUMANE THAN BREEDING FOR A BETTER LAP DOG OR A MEATIER COW.

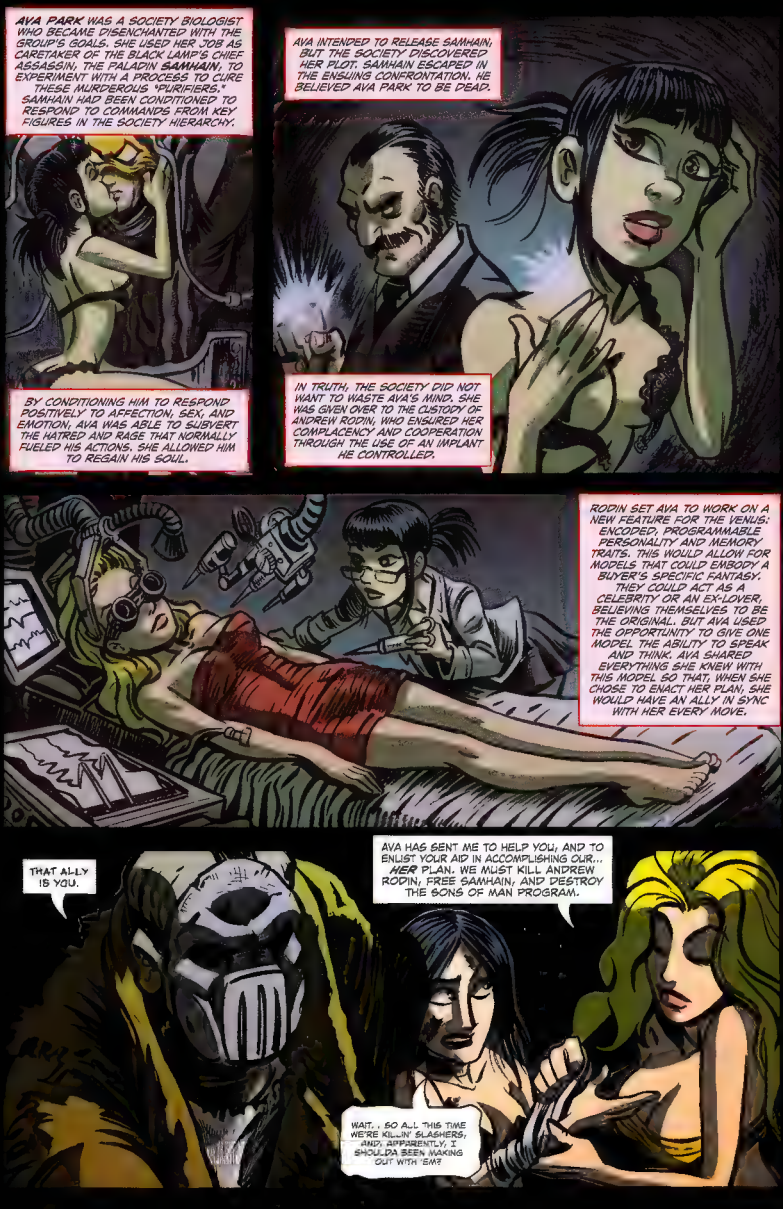

OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OF CONTROLLED MATING, THEY CREATED SEVERAL SPECIALIZED HUMAN BREEDS. THEY CALLED THESE CREATURES THE "SONS OF MAN." THE **POSEIDON** WAS ABLE TO HOLD ITS BREATH AND SWIM UNNATURALLY WELL. THE **HADES** COULD SEE IN THE DARK. BUT THEIR MOST SUCCESSFUL CREATIONS WERE THE **ARTEMIS**, BRED AS HUNTERS AND KILLERS, AND THE **VENUS**, BRED AS COMPANIONS AND SEX SLAVES.


SALES OF THE ARTEMIS AND VENUS PROVIDED THE SOCIETY WITH AMPLE FUNDING. WEALTHY HEDONISTS PURCHASED HAREMS OF PERFECT LOVERS, WHILE GOVERNMENTS AND MILITARIES EMPLOYED ARTEMIS SQUADS TO HUNT DOWN THEIR ENEMIES. AND AS SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY EVOLVED, SO, TOO, DID THESE SONS OF MAN.

TEN YEARS AGO, THE SOCIETY HIRED **ANDREW RODIN**, A BIOGENETICIST WHO HAD SPECIALIZED IN SHEEP BREEDING IN HIS NATIVE NEW ZEALAND.

THERE ARE BREEDING AND NURTURING SITES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, BUT RODIN FOUNDED THIS LOCATION TO DEVELOP HIS OWN SPECIAL PRODUCTS. HERE HE GUIDED THE EUGENICS PROGRAM TO NEW HEIGHTS, FORGING A STRONGER, MORE LETHAL BREED OF ARTEMIS, AND "SPECIAL ORDER" VENUS MODELS, CUSTOMIZED TO THE BUYER'S DESIRES.

HUURM. THIS IS WHY THE LAST VENUS GIRL HAD A... URRMM...
BIG FAT ELF COCK.



AVA PARK WAS A SOCIETY BIOLOGIST WHO BECAME DISENCHANTED WITH THE GROUP'S GOALS. SHE USED HER JOB AS CARETAKER OF THE BLACK LAMP'S CHIEF ASSASSIN, THE PALADIN **SAMHAIN**, TO EXPERIMENT WITH A PROCESS TO CURE THESE MURDEROUS "PURIFIERS." SAMHAIN HAD BEEN CONDITIONED TO RESPOND TO COMMANDS FROM KEY FIGURES IN THE SOCIETY HIERARCHY.

BY CONDITIONING HIM TO RESPOND POSITIVELY TO AFFECTION, SEX, AND EMOTION, AVA WAS ABLE TO SUBVERT THE HATRED AND RAGE THAT NORMALLY FUELED HIS ACTIONS. SHE ALLOWED HIM TO REGAIN HIS SOUL.

AVA INTENDED TO RELEASE SAMHAIN, BUT THE SOCIETY DISCOVERED HER PLOT. SAMHAIN ESCAPED IN THE ENSUING CONFRONTATION. HE BELIEVED AVA PARK TO BE DEAD.

IN TRUTH, THE SOCIETY DID NOT WANT TO WASTE AVA'S MIND. SHE WAS GIVEN OVER TO THE CUSTODY OF ANDREW RODIN, WHO ENSURED HER COMPLACENCY AND COOPERATION THROUGH THE USE OF AN IMPLANT HE CONTROLLED.

RODIN SET AVA TO WORK ON A NEW FEATURE FOR THE VENUS: ENCODED, PROGRAMMABLE PERSONALITY AND MEMORY TRAITS. THIS WOULD ALLOW FOR MODELS THAT COULD EMBODY A BUYER'S SPECIFIC FANTASY. THEY COULD ACT AS A CELEBRITY OR AN EX-LOVER, BELIEVING THEMSELVES TO BE THE ORIGINAL. BUT AVA USED THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE ONE MODEL THE ABILITY TO SPEAK AND THINK. AVA SHARED EVERYTHING SHE KNEW WITH THIS MODEL SO THAT, WHEN SHE CHOSE TO ENACT HER PLAN, SHE WOULD HAVE AN ALLY IN SYNC WITH HER EVERY MOVE.

THAT ALLY IS YOU.

AVA HAS SENT ME TO HELP YOU, AND TO ENLIST YOUR AID IN ACCOMPLISHING OUR... *HER* PLAN. WE MUST KILL ANDREW RODIN, FREE SAMHAIN, AND DESTROY THE SONS OF MAN PROGRAM.

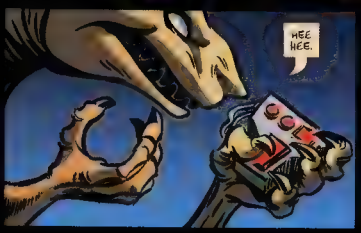
WAIT... SO ALL THIS TIME WE'RE KILLIN' SLASHERS, AND, APPARENTLY, I SHOULDA BEEN MAKING OUT WITH 'EM?

SAMHAIN IS A UNIQUE CASE. AVA SAW SOMETHING IN HIM THAT SHE HADN'T SEEN IN ANY OF THE OTHER PALADINS: A SPARK OF HUMANITY. A SOUL.
YOU SPEAK OF HIM AFFECTIONATELY. YOU KNOW HIM?
NO. I'VE NEVER MET HIM.
FOR ALL THE OTHER VENUS, IT WAS EASY TO PLAY OUR INTENDED ROLE. THEY'RE PROGRAMMED FOR SEX AND NOTHING ELSE. BUT FOR ME, IT WAS MORE... DIFFICULT.
EVERY TIME I ENTERTAINED A CLIENT FOR RODIN, I THOUGHT OF AVA. HOW SHE CHANGED EVERYTHING SHE HAD BELIEVED IN WHEN SHE FOUND THAT SPARK. I IMAGINED THAT SOMEDAY I, TOO, WOULD FIND THAT--
THEY'RE HERE.
GET A HEAD START! I'LL WAIT UNTIL ENOUGH OF THEM GET CLOSE TO ME--
SHINK!
AGHK!

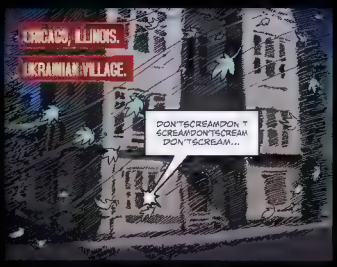
HEE HEE
SUNGH!

YOU WILL NOT HAVE HER!
PHREEEEE!

HEE HEE HEE.
PHREEEE!
GHRAH!
DID YOU KNOW THEY SHOT ARROWS?!
KRUUH!
THEY. . THEY BUILT TOOLS.


HEE HEE.

KRRRSH!

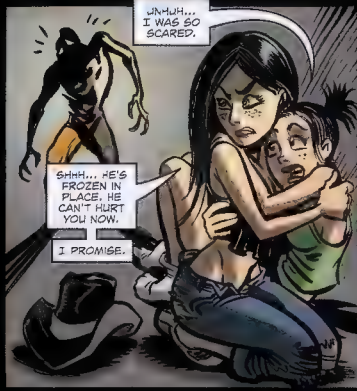

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
UKRAINIAN VILLAGE.
DON'TSCREAMDON'T SCREAMDON'TSCREAM. DON'TSCREAM...

DON'TSCREAMDON'T SCREAMDON'TSCREAM DON'TSCREAM...

RAAAAH!
AAAAIIIEEEE!!

OH GOD, OH GOD...

MONICA!
ceverf dna reh pord nam ciasom!


UNHUH... I WAS SO SCARED.
SHHH... HE'S FROZEN IN PLACE. HE CAN'T HURT YOU NOW.
I PROMISE.

ELF, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE KEEBLER MAGIC TO USE...
NOW WOULD BE A GREAT TIME.
THERE!!! GO THAT WAY!!
WAIT... WE'RE DELIBERATELY GOING INTO THIS?!
YES.

WHAT.. IS THIS?
THEY WON'T ATTACK US HERE. THIS IS THEIR SACRED GROUND.
HEE HEE HEE.
HEE HEE
HEE HEE HEE HEE
HIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE..
JESUS. THEY'RE RELIGIOUS.
HIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE..
IT'S HUMAN NATURE TO PONDER WHAT OUR PURPOSE IS AND WHO CREATED US. THE SONS OF MAN ARE HUMAN, TOO, EVEN IF THEY ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO BOTH OF THOSE QUESTIONS.

PARK! COME DOWN TO THE LAB.
I EVEN TURNED OFF YOUR IMPLANT.
YOU CAN COME INTO THE LAB TO SEE YOUR OLD BOYFRIEND'S MAKEOVER WITHOUT DOING THE "ELECTRIC SLIDE."

RODIN?
RAAAAH!
AHK!
PARK. REA_LY?
IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU TURNED VENUS TWELVE INTO YOUR LITTLE B.F.F. SO YOU COULD DESTROY MY OPERATION. BUT, SERIOUSLY... YOU WERE GOING TO STAB ME? AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU?
COME ON, PARK. I APPRECIATE THE "HELP" YOU'VE GIVEN ME. BUT THE TRUTH IS: THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY ONLY WANTED YOU ALIVE FOR ONE REASON.
THEY KNEW THAT, SOONER OR LATER, I'D BRING SAMHAIN BACK INTO THE FOLD. WHEN I DID, THEY WANTED ME TO ENSURE HE PASSED *ONE*, VERY IMPORTANT ***PRODUCT TEST***.
HE HAS TO *KILL* YOU.

IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LED YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I COMMAND YOU.
KILL AVA PARK.
FFRRNNGGGHH.
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LED YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I COMMAND YOU!
ERRNNGHH... NO...
UNGK!
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LED YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I COMMAND YOU!
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LED YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE...
SET... ME... FREE.

I COMMAND YOU!!
AAAAHHHGH!
AAAAAND CUT!
THE SOCIETY WILL SHT THEIR LITTLE BLACK ROBES WHEN THEY SEE--
WEEOOWEEOOWEEOO
HACK, THE MONSTER, AND THE LITTLE TRAITOROUS SLUT. RIGHT ON TIME.
HEY, SAMMIE. READY TO SHOOT ANOTHER SCENE?

KRAK!
IS A MR. RODIN HOME, YESS?
HEE HEE
HEE HEE HEE
OH, FOR THE LOVE OF--! MORE OF THESE THINGS?
THESE ARE PLUMP AND SOFT. A PERFECT TIME FOR BUTCHERING, YESS
FIND SAMHAIN! THE DOGGIES ARE MINE!

SAM? WE'RE TAKING YOU AND YOUR GIRL HOME--
OH
AVA!
WAIT! THAT'S A REALLY CLEAN KNIFE WOUND. YOU KNOW WHO'S REALLY GOOD WITH A KNIFE...?
UNGH!
SWOK!
SHYAH!
SHNK!
SAM: WHAT'D YOU DO, MAN?! YOU KILLED AVA PARK!
HRRAAGH!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE BACK-STABBING CUM DUMPSTER.
SHNK!
I'M GOING TO FILM WHAT I DO TO YOU. NOT BECAUSE IT'LL HELP SELL ANYTHING. NO, NO. THIS IS FOR MY PERSONAL COLLECTION.

SHINK!
HRRAH!
YOU KILLED THE GIRL YOU CAME HERE TO SAVE! YOU'RE A GODDAMN SLASHER LIKE ALL THE OTHER GODDAMN SLASHERS
YOU FUCKING IDIOT. YOU GAVE ME HOPE. FOR ONE SECOND, I BELIEVED. GODDAMN YOU, I HAVE TO KILL YOU! I HAVE--
AGH!
MMM!
HNNNHE ALRIGHT, SAM. LET'S SEE HOW "UNIQUE" OF A CASE YOU REALLY ARE. .
COME ON, TWELVE. WHY ARE YOU PUTTING UP A FIGHT? YOU WERE BUILT TO SAY "YES."
"YES, THANK YOU. MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?"

ERK!?
GULUGH
UH
AVA... I...

NO.

TALK TO ME, MOTHER-FUCKER! DO I HAVE TO SMASH THE PUMPKIN?!
NO... I AM CLEAR. I SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE. I WAS CONTROLLED. I AM NO LONGER

ARE YOU BACK TO ZEN-MAN, OR IS SLASHER-SAM STILL IN THE HOUSE?

YOU HAVE HELPED ME REGAIN MY SENSES. BUT, YOU MUST LEAVE NOW. JUST FOR A BIT.

AND TAKE THE GIRL. NEITHER OF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT I AM GOING TO DO TO *HIM*.

RODIN!
HAHA... GLRKHUR! HAH!
HA... YOU IDIOT. YOU THINK THE BLACK LAMP WOULD LET THIS PLACE GET TAKEN? I'M WIRED, JUST LIKE AVA AND THE ARTEMIS.
OH GOD, WHEN HE DIES THE ISLAND WILL BURN.
HURR?
SHE'S RIGHT. . GURGK WHEN THIS OLD TICKER STOPS, THE BIG BLACK LAMP FIRES UP. SO, GO AHEAD. KILL ME.
WE'VE BOTH DONE SOME PRETTY HORRIBLE THINGS IN OUR LIVES. SHIT, YOU'VE DONE *WORSE* THAN ME. WE CAN BURN IN HELL *TOGETHER*. GRAFF!
YOU CAN BURN ALONE.

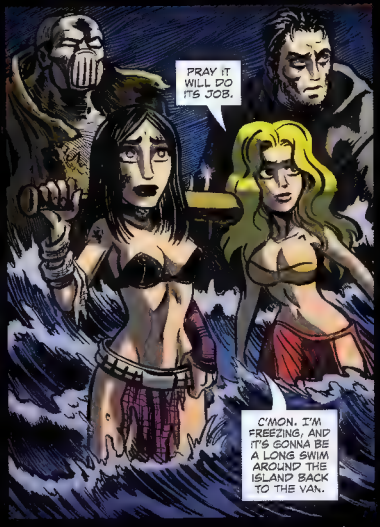
KAHAHA...
URGHKK--

JESUS! HE'S FIREBOMBING THE WHOLE THING!

WHAT ABOUT THE ARTEMIS?

"THEIR IMPLANTS WILL NOT ALLOW THEM TO LEAVE THE ISLAND..

"THE CONFLAGRATION IS MEANT TO COVER THEIR EXISTENCE FROM FIREMEN AND POLICE..
EEEEEEEEEEEE

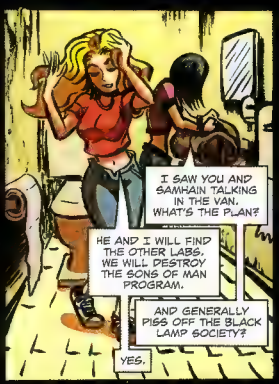

PRAY IT WILL DO ITS JOB.
C'MON. I'M FREEZING, AND IT'S GONNA BE A LONG SWIM AROUND THE ISLAND BACK TO THE VAN.

TER
EN ELEVEN
OPEN

HELLO? UH, EXCUSE ME? THE BATHROOM IS SINGLE-OCCUPANCY ONLY. AND, UM, YOU HAVE TO BUY THAT STUFF BEFORE YOU TAKE IT IN THERE.

HEY, FUCK OFF. WE'RE HAVING SOME WOMEN'S ISSUES IN HERE, OKAY?

DAMN, THAT WAS A HELL OF A HOLE. YOU'VE GOT AN IMPRESSIVE PAIN TOLERANCE, KEEBLER.
VENUS MODELS ARE MADE TO FEEL LESS PAIN. SOME OF OUR CLIENTS LIKE TO... WELL, THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW.


I SAW YOU AND SAMHAIN TALKING IN THE VAN. WHAT'S THE PLAN?
HE AND I WILL FIND THE OTHER LABS. WE WILL DESTROY THE SONS OF MAN PROGRAM.
AND GENERALLY PISS OFF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY?
YES.

I'M ALL FOR IT. BUT, THERE'S ONE THING...
TAKE THIS.
DON'T YOU EVER TRUST SAMHAIN. HE'S A SLASHER. I DON'T CARE IF HE'S A SLASHER WITH A HEART, OR IF HE CAN CONTROL HIS RAGE. HE CAN BE USED, HE CAN BE CONTROLLED BY OTHERS. KEEP AN EYE OPEN, GOT ME?

I KNOW YOU SEE THAT SPARK INSIDE HIM. BUT IF HE GOES BAD, IF HE EVER HURTS AN INNOCENT AGAIN, YOU EXTINGUISH IT.
AND IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT, YOU CALL ME.

WE'RE OUTTIE.
CASSANDRA, I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.
SAMHAIN AND THE VENUS. THEY ARE COMING WITH US?
JUST FOR A BIT. WE'RE DROPPING THEM OFF IN MYRTLE BEACH. THEY'VE GOT THEIR OWN MISSION THAT'S GOING TO TAKE THEM OUT OF OUR JURISDICTION.
AH. YES. HURRM OKAY... WE OUTTIE, YES?
VLAD
WHAT YOU SAID BACK IN THE WOODS...
I... URRM... I THOUGHT WE WERE TO DIE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. LOOK, YO... AND ME. NOTHING COMES BETWEEN THA", OKAY? THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANY MORE ROMANCE OR CRUSHES... IT'S JUST US. YOU'RE MY GUY.
HURR HURR HURR YES. AND YOU ARE MY CASSIE.
CASSIE.
FOR WHAT YOU DID... BACK THERE. YOUR KISS---
DON'T. I WAS JUST DOIN' WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.
THE END.

DDP
$3.50
#26
HACK/SLASH
TIM
SEELEY
BRYAN
BAUGH
038015
READERS

DDP
$3.50
#26
HACK/SLASH
TIM
SEELEY
BRYAN
BAUGH
MATURE READERS
PERCIVAL

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK
BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*...
A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER ***MOTHER***!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

FOES AND FORTUNES PT 1

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by BRYAN BAUGH

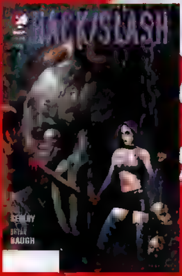
Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by
TIM SEELEY
and RACHELLE ROSENBERG

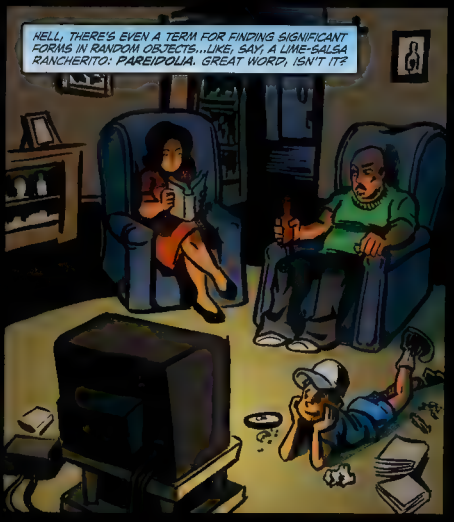


Cover B by
NICK PERCIVAL

DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series, ISSUE #__, JUNE 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2217 W. Roscoe St. Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental... I mean, look at these guys. do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in the United States of America.

WHEN PEOPLE THINK OF MIRACLES, THE FIRST PLACE THAT COMES TO MIND IS PROBABLY VATICAN CITY. MAYBE ISRAEL. SOME HOLY PLACE THAT BIRTHED A GREAT RELIGION.
THEY PROBABLY DON'T THINK OF CHICAGO.
BUT MIRACLES DO HAPPEN IN CHICAGO.
IN HOLY SEPULCHRE CEMETERY RESTS THE GRAVE OF MARY ALICE QUINN. LITTLE MARY DIED YOUNG, BUT DURING HER SHORT LIFE SHE COULD HEAL THE SICK.
AFTER SHE DIED, HER RESTING PLACE BECAME A HOLY SITE. SOME SAY SHE STILL HEALS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, JUST LAST WEEK, A WOMAN IN ANDERSONVILLE FOUND A CORN CHIP SHAPED EXACTLY LIKE JESUS CHRIST. SHE SOLD THE HOLY SNACK ON EBAY FOR FOURTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.
IN 2006, A WATER STAIN RESEMBLING THE VIRGIN MARY APPEARED UNDER THE KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY ON FULLERTON AVENUE.
PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER BROUGHT IT FLOWERS AND PRAYED TO IT. EVEN WHEN IT WAS PAINTED OVER, IT REAPPEARED.
SURE, IT'S EASY TO PLAY THESE KINDS OF THINGS OFF AS SUPERSTITION AND COINCIDENCE...


HELL, THERE'S EVEN A TERM FOR FINDING SIGNIFICANT FORMS IN RANDOM OBJECTS...LIKE, SAY, A LIME-SALSA RANCHERITO: PAREIDOLIA. GREAT WORD, ISN'T IT?

I GET IT. I UNDERSTAND WANTING TO SEE GOD IN YOUR CEREAL BOWL.

LIFE IS RANDOM. SOMETIMES IT'S GOOD. SOMETIMES IT'S NOTHING. AND SOMETIMES...WELL, SOMETIMES IT'S HEAPS AND HEAPS OF SHIT-BAD.

AND WHEN IT'S BAD, YOU REALLY WISH SOMEONE WAS OUT THERE, LOOKING AFTER YOU, WATCHING YOUR BACK. SOME FORCE BIGGER THAN YOU. WISER. ALL SEEING.

A GOD. AN ANGEL.
YOUR OWN PERSONAL SAINT.

CUMBERLAND, KENTUCKY.
tink
HM?
HYRAH!
SAMHAIN.
I'M A LIGHT SLEEPER.
CASSIE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU!.

I THOUGHT YOU LEFT ON YOUR MISSION.
I DID. BUT I CAME BACK. I CAME BACK FOR---
I KNOW WHY YOU CAME.
MMM.
NO...
LEAVE THE MASK ON.

CASSANDRA, I NEE—
OH.
OOOOOUUUUT!!!!

OH, WHAT HAVE I BEEN...?

YOU MAY COME IN NOW.

I...HURRR. I WAS GOING TO WALK TO THE GAS STATION TO GET US BREAKFAST. ON THE WAY, I REMEMBERED AN IMPORTANT QUESTION I WISHED TO ASK. THEN, I GOT COLD AND DECIDED TO COME BACK AND GET MY JACKET, YESP
YEAH, THAT EXPLAINS WHY I HAD LESS TIME THAN I THOUGHT.

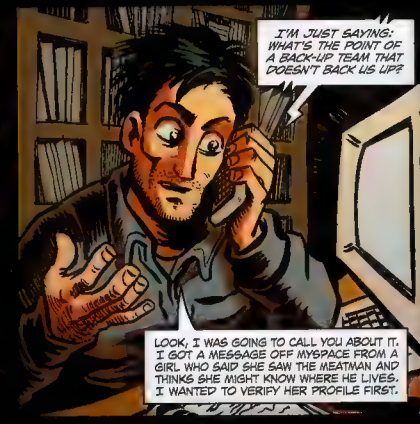
SO...I DISTURBED YOU...HURRM... WHILE...HURRR--
WHILE I WAS DRILLING FOR MAIDEN WATER? YEAH. THANKS.
OHHH... HURRR.

OH PLEASE. GET OVER IT. IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVEN'T WALKED IN ON YOU WHILE YOU WERE "GOOGLING" YOURSELF.
WHAT?! I... NO! I NEVER--
HA! YOU LIE! AFTER WE CAME BACK FROM THE LESBIAN COLLEGE CASE, YOU COULDN'T LEAVE YOURSELF ALONE.
HURM. I STILL HAVE THE QUESTION...
WAY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, ONE-MAN-SHOW. FINE. ASK.

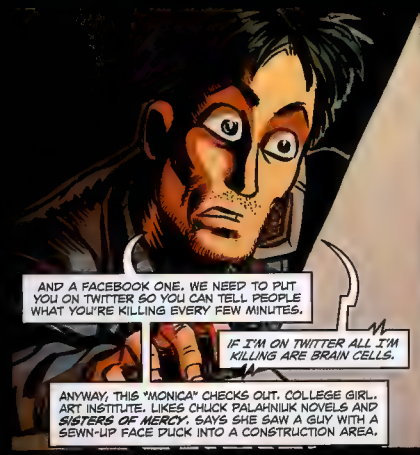
SEVERAL MONTHS AGO WE FOUND CHILDREN WHO WERE EXPOSED TO THE BLACK FLAME LIQUID THAT CREATES THE SLASHERS.*
YOU DECIDED THAT THEY WERE A BIG RISK. THAT THEY WERE NOT FOR US TO HELP. SO YOU SHOT THEM. THEY WERE SLASHERS, AND DESTROYING SLASHERS IS WHAT WE DO. I HAVE COME TO ACCEPT THIS ANSWER.
YESTERDAY, WE LET THE MAN NAMED SAMHAIN GO, EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW THAT HE IS A SLASHER. EVEN IF HE IS TRYING TO BE A GOOD MAN, WE KNOW HE CAN BE CONTROLLED. WE SAW HIM KILL AN INNOCENT.**
SO, I MUST ASK...
**SEE H/S ISSUE #25
WHY WAS SAMHAIN DIFFERENT FROM THE CHILDREN?
VLAD, I--
OH MY GOD.
HOLY SHIT, VLAD. LOOK!
NOW YOU ARE CHANGING THE SUBJECT!
NO, VLAD. IN THE NEWSPAPER...
'MEAT MAN' KILLER RETURNS?
LOOK!

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
'MEAT MAN' KILLER RETURNS?
I'LL BE DAMNED...
IT'S WORKING. I MEAN THE WHOLE THING IS WORKING, LIBBY.
I TOLD YA. MY SISTER MAY HAVE BEEN A PRISSY, JUDGMENTAL BITCH SOMETIMES, BUT SHE WOULD NEVER STEER ME WRONG.
WELL, I'M SURE MANUEL NAVARRO-MONTES' FAMILY APPRECIATES HER POST-MORTEM GIFTS. YOUR CHARMED SISTER SKULLHEAD GAVE HIM ENOUGH LUCK TO WIN 350,000 BIG ONES.
WHEN YA THINK MINE'S GONNA KICK IN?
DUNNO. MAYBE IT WORKS ON A NEED-BASED SCALE, Y'KNOW?
OL' MANUEL WAS GONNA LOSE HIS HOUSE, AND HIS DAUGHTER JUST GOT PREGNANT.
YOUR ONLY BAD LUCK IS THAT YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO DATE TOTAL DOUCHE BAGS.
NUH-UH. I ALSO ALWAYS MANAGE TO PICK THE "L" CAR WITH THE HOMELESS GUY WHO JUST POOPED HIMSELF.
I'VE GOT BIGGER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT RIGHT NOW, MONNY. ANY DAY NOW, CASSIE HACK IS GONNA COME LOOKIN' FOR MISTER MEATMAN.
SO, YOU'RE...GOING THROUGH WITH IT?
MNUUUUHHHHNNNN.
THAT'S THE DEAL. I USED THE MAGIC TO DO SOME GOOD FOR PEOPLE IN NEED. IT'S ONLY FAIR I USE IT FOR ITS INTENDED PURPOSE, TOO.
CASSIE HACK AND HER PARTNER GOTTA PIE.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
ANIMAL SHELTER
WHOA! TURN IT DOWN A NOTCH, HACK.


I'M JUST SAYING: WHAT'S THE POINT OF A BACK-UP TEAM THAT DOESN'T BACK US UP?
LOOK, I WAS GOING TO CALL YOU ABOUT IT. I GOT A MESSAGE OFF MYSPACE FROM A GIRL WHO SAID SHE SAW THE MEATMAN AND THINKS SHE MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE LIVES. I WANTED TO VERIFY HER PROFILE FIRST.

WAIT. HACK/SLASH, INC. HAS A MYSPACE PAGE?
HURRM. HERE IS A DOLLAR FOR YOUR ROAD, YES?


AND A FACEBOOK ONE. WE NEED TO PUT YOU ON TWITTER SO YOU CAN TELL PEOPLE WHAT YOU'RE KILLING EVERY FEW MINUTES.
IF I'M ON TWITTER ALL I'M KILLING ARE BRAIN CELLS.
ANYWAY, THIS "MONICA" CHECKS OUT. COLLEGE GIRL. ART INSTITUTE. LIKES CHUCK PALAHNIUK NOVELS AND *SISTERS OF MERCY*. SAYS SHE SAW A GUY WITH A SEWN-UP FACE DUCK INTO A CONSTRUCTION AREA.

JULIAN, THE MOSAIC MAN.
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. THE FIRST GUY YOU AND VLAD FACED AS A TEAM.* HE GAVE VLAD A BAD NAME UNTIL YOU PUSHED HIM IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.
WE'LL BE IN CHICAGO BY TONIGHT. TELL MS. MYSPACE WE'LL MEET HER.
*SEE H/S ISSUE #1 IN OMNIBUS VOL. 1

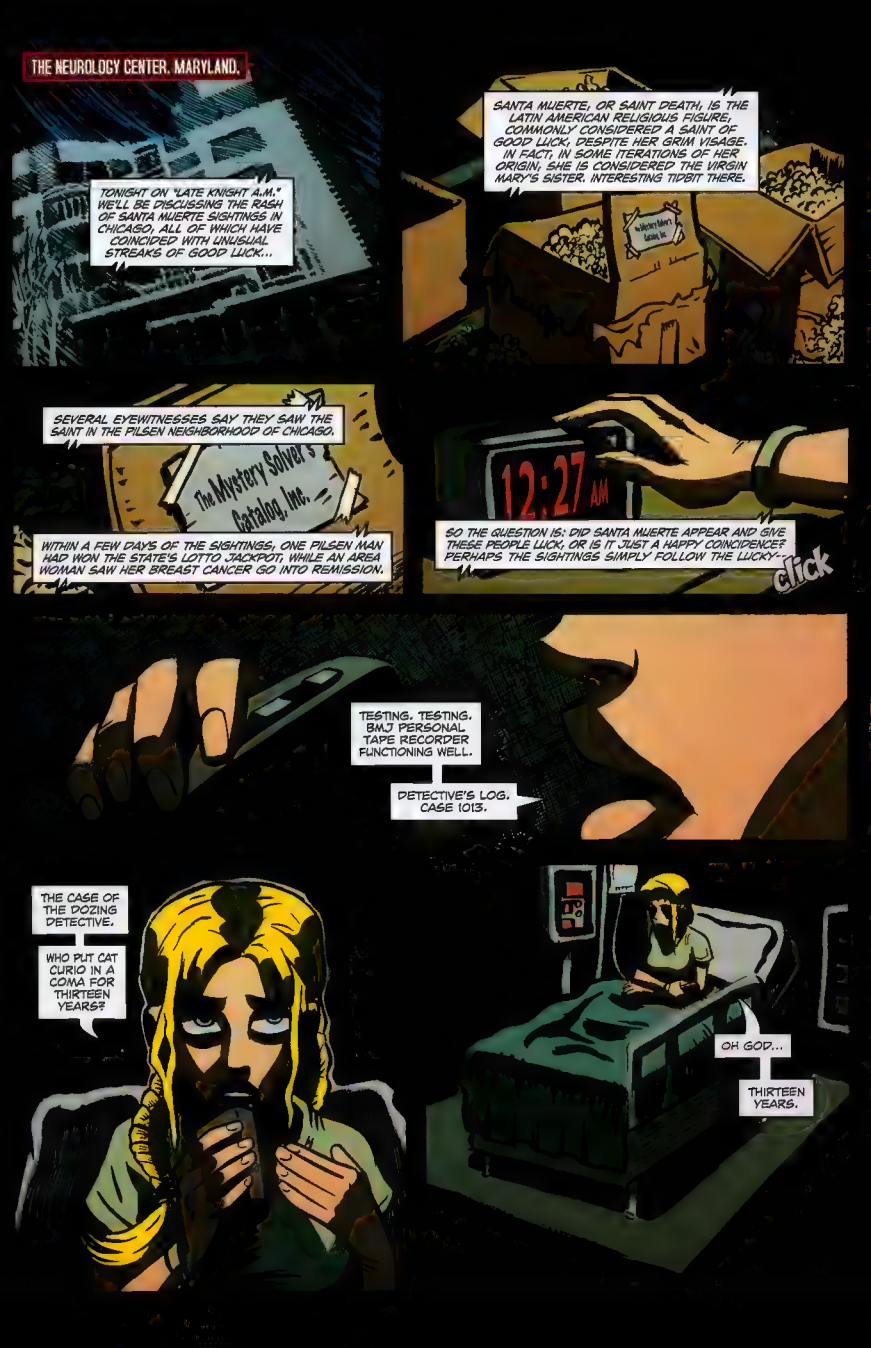
WILL DO. AND, HEY, I SHOULD PROBABLY TELL YOU: IT LOOKS LIKE HACK/SLASH, INC. IS GOING TO BE WELCOMING A LITTLE PINK BUNDLE OF JOY.
I THOUGHT POOCH WAS ALREADY AN OFFICIAL MEMBER.
NO, CASS. LISA AND I ARE PREGNANT.
OH GOD. I'M... I'M SO SORRY.
NO. SEE, IT'S A GOOD THING. IT'S BAD WHEN YOU'RE A TEENAGER, BUT FOR US, I MEAN, WE'RE EXCITED.
OH. REALLY? HUH.
WHAT IS WRONG WITH CHRIS AND MS. LISA?
TELL VLAD. HE'LL BE HAPPY.
CHRIS AND LISA ARE GOING TO HAVE A BABY.
WOOOOHOOOOO!!!!!
WE WILL PLAY GAMES AND READ CHIPPY THE CHIPMUNK AND THROW A BALL!
YEAH, HE'S HAPPY. SET UP THE MEETING WITH MONICA. WE'RE PUTTING JULIAN BACK IN HIS HOLE. CASSIE OUT.
VLAD WAS ECSTATIC AND CASS TREATED IT LIKE CANCER?
BINGO.
ABOUT WHAT I EXPECTED. I'LL MAKE SURE TO INVITE VLAD TO THE BABY SHOWER.
BABY SHOWER?
YEAH. WE'LL HAVE TO DO ALL THAT MOMMY AND DADDY STUFF NOW. COOL, HUH?
YEAH... COOL.

ELSEWHERE.
LIKE, OMG TIMES TEN.
brrrrrrm.
THIS PARK WAS TOTALLY GREEN AND HEALTHY LAST WEEK WHEN I FOUGHT THE BEAVER HERE, DWAYNE.*
*SEE H/S ENTRY WOUND.
AND THE ANIMALS DIDN'T LOOK ALL MELTED LIKE THE GUY AT THE END OF RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARC. OR THAT TOXIC WASTE GUY FROM ROBOCOP, EVEN.
WASN'T THIS WHERE YOU SAW THE ANACHRONISTIC WOMAN WITH THE TENTACLES?
YUP.
THERE'S A STRANGE SLIME ON EVERYTHING. BIZARRE TEXTURE AND HUE. IT REMINDS ME OF "THE COLOUR--"
THE COLOR OF HAM, RIGHT?! Y'KNOW, WHEN IT HAS THAT WEIRD, IRIDESCENT SHEEN!
I WAS GOING TO SAY IT REMINDS ME OF "THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE," A SHORT STORY BY H.P. LOVECRAFT.
OH, YEAH. OF COURSE.
AND HAM, TOO.

*JULIAN GALLO. THE MOSAIC MAN.
*JULIAN IS BORN IN CHICAGO, TO AN ABUSIVE FATHER. THE OLD MAN BEATS YOUNG JULES TOO HARD, TOO OFTEN, AND MESSES UP HIS FACE. BUT THE SCARS ON THE OUTSIDE AREN'T NEARLY AS DEEP AS THE ONES ON THE INSIDE. JULES IS ONE HEINOUS LITTLE BAD SEED.
*AS SOON AS HE CAN, HE STARTS WORK AS A LOW-RENT HIT MAN FOR THE LOCAL MOB. HE CONSIDERS HIS MURDERS WORKS OF ART. AROUND THIS TIME, JULES DECIDES HIS FACE'S BEAUTY SHOULD MATCH HIS WORK'S BEAUTY. HE BEGINS REMAKING HIS FACE INTO A MOSAIC, AS STRIKING AS THE ONES IN ANCIENT ROME.
*EVENTUALLY JULES RUNS AFOUL OF HIS OWN GANG. BUT HE DOES THE SLASHER DANCE AND COMES BACK FROM THE DEAD, KILLING HIS OLD BOSS AND MAKING A WEAPON OUT OF THE GUY'S BONES.
*THEN HE GOES TO TOWN, SLAUGHTERING EVERYONE RELATED TO THE OUTFIT'S RULING FAMILY...

JULIE'S ACTIONS START TO GET BLAMED ON A SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO "URBAN LEGEND" CALLED THE MEATMAN. THIS STORY BRINGS ONE SLASHER-HUNTING BABE TO TOWN...
CHICAGO
MEATMAN AND BABE TEAM UP, THROW JULIAN IN FRONT OF A TRAIN, AND YADA YADA YADA, THEY BECOME THE DYSFUNCTIONAL DUO YOU SEE HERE TODAY.
YOU FORGOT THE PART WHERE YOU HIT THE MEATMAN'S HEAD WITH A BAT. HURM.
SO JULIAN IS RUNNING AROUND CHICAGO AGAIN. A FEW PEOPLE SPOT HIM, AND SOME EAGER REPORTER DECIDES THE MEATMAN IS BACK. THIS LITTLE ART SCHOOL HONEY SEES HIM, THEN SENDS OUT A MESSAGE TO CHRIS.
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME.
JULIAN WAS IN MANY PIECES. YET HE IS A SLASHER. TO COME BACK FROM RIDICULOUS DEATH IS WHAT HE IS MADE FOR, YES?
RIGHT. THAT PART I GET. BUT ALL THE LOCAL NEWS IN THE CHICAGO PAPERS AND ON THE NET IS JUST NORMAL STUFF: CROOKED POLITICS, BITCHING ABOUT POTHOLES, PEOPLE WINNING THE LOTTERY.
WHAT'S BUGGING ME IS, IF JULIAN HAS BEEN STALKING AROUND CHICAGO FOR A FEW DAYS...
AUGUSTA BLVD.
THERE SHOULD'VE BEEN A LOT MORE MURDERS REPORTED.

UKRAINIAN VILLAGE, CHICAGO.
EVERYTHING READY?
IF YOU MEAN: "IS THE ZOMBIE PSYCHO OUT OF THE FRIDGE, AT MY COMMAND, AND READY TO KILL?" THEN, YES.
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE REALLY KIND OF AMAZING, LIBERTY.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. BUT THE VIRGIN MARY ROBE MAKES MY ASS LOOK SMALLER, DOESN'T IT?
NO, I MEAN...YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING; Y'KNOW? IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S WHERE YOU WORK; HOW YOU LIVE, OR THIS WHOLE CRAZY OCCULT REVENGE SHIT. YOU ALWAYS KNOW YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING. I WISH I WAS THAT COOL.
HEY, YOU'VE GOT A MAGICAL LUCK CHARM NOW. YOU'RE UNSTOPPABLE.
NOW GO BRING ME THOSE BAD GUYS.
SISTER SKULLHEAD, DON'T FAIL ME NOW.


THE NEUROLOGY CENTER. MARYLAND.
TONIGHT ON "LATE KNIGHT A.M." WE'LL BE DISCUSSING THE RASH OF SANTA MUERTE SIGHTINGS IN CHICAGO, ALL OF WHICH HAVE COINCIDED WITH UNUSUAL STREAKS OF GOOD LUCK...
SANTA MUERTE, OR SAINT DEATH, IS THE LATIN AMERICAN RELIGIOUS FIGURE, COMMONLY CONSIDERED A SAINT OF GOOD LUCK, DESPITE HER GRIM VISAGE. IN FACT, IN SOME ITERATIONS OF HER ORIGIN, SHE IS CONSIDERED THE VIRGIN MARY'S SISTER. INTERESTING TIDBIT THERE.
SEVERAL EYEWITNESSES SAY THEY SAW THE SAINT IN THE PILSEN NEIGHBORHOOD OF CHICAGO.
The Mystery Solver's Catalog, Inc.
WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF THE SIGHTINGS, ONE PILSEN MAN HAD WON THE STATE'S LOTTO JACKPOT, WHILE AN AREA WOMAN SAW HER BREAST CANCER GO INTO REMISSION.
12:27 AM
SO THE QUESTION IS: DID SANTA MUERTE APPEAR AND GIVE THESE PEOPLE LUCK, OR IS IT JUST A HAPPY COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS THE SIGHTINGS SIMPLY FOLLOW THE LUCKY--
click
TESTING. TESTING. BMJ PERSONAL TAPE RECORDER FUNCTIONING WELL.
DETECTIVE'S LOG. CASE 1013.
THE CASE OF THE DOZING DETECTIVE.
WHO PUT CAT CURIO IN A COMA FOR THIRTEEN YEARS?
OH GOD...
THIRTEEN YEARS.

MONICA CHEN?
OH JESUS!
KIND OF JUMPY, AREN'T YOU?
SORRY. I THOUGHT FOR A SECOND HE WAS THE MEATMAN.
HURR. I AM THE MEATMAN.
LONG STORY. CHRIS SAYS YOU SAW A SCARRED-UP GUY RUN INTO THIS BUILDING.
YEAH. SEE, I WAS GONNA SHOOT SOME PHOTOS OF THIS BUILDING FOR SCHOOL. AND, UHM, I SAW THIS CREEPY GUY RUN AROUND TO THE BACK.
SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SPOTTED THE GUY. "THE MEATMAN," THEY SAID. SO I TOOK SOME SHOTS.
IF YOU ZOOM IN, YOU CAN SEE HIM BETTER.
THAT'S JULIE. ALL RIGHT. WE'RE GOING IN.
HE'S A CRAZED KILLER! YOU'RE GOING IN THERE WITHOUT ANY PROTECTION?
OH, WE BROUGHT ALL KINDS OF PROTECTION.

THIS IS A TRAP.
WHAT TIPPED YOU OFF? THE FACT THAT MS. KITTY COULDN'T LOOK US IN THE EYES, THE "BIGFOOT HOAX" PHOTOGRAPH...
OR THESE OH-SO-OBVIOUS FOOTPRINTS LEADING INTO THE BASEMENT?
HURRRR. WE SHOULD LEAVE.
NO. SOMETHING WEIRD IS GOING ON HERE, AND I'VE FOUND THE BEST WAY TO GET THE INFORMATION YOU NEED IS JUST TO DIVE IN, ARMED FOR BEAR.
THIS PLAN HAS GOTTEN US ALMOST KILLED SEVERAL TIMES, YES?
YEAH, AND AS LONG AS IT ONLY GETS US "ALMOST KILLED" IT'S A GOOD PLAN.
LIBBY! THEY'RE IN!

I SEE THEM GOOD JOB, MONNY. THAI DINNER ON ME AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER.
OH JEEZ, LIBBY. BE CAREFUL.
DON'T WORRY. I'M AMAZING, REMEMBER?
STORAGE
CREEK...
nam ciasom nekawa.
meht lik.
KILL 'EM DEAD FOR WHAT THEY DID TO MY SISTER.

SHH. I HEAR...
WHISPERS.
HNGH. WHAT'S THE MATTER, JULES? DIDN'T LIKE HOW BAD WE PUNKED YOUR ASS LAST TIME?
CHK-CHK
HRRRRGGHGHMM...
GHAH! IT IS DEFINITELY JULIAN!
HE IS MINE!

YOU WILL NOT RUIN MY NAME AGAIN!
SLAM
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING. LIKE A GIRL WHISPERING. AND THE WORDS SOUNDED FAMILIAR...
I WAS HIDING ONCE, JUST LIKE YOU. BUT I WAS IN A HOTEL BATHROOM, WITH THIS KILLER BY THE NAME OF FATHER WRATH.
HE WAS UNDER SOMEONE'S CONTROL, SEE? AND HE ONLY MOVED WHEN THIS GIRL SPOKE.
BUT SHE DIDN'T SPEAK REGULAR OLD WORDS. NO, SHE WAS USING SPELLS. MAGIC.
AND.
SO.
ARE.
YOU!
NOW, DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...
BEFORE I FILL YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD WITH BUCKSHOT?
LIBBY!

MY N-NAME IS L-LIBERTY. LIBERTY LOCHS. YOU...YOU--
KILLED YOUR SISTER, LAURA.*
YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!!
OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE--
I...I HAVE A MAGIC FIGURINE!
SO YOU LET LIBBY GO!
URRGHN...
HRRRNNNGH!!!
HURR?

RRRRRRAA!
PWAK
NUNH!
AW, FUCK M--
KARO
HAHAHAHAH!!
OH GOD.
HAHAHAHAH!!
UK--SS
SNAKT
TO BE CONTINUED...

DDP
$3.50
#27
HACK/SLASH
NO GRAFFITI
NO LOITERING
VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED
TIM
SEELEY
BRYAN
BAUGH
FOES AND
FORTUNES
PART 2
MARVEL KNIGHTS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER ***MOTHER!***

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

FOES AND FORTUNES PT 2

Written by TIM SEELEY

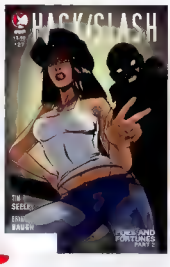
Art by BRYAN BAUGH

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANKI

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

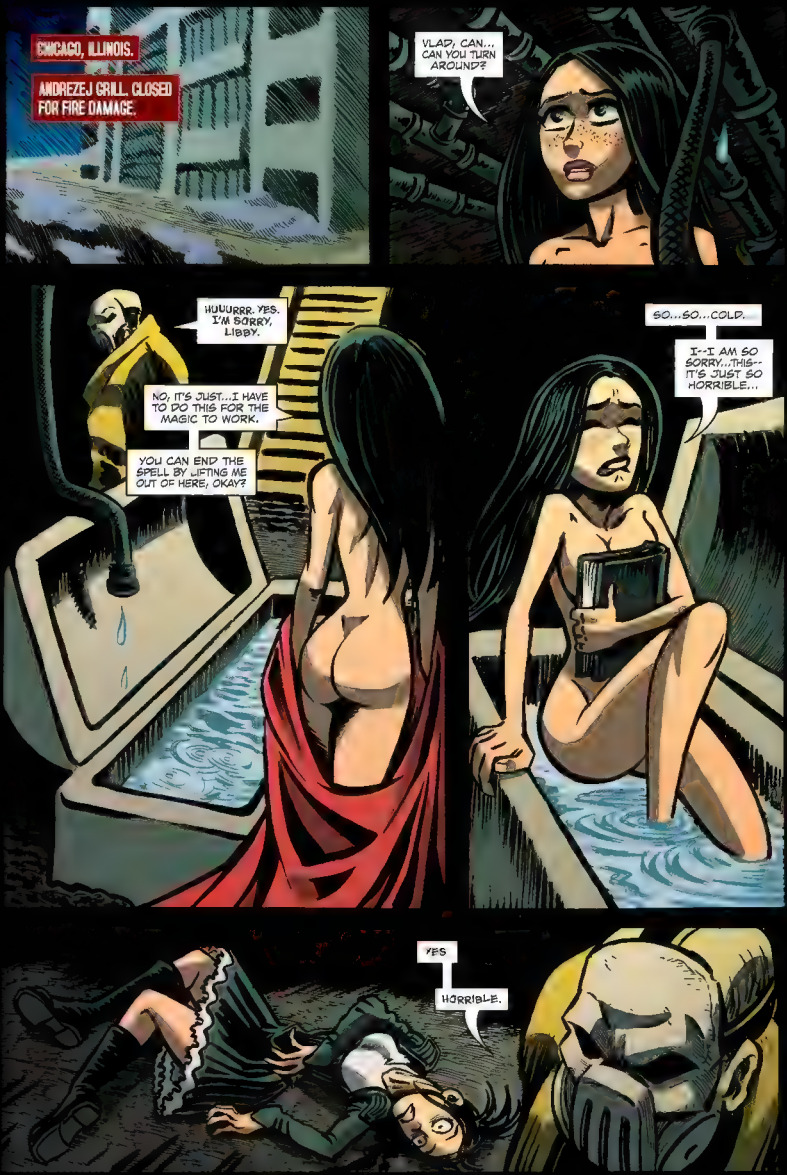


Cover A by TIM SEELEY and RACHELLE ROSENBERG

Cover B by REBEKAH ISAACS

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH. The Series, [illegible] #27 for OCTOBER, 2009. Published by [illegible] Inc. Office of publication 2057 W. [illegible] HACK/SLASH, all associated characters [illegible] respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. [illegible] are entirely fictitious. Any [illegible] to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real [illegible] used [illegible] in print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For [illegible] contact [illegible] Printed in [illegible]

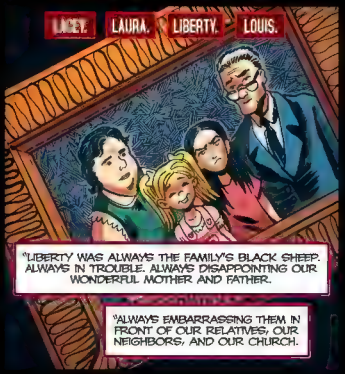

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
ANDREZEJ GRILL. CLOSED FOR FIRE DAMAGE.
VLAD, CAN... CAN YOU TURN AROUND?
HUUURRR. YES. I'M SORRY, LIBBY.
NO, IT'S JUST...I HAVE TO DO THIS FOR THE MAGIC TO WORK.
YOU CAN END THE SPELL BY LIFTING ME OUT OF HERE, OKAY?
SO...SO...COLD.
I--I AM SO SORRY...THIS-- IT'S JUST SO HORRIBLE...
YES.
HORRIBLE.

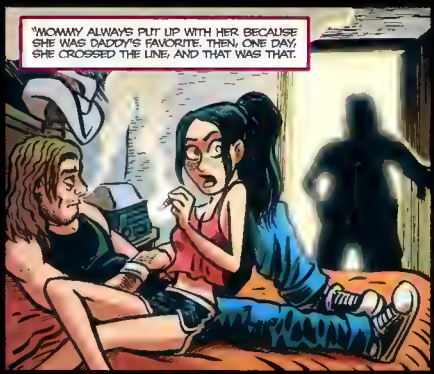
OKAY. S-S-S-SHE... SHE'LL BE HERE PRETTY QUICK, SO G-G-GET READY WITH YOUR QUESTIONS.
ceht snommus retsis ruoy! shcol arual. shcol arual.
doolb ym... doolb ym si doolb ruoy. arual. niaga uoy ot klát annaw i.
...doolb ruoy si.
HURRR?
NUNH HUHN HUHN NUH HUHNN!!
HUNH!
I AM HERE. WHO CALLS ME?!

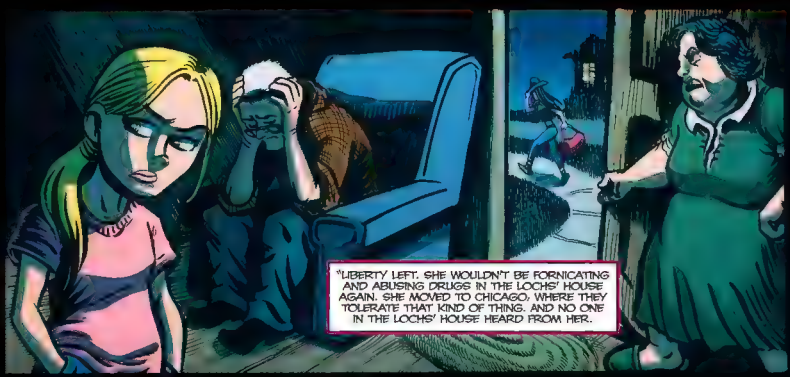
MMM. I'D KNOW THAT BODY ANYWHERE! WHY, I LIVED IN IT ONCE!
VLAD!!
URRNH!
DON'T FIGHT ME, VLAD. I HAVE ALL THE STRENGTH OF DEATH, A DEATH YOU SENT ME TO.
YOU LET MY OWN ZOMBIES KILL ME?*
YOU AND CASSIE LET THEM...
EAT ME!!

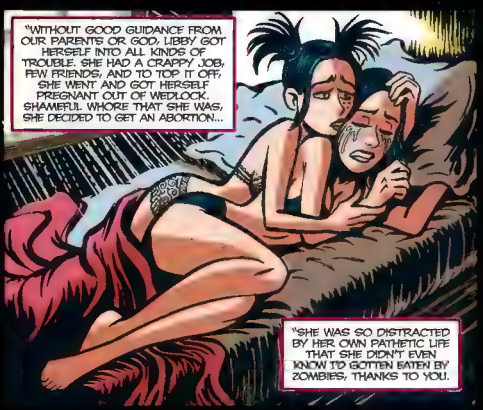
TAXI
FR'CK NG YUPPIES NEVER TIP!
AAAHH!!
THUNK
YOU STUP'D JUNKIE! YOU SCRATCH MY CAR!
HUNH. FUCK. FAST... BASTARD...
HUNH...I NEED A RIDE.
CAB OUT OF ORDER. SOME JUNKIE DENT MY CAR!
CHASE THAT JUNKIE DOWN FOR ME, AND I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE BUCKS AND A PROMISE TO BEAT HIS ASS.
YOU MAKE GOOD DEAL, LADY.

GLURRBYE...
OH, YESSSS. I WISH CASSIE WERE HERE WITH YOU...
I'M GOING TO BURN HER ALIVE.
NURRGH!
NO!!!
LAURA LOCHS! YOUR SISTER BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM DEAD TO ANSWER QUESTIONS! MY QUESTIONS! YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU WERE SUMMONED FOR, YES?
NYAHNNNG. Y-YES.
HOW DID YOU COME TO USE YOUR SISTER THIS WAY?
OH, LIBBY. I ALWAYS WISHED I HAD YOUR BODY.
NYHHN. I FOUND LIBERTY. I FOUND HER WHEN SHE CONTEMPLATED MORTALITY. WHEN SHE CONSIDERED TAKING HER OWN LIFE. WHEN SHE CAME CLOSE TO DEATH...
AND *DEATH* IS WHERE I AM.


LACEY.
LAURA.
LIBERTY.
LOUIS.
"LIBERTY WAS ALWAYS THE FAMILY'S BLACK SHEEP. ALWAYS IN TROUBLE. ALWAYS DISAPPOINTING OUR WONDERFUL MOTHER AND FATHER.
"ALWAYS EMBARRASSING THEM IN FRONT OF OUR RELATIVES, OUR NEIGHBORS, AND OUR CHURCH.


"MOMMY ALWAYS PUT UP WITH HER BECAUSE SHE WAS DADDY'S FAVORITE. THEN, ONE DAY, SHE CROSSED THE LINE, AND THAT WAS THAT.


"LIBERTY LEFT. SHE WOULDN'T BE FORNICATING AND ABUSING DRUGS IN THE LOCHS' HOUSE AGAIN. SHE MOVED TO CHICAGO, WHERE THEY TOLERATE THAT KIND OF THING. AND NO ONE IN THE LOCHS' HOUSE HEARD FROM HER.


"WITHOUT GOOD GUIDANCE FROM OUR PARENTS OR GOD, LIBBY GOT HERSELF INTO ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE. SHE HAD A CRAPPY JOB, FEW FRIENDS, AND TO TOP IT OFF, SHE WENT AND GOT HERSELF PREGNANT OUT OF WEDLOCK. SHAMEFUL. WHORE THAT SHE WAS, SHE DECIDED TO GET AN ABORTION...
"SHE WAS SO DISTRACTED BY HER OWN PATHETIC LIFE THAT SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW TO GOTTEN EATEN BY ZOMBIES, THANKS TO YOU.

"I WATCHED FROM MY PLACE IN THE REALM OF DEATH. I WATCHED MY SISTER FIGHT FOR HER LIFE AFTER THE ANESTHESIA GAVE HER A HEART ATTACK ON THE OPERATING TABLE. AND I PITIED HER.

"I SPENT A FEW YEARS STUDYING NECROMANTIC SPELL BOOKS--THE ONES I USED TO CONTROL FATHER WRATH AND MY OTHER SERVANTS. I KNOW HOW TO MANIPULATE DEATH. SO I STOPPED LIBERTY'S SOUL FROM LEAVING HER BODY. I SAVED HER. MISERABLE LIFE, AND SHE KNEW JUST WHO'D DONE IT.
LAURA?
"I GAVE HER SPELLS TO ALLOW ME TO SPEAK THROUGH HER, AND THE EYE TO FIND OTHER NECROMANCY TOMES. LIBERTY MAY BE THE BLACK SHEEP, BUT SHE'S A GOOD SISTER.
"SHE KNEW SHE OWED ME HER LIFE, SO SHE WAS GOING TO HELP ME COME BACK.
"BUT THERE WAS NO POINT TO ME COMING BACK IF I WAS JUST GOING TO GET KILLED BY YOU AND CASSIE AGAIN. SO LIBERTY AND I FOUND THE KILLER WHO'D FIRST BROUGHT YOU TOGETHER. WITH THAT KIND OF BAIT, HOW COULD YOU RESIST WALKING RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS?"
THEN WHAT OF THESE--- THIS SKULL WOMAN?
THE DEAD GIRL BELIEVED IT TO BE MAGIC. BUT IT ONLY CAUSED JULIAN TO BREAK HER.
RRRAH. LIBERTY. STUPID WHORE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
STUPID, STUPID, STUPID WHORE! I SHOULD HAVE LET YOU DIE!!

ANSWER! WHAT DOES THE STATUE DO?
STUPID LIBBY. SHE RUINS EVERYTHING SHE TOUCHES.
SHE WANTED TO DO "GOOD" WITH A NECROMANCY BOOK. SHE TRIED TO MAKE LUCKY ITEMS FOR THE DREGS. THE DOWN AND OUT, LUCKLESS LOSERS LIKE HER
BUT, NECROMANCY ISN'T MEANT TO BLESS ITEMS TO DO SO DRAGS A SPIRIT OUT OF THE AFTERLIFE AND BONDS IT TO THE OBJECT. A SLAVE SPIRIT THAT DOESN'T WANT TO BE THERE
AND WHEN WE RAISED JULIAN, WE BONDED HIM TO THE POWERS OF DEATH AND BLACK MAGIC SO THAT HE WOULD BE AT OUR BECK AND CALL.
JULIAN SERVES DEATH. HE'LL FREE ANY SPIRITS IMPRISONED ON THIS PLANE
BUT THE ONLY WAY TO DO THIS--
YES. KILL EVERYONE WHO POSSESSES ONE OF THE BLESSED STATUES!
KILL THIS BODY, VLAD. I KNOW THE POWER AND RAGE INSIDE YOU. I'VE FELT IT. I'VE USED IT AS IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE USED. SNAP THIS STUPID SLUT'S NECK!
KILL MY SISTER FOR BETRAYING M--!
SHUT UP.

DOWN HERE! THE FUCKER CUT THROUGH HERE!
I HEAR YOU, LADY! DON'T YELL!
BEEP BEEP BEEP
VLAD! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHERE THE HELL IS JULIE HEADING?
SO SORRY, MONNY. I SCREWED THIS UP SO BAD...
HE IS ON HIS WAY TO A NEIGHBORHOOD CALLED PILSEN TO KILL SOME MEXICAN PEOPLE WHO HAVE TOO MUCH LUCK.
OH, RIGHT. OF COURSE.
YIANNI! ARE WE HEADING TOWARD SOMEPLACE CALLED PILSEN?
YES, LADY. THE RUNNING JUNKIE IS LEADING US THERE.
WELL, THERE YOU GO. SO, VLAD, I'M TAKING ON THE MOSAIC MAN ALL BY MYSELF?
NO. WE FOUGHT HIM TOGETHER THE FIRST TIME. WE HAVE FOUGHT TOGETHER EVER SINCE. I WILL TAKE THE VAN AND FIND YOU.
WHERE?
THE MAN...THE MAN WHO WON THE LOTTERY. JULIAN WILL GO THERE FIRST. I KNOW THE ADDRESS.
LIBERTY WILL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS. SHE IS COMING WITH ME.
YOU'RE BRINGING HER? SHE GOT US INTO THIS. SHE'S FUCKING INSANE!
NO. SHE IS LIKE SAMHAIN, WHOM YOU FORGAVE AND LET LIVE...
SHE HAS BEEN USED.

PILSEN NEIGHBORHOOD.
THE HOME OF MANUEL NAVARRO-MONTES.
<MANUEL, I THINK YOU SHOULD MAKE YOUR TOAST BEFORE YOU ARE TOO DRUNK TO SAY IT.>*
<AH, MYRA, I MAY BE THE LUCKY ONE, BUT YOU'RE THE WISE ONE.>
*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH
<MY FRIENDS! AS YOU ALL KNOW, LIFE IN AMERICA IS NOT SO EASY AS WE ONCE DREAMED IT WOULD BE. INTO EVERY LIFE, SOME DIFFICULTY, AND SOME DAMNED CHICAGO COLD, WILL COME. AND I THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIENDS THROUGH ALL OF IT.>
<AND WHILE SANTA MUERTE HAS CHOSEN TO LISTEN TO MY PRAYERS AND BESTOW HER GRACE ON ME, I HOPE THAT WE CAN REMAIN FRIENDS...>
<BUT, I'M TELLING YOU ALL NOW: I'M STILL NOT LENDING YOU ANY MONEY.>
HERE WE ARE, LADY! DON'T MESS HIM UP TOO BAD.
SHARRRGGG
OH, DON'T WORRY. I'LL LEAVE A FEW BIG CHUNKS.

LIBERTY, YOU ARE OKAY?

NO, I AM DEFINITELY NOT OKAY. I GOT MY BEST FRIEND KILLED. I FUCKED UP EVERYTHING.
THEN WE WILL MAKE IT RIGHT. YOU WILL CAST A SPELL AND STOP JULIAN.
HE'S NOT WORKING FOR ME ANYMORE. YOU HEARD WHAT LAURA SAID.
THEN I HAVE ANOTHER PLAN.

WHY ARE YOU BEING SO NICE TO ME? I TRIED TO GET YOU KILLED.
YOU ARE GOOD IN YOUR HEART. YOU DID WHAT YOU BELIEVED WAS RIGHT AND DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE BEING USED. I HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE TO UNDERSTAND THIS.
NO. LAURA'S RIGHT. I'M A WASTE. I'M NEVER GOING TO MAKE THIS SHIT RIGHT.

YOU WILL. TELL ME HOW THE STATUES WILL WORK.
WELL, LAURA SAID JULIAN WAS AFTER ANYONE I'D GIVEN THE STATUES TO.

SO NOW I HAVE ALL THE STATUES YOU DID NOT GIVE OUT. JULIAN SHOULD COME FOR ME, YES?
RIGHT.
HURR. DOES THIS LUCK MAGIC WORK?

WELL, WE'VE HIT EVERY GREEN LIGHT FOR THREE MILES AND HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE COP, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE DRIVING SIXTY-FIVE IN A THIRTY-FIVE ZONE.
SO I'D SAY, YEAH, IT WORKS.

(MANUEL, DO YOU NEED TO BRING THE SAINT TO THE BATHROOM WITH YOU?)
(I'M SO DRUNK, I NEED LUCK NOT TO PISS ON MY SHOES.)
(OH...YES. I AM GIVING BACK THE BEER I RENTED, YES?)
♪♫♪--
MAAAANNNUUUELLL.
(WHAT?)
MANNN..EEEELLLL..
KRRRSH!

IT LONGS TO BE FREE.
(OH MY GOD!)
GRAH!
RAAAAHH!
THOK
FCARK
UNGH!
WHOOMP
(SANTA MUERTE...)
FREEEEE
(NO!)

IT SCREAMS TO BE FREE. YOU MUST DIE, MANUEL.
(OH NO. NO NO NO...)
MANUEL!
(LEAVE MY HUSBAND ALONE!)
RUH?
YES, MANUEL. YOU HAVE ENSLAVED THE DEAD. AND YOUR LUCK HAS RUN OUT.
(LEAVE HIM ALONE!!!)
THWOK
I DO THIS IN THE NAME OF YIANNI'S CAB, MOTHERFUCKER.

NYHARHH
YOU HAVE TO GIVE ME THE STATUE.
WHA--?
LIKE A GIFT! GIVE IT TO ME!
Y-YES, HERE!
GOOD! NOW GET YOUR FRIENDS AND GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!
HEY, JULIE! WHO'S THE LUCKY BITCH NOW?
OH FUCK! YOU GOT MUCH FAST--
HACK!
ERFF!
THE SPIRITS SCREAM FOR YOUR DEATH!

WOOFT!
AWUMP
I SCREAM FOR YOUR DEATH!
ANGH!
SHUNK
WHOK
FUCK! LUCKY MY ASS!
AH.
DEATH HAS GIVEN ME CLARITY, HACK. I WAS A SLAVE TO THE GIR.. I WAS A MINDLESS HUSK, RESPONDING TO HER WHIMS.

BUT HER ATTEMPT TO BLESS THESE PEOPLE HAS GIVEN ME PURPOSE.
NOW I AM *DEATH* ITSELF!
I AM THE *LIBERATOR OF SOULS!!*
VROOOM
HRAH?

AGK!
KROOM
WE GOT HIM! HELL, YES!
YES. BUT HE IS NO LONGER JUST A SLASHER...
AND HE WILL NOT FALL SO EASILY.
HRRRAGHN!
THEN WE GO WITH MY FIRST PLAN.
JULIAN! WE HAVE THE STATUES!
SO MANY SOULS. THEY SCREAM TO BE FREE!
FREEEE.
FREE
LIBERTAD
FREEE
OH.
LIBERTY. YOU MUST GO FAST NOW.

SQUUUEEAL
WHERE WILL WE LEAD HIM?
YOU'VE GOT ALL THE LUCK WE COULD EVER POSSIBLY USE, REMEMBER?
THERE'S A NICE ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL YARD RIGHT WHERE WE NEED ONE.
CHROOM
VLAD!
HURR. YES. LUCK.

YOU DESERVE THE TOUCH OF DEATH EVEN MORE THAN HACK, MEATMAN.
SHRIK
HURR. FORTUNATELY FOR US ALL..
THUK
DEATH IS DUMB.
LIBERTY! FLIP THE SWITCH! AND GET OUT--NOW!
OKAY. BUT YOU GOTTA GET OUT, TOO.

KA-THUMP

WHU--?!

WHOOF!

HURR. LIBBY...

SLITCH!
HUNGH!

urch morf yawa en reviled.
NO SPELL WILL SAVE YOU NOW. I WORK FOR DEATH, AND YOUR INDISCRETIONS HAVE EARNED MY TOUCH.

THE SPELL ISN'T FOR YOU, ASSHOLE...
BUT THIS IS.
CRASH
LIBBY.

MORNING.
C'MON, BIG GUY. PRETTY SOON PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE ASKING QUESTIONS...
AND WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN ALL THOSE POWER TOOLS AND TROPHIES--OR THE TWO CORPSES.
YES.
YOU THINK ALL THOSE SOULS ARE FREE NOW?
YES.
I BELIEVE ALL THE TORMENTED SOULS ARE FREE NOW, INCLUDING JULIAN.
AND LIBBY.
NICE LITTLE BIT OF LUCK THAT MANUEL HAD THIS SWEET HEARSE TO GET RID OF, EH?
HURR. YES... LUCK.

WHEN PEOPLE THINK OF MIRACLES, THE FIRST PLACE THAT COMES TO MIND IS PROBABLY VATICAN CITY.
MAYBE ISRAEL.
SOME HOLY CITY THAT BIRTHED A GREAT RELIGION.
THEY PROBABLY DON'T THINK OF CHICAGO.
FD
BUT MIRACLES DO HAPPEN IN CHICAGO.
THE END

DDP
$3.50
#28
HACK/SLASH
TIM SEELEY
DAN PARENT
DANIEL LEISTER
02811
MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER!*

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SOMETHING'S FISHY!

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by DAN PARENT & DANIEL LEISTER with SEAN K. DOVE

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and DOMINIC MARCO

Cover B by DAN PARENT

DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH [illegible] SLE 4/28 for NOVEMBER 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing [illegible] Office of publication 2057 W. Roscoe St. 3rd Floor Chicago, IL 60618. [illegible] used with permission. The events and characters presented [illegible] to they DDK are real people??? No portion of this [illegible] Publishing [illegible] For Ad Sales [illegible]

OUR Boy
Taber in Something's Fishy
HAVERHILL
GOLLY THIS MIGHT JUST BE THE LUCKIEST NIGHT OF MY WHOLE LIFE!
TRISH AND ANGELA, THE TWO GIRLS WHO COMPETE FOR MY AFFECTION, SEEM TO HAVE BURIED THE HATCHET!
AND THEY MUST REALLY BE FEELING WARM AND FUZZY ABOUT IT, BECAUSE THEY'RE ABOUT TO TAKE A MIDNIGHT SWIM TOGETHER IN MARCH.
HO LEE WHO KNEW THE BEACH COULD BE SO HOT IN THE WINTER?

WHADDA YOU DOIN' IN THE BUSHES, TABER?
OH, HI, GORILLA! I WAS...UH...JUST PRACTICING FOR MY LIFEGUARD JOB
BUT IT AIN'T EVEN SUMMER FOR THREE MONTHS!
I NEED A LOT OF PRACTICE
HEY, GIRLS, LOOK WHAT I FOUND LURKING IN DA BUSHES.
IT'S OKAY, DONALD.
YEAH, IT'S ABOUT TIME WE LET TABER INTO THE FOLD.
FOLD? WHAT FOLD?
CAN YOU HEAR THEM, CHRISTOPHER?
HEAR WHO?
THEY SING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SONGS. THEIR VOICES ARE LIKE ANGELS' VOICES, BUT YOU MUST KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN FOR.
IAAAA-- R'LYEH
CTHULHU FHTAGN
IAAAA, IAAAA
HUH CAN'T SAY I KNOW THAT ONE
BUT I DO DIG THAT NEW SONG BY THOSE JONAS BOYS. THEY SURE CAN SING, THE LITTLE FELLERS...

HAVE YOU NOTICED, CHRISTOPHER? HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT HAVERHILL HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE LINCOLN WAS KILLED?*
THERE'S DARKNESS HERE NOW, WHEN THERE NEVER WAS BEFORE.
SHE WANTS TO CHANGE THAT.
*SEE H/S ISSUE #6 IN OMNIBUS VOL. 2
WHO OH!
MARY. MARY WANTS TO MAKE IT PERFECT. SHE WANTS TO CHANGE IT ALL BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS.
AND THEN SHE WANTS US TO CHANGE, TOO.
EYYAAAAAAA!!

GOOD EVENING. THIS IS LATE KNIGHT A.M.; AND I'M YOUR HOST: ALAN KNIGHT.
WE'RE GOING TO THE PHONES TO DISCUSS ALL YOUR TALES OF THE UNUSUAL AND THE PARANORMAL.
YOU KNOW, WHAT THIS CAR LACKS IN SIZE AND SPACE, IT MAKES UP FOR WITH MYSTIQUE.
HURR. I MISS THE VAN.
AW, C'MON. WE CAN GET SOME PLASTIC SKULLS TO HANG FROM THE MIRROR.
HELLO, CALLER. YOU'RE ON LATE KNIGHT...
NO SKULLS.
SHRUNKEN HEADS?
GARFIELD.
UM...HI, ALAN. LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO CALL. FISH-PEOPLE HAVE OVERRUN MY WHOLE TOWN, AND MY OLD GIRLFRIEND HAS, UH, GILLS FOR BOOBS, AND--
CALLER, IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?
GARFIELD? VLAD, WE CAN'T WASTE THE NATURAL BAD-ASSERY OF A HEARSE WITH THAT UNFUNNY FAT FUCKING CAT--
SHH... CASSANDRA! ON THE LATE KNIGHT...
NO, THIS ISN'T A JOKE. THE TIME I ORDERED TWENTY-FIVE ANCHOVY PIZZAS FOR PRINCIPAL CRUNK-- THAT WAS JOKE.
IT IS OUR BOY TABER.

HAVERHILL
TABER
JOIN US, CHRISTOPHER.
BE ONE OF US. WE'RE FAMILY.
WE HAVE A BABY, CHRIS.
WE FOUND MRS. KETTLE'S NEW SON.
OH GOSH
OPEN THE DOOR, TABER, OR WE'LL EAT LITTLE JOEY KETTLE.
WAAAAAHH
DON'T BELIEVE US? LISTEN. HE'S CRYING BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO LET HIM GET EATEN
OKAY DON'T! I'M OPENING THE DOOR! I'M--
OH, FIDDLESTICKS.

WE KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND.
BE HE!
YOU'RE MAKING YOUR MOTHER VERY PROUD, SON
I-I CHANGED MY MIND!
THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW, SON.
YEAH WE, LIKE NEED YOU.
PRINCIPAL CRUNK! I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THE ANCHOVIES!
THE MISTRESS WILL BE MOST PLEASED WITH ME.

BAKOOM!!
CASSIE! JEEPERS, HOW'D YOU FIND ME?
NO OFFENSE, TABER, BUT YOU'RE PRETTY PREDICTABLE
OUTSIDERS!
HOW DARE THEY INTRUDE!
KILL THEM!
YOU'RE CHUM, BITCH!
CASSIE, DON'T!
BOOM!

WHAT THE FUCK, MAN? WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE YOUR ASS FROM MONSTERS.
BUT THESE AREN'T MONSTERS!
HEE HEE WOW, IT'S THE SEXY TREE FROM PROM! HEY, YOU BIG LOG OF A MAN!
PINKY?
AND YOU ALMOST SHOT MY MOM!
FUCK. VLAD! STRATEGIC RETREAT?
HURRRM. YES. JUST A SECOND...
WHEEEE!
THERE. AND NOW...
LET US HAUL MUCH ASS.

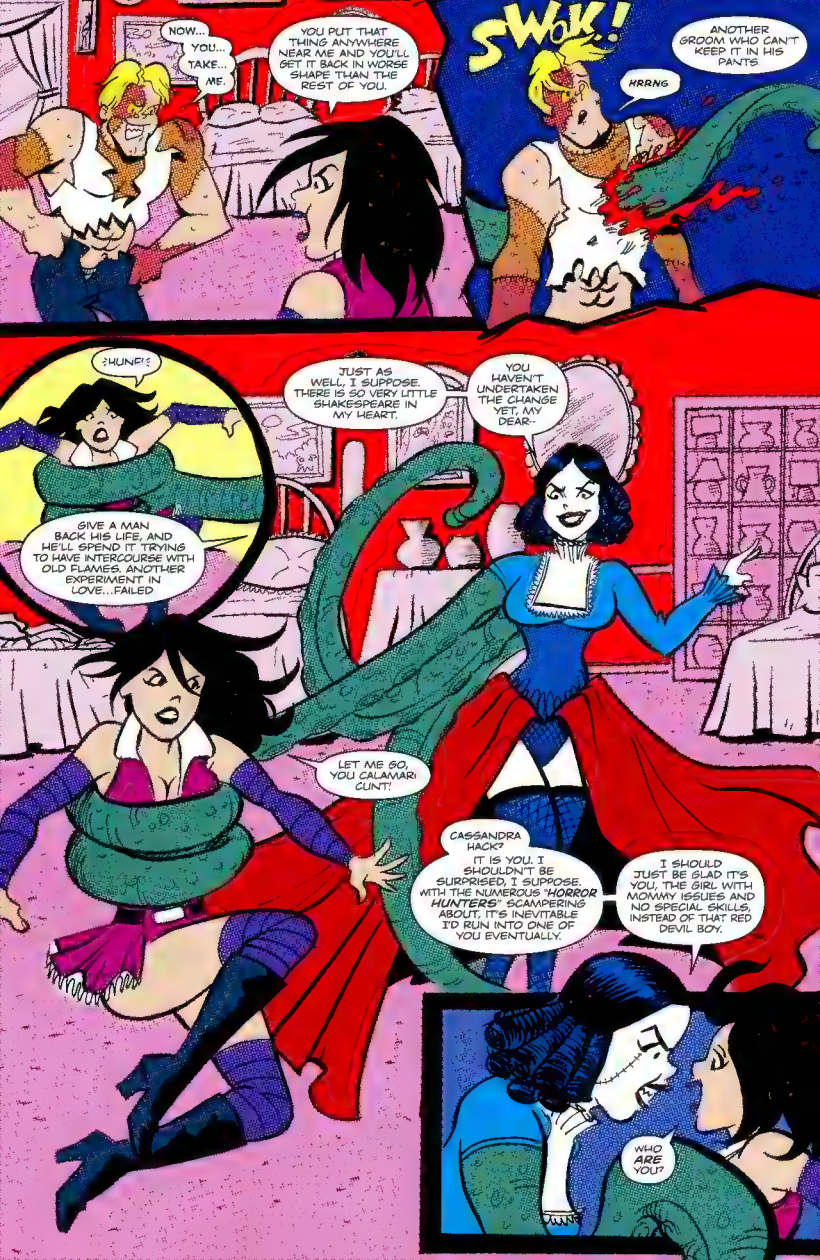
WHICH WAY? EVERYTHING IN THIS TOWN LOOKS THE FUCKING SAME TO ME!
PORK STORE
ANYWHERE, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT THE LAKE! SOME CREEPY STUFF GOES ON--
WAIT! I KNOW JUST THE PLACE!
THIS IS THE HONOR HOUSE NOVELTY SHOP.
WHEN WE WERE KIDS, LUNK AND I USED TO ALWAYS SAY WE'D COME HERE TO HIDE IF THE RUSSIANS EVER ATT--
LAYERS
LUNK!
YO, CHRIS. HOW YA DOIN'? NOW, GET THE FUCK OUT.
NOAH!

BUT WE NEED TO HIDE! THE TOWN'S GONE CRAZY!
IT'S GONE GEORGE ROMERO MEETS CHARLIE THE TUNA, IS WHAT IT'S GONE.
AND I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY, INCLUDING YOU. SO GET THE FUCK OUT.
MASKS
KNIVES
BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS!
WE ARE. AS SOON AS SHIT GOES BACK TO NORMAL, I'LL RETAKE MY PLACE AS YOUR BIG, SILENT SIDEKICK. I'LL EAT HOT DOGS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA STOP MAKING 'EM, AND PRETEND ALL THE DUMB SHIT YOU SPEW ARE GOOD IDEAS. I PROMISE.
BUT UNTIL I KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA SPROUT GILLS AND SING SOME GODDAMN SWEDISH FOLK TUNE AT ME, YOU AND THESE OTHER ASSHOLES ARE GONNA HAVE TO GO
IAA IAA IAA...CTHULHU FHTAGN.
GUYS.
SONOVA- BEEYOTCH.
YOU BROUGHT THEM TO ME? IT AIN'T ENOUGH YOU MADE ME DRESS UP AS YOUR COUSIN "OLGA" TO SNEAK INTO TRISH'S PAJAMA PARTY? OR THAT YOU TOLD EVERYONE I WAS RETARDED SO YOU COULD JOIN ANGELA'S PEER HELPER GROUP?
YOU HAD TO GO BRING THE SHRIMP-TITS TO MY FUCKING DOOR--?
CRASH!

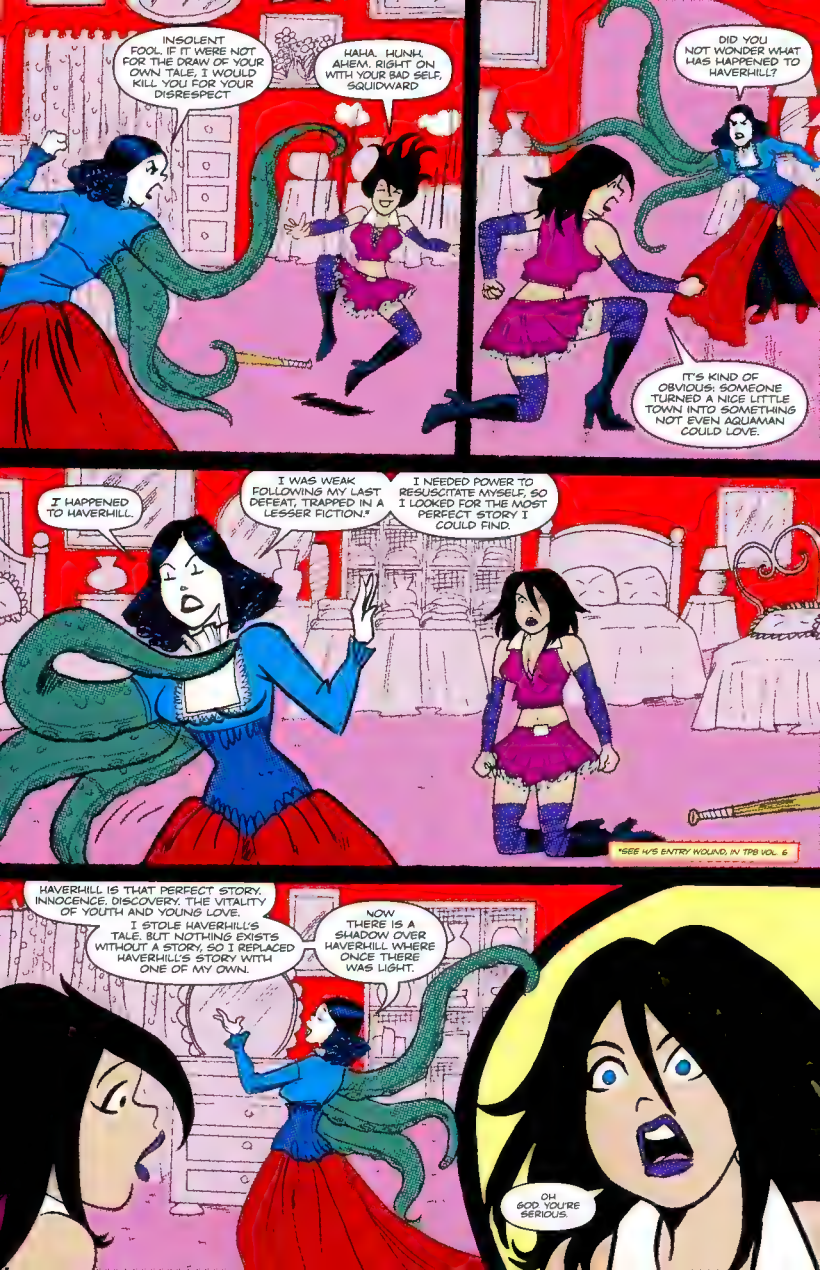
HEY, NERDS
I CAN SEE YOUR SOULS!
LUNK! DON'T!
FUCK THAT! I HATED THAT ASSHOLE WHEN HE WASN'T SPONGEBOB!
NOOOOOO!!!
BAKOW!!
YOU KILLED DONALD! WHO'S GONNA CARRY MY BOOKS FOR ME NOW?
AHHH!!
GO! MORE OF THEM COME!

OH MY GOSH OH MY GOSH OH MY GOSH.
I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, TABER, BUT WE MAY HAVE TO KILL A FEW OF YOUR FRIENDS BEFORE WE GET OUT OF HERE
PINKY ATE LUNK'S EYEBALL!
SHE WAS NOT... HERSELF, YES?
FUCK. THIS WHOLE TOWN SMELLS LIKE A FISH MARKET IN SUMMER.
WHO DID THIS TO HAVERHILL, VLAD?! WHO COULD DO IT?!
HURRRM. MAYBE GOD?
IT'S JUST LIKE REVEREND SPIRE SAID--THE END TIMES.
CASSANDRA?
CASSANDRA!!

*SEE H/S ISSUE #6 IN OMNIBUS VOL. 2


NOW... YOU... TAKE... ME.
YOU PUT THAT THING ANYWHERE NEAR ME AND YOU'LL GET IT BACK IN WORSE SHAPE THAN THE REST OF YOU.
SWOK!
ANOTHER GROOM WHO CAN'T KEEP IT IN HIS PANTS
HRRNG
?HUNF!?
GIVE A MAN BACK HIS LIFE, AND HE'LL SPEND IT TRYING TO HAVE INTERCOURSE WITH OLD FLAMES. ANOTHER EXPERIMENT IN LOVE...FAILED
JUST AS WELL, I SUPPOSE. THERE IS SO VERY LITTLE SHAKESPEARE IN MY HEART.
YOU HAVEN'T UNDERTAKEN THE CHANGE YET, MY DEAR--
LET ME GO, YOU CALAMARI CUNT!
CASSANDRA HACK? IT IS YOU. I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED, I SUPPOSE. WITH THE NUMEROUS "HORROR HUNTERS" SCAMPERING ABOUT, IT'S INEVITABLE I'D RUN INTO ONE OF YOU EVENTUALLY.
I SHOULD JUST BE GLAD IT'S YOU, THE GIRL WITH MOMMY ISSUES AND NO SPECIAL SKILLS, INSTEAD OF THAT RED DEVIL BOY.
WHO ARE YOU?

IS IT TIME FOR THE "VILLAINOUS MONOLOGUE" ALREADY? MY, THAT ONE REALLY SNUCK UP ON ME. THESE STORIES SEEM TO GO BY FASTER EVERY TIME.
I AM MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT.
I AM A SENTIENT HYPER-CONCEPT OF THE NTH LEVEL, GIVEN CONSCIOUSNESS AND DESIRE BY THE PURE RELEVANCE AND POWER OF MY SOURCE MATERIALS. I DESIRE TO OBLITERATE PHYSICAL SPACE AND REPLACE IT WITH THE SUPERIOR REALM OF IDEA SPACE.
WHAT THE FUCK ?
:SIGH: THOUGH YOUR TALE IS MORE COMPLEX THAN SOME, YOU STILL EXIST IN THE SIMPLE WORLD OF REVENGE, TITILLATION, AND DEATH.
LET ME TRY AGAIN, IN TERMINOLOGY MORE BEFITTING YOUR AUTHOR
I'M MARY. I'M FRANKENSTEIN, CTHULHU, AND GODZILLA ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.
I'M GONNA FUCK UP YOUR WORLD, BITCH, AND FICTIONAL CHARACTERS ARE GONNA HOP OUT OF BOOKS AND TAKE OVER.
HAHAHAHAHAHAH!


INSOLENT FOOL. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE DRAW OF YOUR OWN TALE, I WOULD KILL YOU FOR YOUR DISRESPECT.
HAHA. HUNH. AHEM. RIGHT ON WITH YOUR BAD SELF, SQUIDWARD.
DID YOU NOT WONDER WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HAVERHILL?
IT'S KIND OF OBVIOUS: SOMEONE TURNED A NICE LITTLE TOWN INTO SOMETHING NOT EVEN AQUAMAN COULD LOVE.
I HAPPENED TO HAVERHILL.
I WAS WEAK FOLLOWING MY LAST DEFEAT, TRAPPED IN A LESSER FICTION."
I NEEDED POWER TO RESUSCITATE MYSELF, SO I LOOKED FOR THE MOST PERFECT STORY I COULD FIND.
*SEE H/S ENTRY WOUND, IN TPB VOL. 6
HAVERHILL IS THAT PERFECT STORY. INNOCENCE. DISCOVERY. THE VITALITY OF YOUTH AND YOUNG LOVE.
I STOLE HAVERHILL'S TALE. BUT NOTHING EXISTS WITHOUT A STORY, SO I REPLACED HAVERHILL'S STORY WITH ONE OF MY OWN.
NOW THERE IS A SHADOW OVER HAVERHILL WHERE ONCE THERE WAS LIGHT.
OH GOD. YOU'RE SERIOUS.

I AM. AND I HAVE DONE THESE THINGS WITH NO SMALL REGRET.
TO REPLACE SUCH LIFE AND GAIETY WITH TERROR AND DEATH BURDENS ME. BUT IT IS FOR A GREATER GOOD.
AFTER ALL, WHEN I OVERTAKE THIS REALITY, TRUE DEATH WILL BE A DISTANT MEMORY.
RRAAHHHH!!!
YOU REMAIN TRUE TO YOUR CHARACTERIZATION, CASSANDRA.
YOU ARE INTERESTING. PERHAPS NOT AS WIDELY LOVED AS THE SUMMERS GIRL... BUT STILL COMPELLING
MY EXISTENCE HAS BEEN A LONELY ONE.
I HAVE TRIED, MANY TIMES, TO CREATE A GROOM FOR MYSELF. I HAVE FAILED EACH TIME, WITH RESULTS ALWAYS SIMILAR TO THE MESS OVER THERE.
THAT SPEAKS TO MY WEAKNESS, I SUPPOSE. I AM COMPOSED MOSTLY OF FEAR AND ANGER, AND I HAVE RELIED UPON ONE PARTICULARLY HORRIFYING TALE TOO OFTEN AS INSPIRATION FOR MY MATE.
BUT YOU. YOU ARE TERROR AND SEX. YOU ARE FEAR AND LOVE.

BE MY LOVER, CASSANDRA HACK. I AM WITHOUT RESTRICTION OF GENDER.
I CAN BE ANYONE YOU WANT.
I CAN BE AN OLD LOVE.
I CAN BE A NEW AND FORBIDDEN ATTRACTION.
HELP ME, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE PERFECT STORY. SIMPLE AND PAINLESS. EXCITING AND UNPREDICTABLE.
AND YOU WILL REMAIN AGELESS, IMMORTAL, LIKE ALL THE GREATEST FICTION. GREAT STORIES NEVER DIE, CASSANDRA.
SALE
YOU MONSTER, LEAVE HER ALONE!
LET HER GO, OR I'LL--I'LL BLOW MY HEAD OFF!

AND WHAT, DEAR BOY, WOULD THAT ACCOMPLISH?
DON'T PLAY STUPID WITH ME, LADY! I HEARD YOUR WHOLE SPIEL! YOU NEED HAVERHILL. YOU NEED IT TO FEED ON.
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN, IT'S THAT THIS TOWN NEEDS ME.
I'M THE STAR OF THIS STORY. SURE, THERE ARE LOTS OF BIT PLAYERS, BUT THIS LITTLE WACKY SLICE OF LIFE DEPENDS ON OUR BOY.
CHRISTOPHER MOTHERFUCKING TABER.
YOU'D END YOUR OWN LIFE TO STOP ME?
YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I WOULD. WITHOUT THIS TOWN, I'VE GOT NOTHING ANYWAY. I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD.
ALL RIGHT I'M GOING TO SET HER DOWN.
NOW, DEAR BOY, PUT DOWN THE GUN
OH JEEZ!
CHRISTOPHER. SO LOVEABLY INEPT. SO ENDEARINGLY NAIVE ..

SO PREDICTABLE.
HURRM. YUCK.
SLICKTCH!
AIEE EG GHH!!
OH, NO!
SHNFF I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO KILL TABER BUT, YOU, VLAD ARE A SIDEKICK! COMEDIC RELIEF!
YOU...ARE... EXPENDABLE
KRAK
AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN A FOOTNOTE

NUNH...
WE'LL... HUNHH... ALL BE TOGETHER SOON ENOUGH.
I WIN IN THE END
EVENTUALLY YOU ALL DIE.
AND ALL THAT IS LEFT...
IS STORIES
IS SHE REALLY DEAD?
I DON'T THINK SO.
BUT WE DEFINITELY CLOSED HER BOOK.
AND MAYBE, IF WE'RE LUCKY, IT'LL STAY OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A WHILE.

IT SEEMS LIKE THAT WAS A MILLION YEARS AGO INSTEAD OF JUST A FEW WEEKS.
THINGS FEEL...DIFFERENT NOW. EVERYTHING BEFORE JUST SEEMS SO DATED. IMPOSSIBLY PERFECT.
NO ONE BUT ME REMEMBERS WHAT HAPPENED. BUT THEY KNOW SOMETHING WENT WRONG.
SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE, THEY KNOW THEY DID HORRIBLE THINGS. THINGS THAT THEY CAN NEVER TAKE BACK.
MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT DIDN'T DESTROY HAVERHILL. SHE TOOK ITS INNOCENCE.
HAVERHILL HIGH SCHOOL
I'M LEAVING FOR COLLEGE IN THE FALL. NOT SURE WHERE. IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.
I STILL LOVE HAVERHILL.
BUT HAVERHILL DOESN'T NEED ME ANYMORE.
THE END.

HACK/SLASH
DDP
$3.50
#29
TIM SEELEY
DANIEL LEISTER
CHRIS BURNHAM
JASON MILLET
02912>
MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER ***MOTHER!***

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SUPER SLEEPOVER SIDEKICK SLAUGHTER! (prequel)

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by CHRIS BURNHAM, ROSS CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEISTER, and JASON MILLET

Colors by MARK ENGLERT and JASON MILLET

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Special thanks to JORDAN WHITE

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and RACHELLE ROSENBERG

Cover B by NATHAN FOX and JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series. ISSUE #29 for DECEMBER 2009. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication: [illegible] Chicago, IL 60618.
HACK/SLASH all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2009 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used [illegible] permission. The events [illegible] presented in this book are entirely imaginary. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these [illegible] like real people [illegible] of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means digital or print without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing [illegible] for review [illegible]. For all [illegible] please contact [illegible] advisers or dependencies. Printed in Canada.

HIGHWAY 81. THIRTY-SIX MILES OUTSIDE ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.
CLICK --TUNED INTO LATE KNIGHT A.M. I'M YOUR HOST, ALAN KNIGHT
TONIGHT WE'LL BE DISCUSSING THE S.K.K. OR THE SERIAL KILLER, FOLLOWING UP ON THE RASH OF SIGHTINGS IN CHICAGO LAST WEEK.
VLAD! WE'RE ON THE LATE KNIGHT AGAIN!
SNRRRRT. YES...VERY LATE. SO TIRED. SNRRK.
AND I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO TURN THE RADIO DOWN
SNNNNNNRT. HRRM...THANK YOU...
WISH I COULD TURN DOWN THAT. SNORE. YA PHLEGMY BASTARD
HEY, AL JUST ME AGAIN. IT'S RONNIE IN JERSEY
HEY, RONNIE. GOOD TO HEAR FROM A LONG-TIME LISTENER
I KNOW THIS S.K.K. IS A PRETTY INTERESTING SUBJECT TO YOU AND ALL, BUT I GOTTA SAY: THIS WOMAN GETS TOO MUCH ATTENTION. SHE'S A KILLER..
AND, Y'KNOW, THAT'S NOT THE KIND OF HERO I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT.
I WISH YOU'D TALK MORE ABOUT SOME OF THE REAL HEROES THAT NEVER GOT RECOGNIZED
I ASSUME YOU'RE SPEAKING OF COPS, FIREMEN, AND OTHER PUBLIC SERVANTS?
NO, AL, I'M TALKING ABOUT THE SUPERHEROES. I'M TALKING ABOUT NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPY
WHO?

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
WARRANTS
THOSE GUYS FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT. I JUST WISH MORE PEOPLE KNEW ABOUT THEM.
I MEAN, THE WAY THE WORLD IS TODAY, I JUST THINK KIDS AND TEENS--HELL EVERYONE...
YEEEE-HA, FUCKERS! I'M EVEN BETTER AT THIS GAME WHEN I'M OFF MY RITALIN!
WE COULD ALL USE SOME BETTER HEROES THAN A KILLER...
S.M! SIM. DEUS!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BITCH.
I MEAN... RIGHT?
HEY, RONNIE.

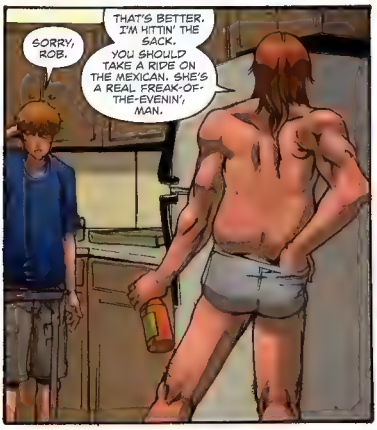
DAISY!!
I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE ON THE PHONE!
NO, NO... IT'S OKAY. NO BIG DEAL.
I HOPE IT WASN'T AN IMPORTANT CALL.
OH NO. JUST CALLING THE LATE KNIGHT.
WAIT, YOU WERE CALLING AN A.M. RADIO SHOW WHILE THERE'S A PARTY GOING ON IN YOUR HOUSE?
I DIDN'T REALLY FEEL LIKE PARTYING TONIGHT. IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S THAT RARE FOR MY PARENTS TO LEAVE ROB AND ME THE HOUSE FOR A WEEKEND.
SO, I WAS JUST, UHM, KILLING TIME BETWEEN THE RADIO AND DOODLING.
YOU DRAW? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! WHAT WERE YOU DRAWING?
YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM. I MEAN, YOU DON'T, DO YOU?
YES! I LOVE ART.

OKAY, WELL...THESE ARE JUST SKETCHES. DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THEM.
SO... UH... TA-DA.
HA! OH MY GOD! SUPERHEROES! THAT IS SO COOL!
ARE THESE FROM THE COMICS OR DID YOU MAKE THEM UP? I USED TO MAKE UP SUPERHEROES ALL THE TIME WHEN I WAS YOUNGER. I USED TO DRAW THIS DUO CALLED CHINCHILLA MAN AND DUSTY, AND--
I DIDN'T MAKE THESE UP.
SUPERHEROES ARE REAL, DAISY.
HEY, FAG!

I WISH YOU'D SHUT THE FUCK UP. I COULD HEAR YOU YAPPIN' THE WHOLE TIME I WAS TRYIN' TO FUCK THAT MEXICAN CHICK YOU BROUGHT OVER.

ACTUALLY, ROB, LUIS IS BRAZILIAN.
WHATEVER. SHE SCREAMED IN SPANISH WHILE I WAS BONIN' HER, SO CLOSE ENOUGH.
ACTUALLY, IT'S PORTUGUESE.
Cheez Cheese

ARE YOU CORRECTING ME, FAG?
NO, IT'S JUST--
DON'T TREAT ME LIKE I'M THE DUMB BROTHER. LAST TIME I CHECKED, YOU WERE THE ONE IN THE ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION CLASSES.

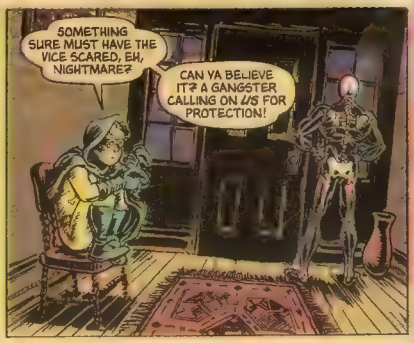

SORRY, ROB.
THAT'S BETTER. I'M HITTIN' THE SACK.
YOU SHOULD TAKE A RIDE ON THE MEXICAN. SHE'S A REAL FREAK-OF-THE-EVENIN', MAN.

FEH. YOUR BROTHER IS A TOTAL DICK.
UM... WELL... DO YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE SUPERHEROES?
SURE, RONNIE.

IN THE FORTIES, THERE WERE ALL OF THESE AMERICANS--YOU KNOW, REAL GO-GETTERS--LOOKING FOR A WAY TO HELP THE COUNTRY...
SOME OF THESE GUYS WERE WATCHING MOVIE SERIALS AND READING COMICS, AND THEY GOT INSPIRED BY CHARACTERS LIKE BATMAN, SUPERMAN, AND THE SHADOW.
Masked Vigilante KO's mugger
"MOST JUST JOINED THE POLICE OR SOMETHING, BUT SOME...SOME MADE THEMSELVES COSTUMES AND WENT TO THE STREETS TO FIGHT CRIME AND CORRUPTION. PEOPLE LIKE THE CRIMEBUSTER, DAREDEVIL, AND AIRBOY BATTLED THE BAD GUYS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS.
U.S.
"THEY DIDN'T HAVE SUPERPOWERS LIKE THE COMIC BOOK GUYS. THEY WERE JUST YOUNG AND BALLSY."
SOME GOT BUSTED BY THE COPS FOR BEING VIGILANTES.
MOST QUIT WHEN THE FAD FADED AWAY.
BUT THERE WAS ONE PAIR OF GUYS. THEY KEPT GOING UNTIL THE FIGHT KILLED THEM...
NIGHTMARE & SLEEPY

NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPY
AND THE UNDYING JACK O'LANTERN!
WRESTLER BOB WHITE AND HIS KID MANAGER, TERRY WAKE, PATROL THE STREETS AT NIGHT AS CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE! BUT WHAT ELSE LURKS IN THE DARK PLACES? JOIN THEM AS THEY CONFRONT A PUMPKIN-FACED ASSASSIN WHO WILL NOT DIE!
WHO IS THIS SPOOK, NIGHTMARE?
I DON'T KNOW, CHUM, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO FIND OUT HE'S MESSED WITH THE WRONG BOGEYMEN!

THE HOME OF JIMMY "THE VICE" MILLMAN.


SOMETHING SURE MUST HAVE THE VICE SCARED, EH, NIGHTMARE?
CAN YA BELIEVE IT? A GANGSTER CALLING ON US FOR PROTECTION!

AT EASE, CHUM. I KNOW YOU'VE HEARD STORIES OF THIS JACK O'LANTERN FELLA. HOW NONE OF HIS TARGETS HAVE EVER GOTTEN AWAY ALIVE. HOW HE CAN'T BE KILLED... BUT THOSE ARE JUST TALES DESIGNED TO SCARE PEOPLE.
SURE WORKS, DON'T IT?

OF COURSE. BUT THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. WE LURK IN THE SHADOWS, TOO.
WE TUSSLE WITH ALL THOSE SCARY THINGS, BECAUSE WE'RE JUST AS SCARY AS THEM.
AND THEN WE DRAG THE NIGHT KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE LIGHT.

HEY, THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD LINE, NIGHTMARE. THINK I'LL--
WHAT THE--?

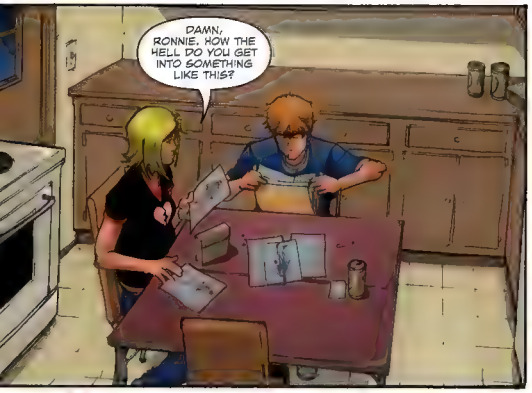
DON'T LOOK NOW, KID, BUT I THINK THE PUMPKIN IS INVITING US TO PLAY!

HEAD UPSTAIRS AND CHECK ON THE VICE. I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN CATCH OUR WOULD-BE ASSASSIN IN THE YARD!
OKAY! BE CAREFUL!
AT THE BEDROOM DOOR OF "THE VICE."
I HEARD COMMOTION! HAS THE PUMPKIN MAN COME FOR ME?
CALM DOWN, JIMMY. NIGHTMARE IS TAKING A PEEK RIGHT NOW.
I KNEW I NEVER SHOULDA CROSSED THAT MR. PARK. PEOPLE TOLD ME THAT DAMN CHINAMAN WAS INVOLVED WITH A DANGEROUS CULT, BUT I JUST HAD TO GET INVOLVED WITH DIRTIER CREEPS THAN ME...
JUST THINK, FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS!
SO TRY TO CALM DOWN, AND GET SOME--
SLEEP?!
GLK!
SHUNK!!

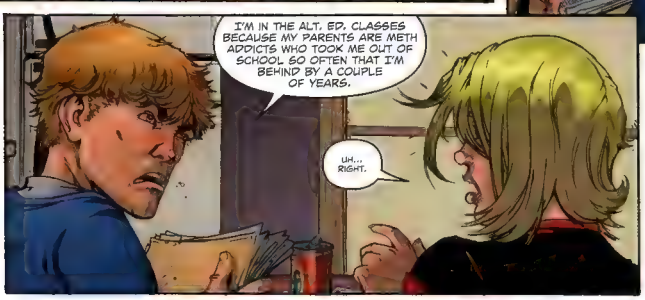
OH GOSH. OH...
YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR LAST VICTIM, ASSASSIN!
TUNK!
KRRRSH
AHA!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, CREEP!
DARN RIGHT HE WON'T!

HURRNGH! SLEEPY! GET ON THE PHONE AND RING THE COMMISSIONER!
TELL HIM WE'RE BRINGING IN A MURDERER.
UNGH. OH NO YOU DON'T. IF I GO...
KRASH!
SO DO YOU!!
BOB!

SOON
NO. LOOKS LIKE OUR HALLOWEEN HIT MAN GOT AWAY AGAIN. BUT HE LEFT SOMETHING.
DID YOU FIND THE BASTARD?
IT'S SOME KIND OF LANTERN, BUT GET THIS: IT'S FIRE. DON'T SHED NO LIGHT. IT'S TOTALLY BLACK.
AND TACKED TO IT IS A PICTURE OF THE VICE...
WEIRDEST CALLING CARD I EVER SEEN, THAT'S FER SURE.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE IT... RUN SOME TESTS.
YOU FELLAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD WITH THE DEPARTMENT, SLEEPY. WHATEVER WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU CATCH THIS CREEP, YOU LET US KNOW.
YOU WON'T HAVE DIED IN VAIN, BOB. I'M GOING TO FIND THE JACK O' LANTERN, AND ANY OTHER EVIL THAT THREATENS THE NIGHT...
AND DRAG IT KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE LIGHT.
THE END!


DAMN, RONNIE. HOW THE HELL DO YOU GET INTO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

MY DAD WAS ALWAYS REALLY INTO BOXING. I STARTED READING ALL HIS BOOKS, AND WHEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT BOB WHITE, SOMETHING JUST CLICKED. I WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ALL THESE SUPER-GUYS.
IF YOU STUDIED THIS WELL FOR SCHOOL, YOU WOULDN'T BE IN THE ALTERNATIVE CLASSES WITH ME. HA HA.


I'M IN THE ALT. ED. CLASSES BECAUSE MY PARENTS ARE METH ADDICTS WHO TOOK ME OUT OF SCHOOL SO OFTEN THAT I'M BEHIND BY A COUPLE OF YEARS.
UH... RIGHT.

SO, NIGHTMARE GOT KILLED. WHAT HAPPENED TO SLEEPY?
WELL, SUPERHERO IDENTITIES ARE LIKE TITLES OR MANTLES. THEY GET PASSED DOWN. WHEN THE HERO DIES, THE SIDEKICK STEPS UP...

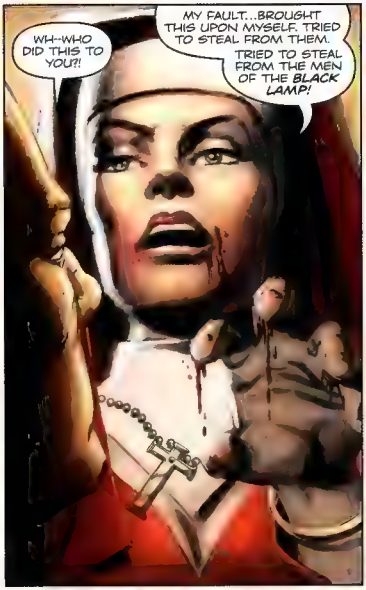
Clue Comics presents

NIGHTMARE and SLEEPY

PUBLISHING
30¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NO. 328
NOV.

SOUTHSIDE BAY DOCKS
YOU SURE I'M READY FOR THIS, MR. WAKE? I MEAN, I'M HONORED AND ALL.
I HAVE EVERY NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPY MEMORABILIA ITEM EVER MADE..
INCLUDING THE HARD-TO-FIND MEGO DOLLS!
I'M SURE. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GREAT SLEEPY AND IT'S NIGHTMARE WHEN I'M IN UNIFORM.
MAN, I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE A HERO, Y'KNOW? I'M USED TO BEIN' THE WEIRD KID WHO'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT GHOSTS AND ALIENS.
BOB WHITE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT BEING A CRIMEFIGHTER.
ABOVE ALL, HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO PICK A GOOD PARTNER.
NOW, FACE FORWARD AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. SISTER SACRILEGE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MEETING A CONTACT TO PICK UP SOME KIND OF CONTRABAND.

AND THERE SHE IS, RIGHT ON TIME.
LET'S GO, PARTNER.
JUST REMEMBER WHO WE ARE. WHAT WE DO.
YEAH, YEAH. DRAG THE NIGHT INTO THE LIGHT AND ALL THAT.
SISTER SACRILEGE! YOU'RE WANTED FOR A LIST OF CRIMES LONGER THAN THE MAREMOBILE.
TURN YOURSELF IN AND--
SURRENDER. ?
NIGHTMARE...
I...GESÙ CRISTO, SALVO... ME...


WH--WHO DID THIS TO YOU?!
MY FAULT...BROUGHT THIS UPON MYSELF. TRIED TO STEAL FROM THEM.
TRIED TO STEAL FROM THE MEN OF THE BLACK LAMP!

BLACK LAMP?

WAS THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO YOU--DID HE WEAR A PUMPKIN MASK?
GESÙ CRISTO... GESÙ..
HUNH...!!

I'M SORRY, ANJELICA. SO--
BOSS! WE HAVE COMPANY, MAN!

IT'S HIM!
IT'S HIM!!
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE SISTER? WH--WHAT ABOUT ME?!

WHAT'D YOU DO, WOMAN?
THAT PUMPKIN GUY KILLED THE ORIGINAL NIGHTMARE. NOW YOU'RE BRINGING HIM DOWN ON TERRY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
YOU CAN THANK ME BY NOT EVER TRYING TO KILL US AGAIN. NOW I GOTTA HELP THE BOSS!
UHNNN...NO. HE IS UNSTOPPABLE...
COME ON OUT, YOU SQUASH-FACED FREAK! COME ON--
HUHN
ALAN...
OH MAN. BOSS...I USED ALL MY STUFF ON SACRILESE.
IT DOESN'T... IT DOESN'T MATTER...

YOU WANT ME TO AVENGE YOU? YOU WANT ME TO TAKE ON THE MASK? I'LL FIND THIS BLACK LAMP PUMPKIN GUY. I'LL BE THE NEW NIGHTMARE
NO... BURN THE MASK. I LIVED MY LIFE FOR REVENGE.
AND NOW IT'S...
LATER...
I DID WHAT YOU SAID. I BURNED THE COSTUMES.
NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPY MAY BE DEAD.
BUT THE DARKNESS AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF ME.
THE END.

SEE, YOU THINK YOU'RE ALL THAT ON GUITAR, BUT YOU NEED A BADASS BROTHER LIKE ME ON DRUMS.
BAH. AND YOU WONDER WHY I GO TO SEE RONNIE'S BROTHER INSTEAD OF HANGING OUT WITH YOU TWO.
HEY, GUYS... UH, SO...WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?
RONNIE WAS JUST SHOWING ME ALL THIS CRAZY RESEARCH HE DID ABOUT, LIKE, OLD-TIMEY SUPERHEROES.
HE'S PRACTICALLY A SCHOLAR IN THIS STUFF.
HE EVEN DREW SOME REALLY COOL COSTUMES!
I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO WAIT TO TELL THEM, RONNIE.
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME.
I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT I GOT SO EXCITED. NOT TELLING THESE GUYS THAT YOU AND I ARE TOGETHER WAS HARD ENOUGH.
TOGETHER?
WE'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HOW NO ONE EXPECTS MUCH FROM US. THEY THINK WE'RE ALL LOSERS...THAT WE'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
BUT LYNN AND I...WELL, WE FOUND SOMETHING. SOMETHING CRAZY AND AWESOME. IT'S GOING TO LET US BECOME MORE THAN LOSERS AND DEAD-ENDERS.
INSTEAD OF LOOKING DOWN ON US, ALL THOSE PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO LOOK UP TO US.

WE'RE GOING TO BE
SUPERHEROES!

SCHISM #1
GO AHEAD, CALLER. YOU'RE ON WITH THE LATE KNIGHT
HEY, AL. I JUST WANTED TO COUNTER THE CALLER FROM EARLIER THIS EVENING WHO THOUGHT THAT S.K.K. WAS INFERIOR TO THIS NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPWALKER DUO.
SLEEPY.
WHATEVER. I JUST THINK THE S.K.K. IS BETTER, CUZ I'VE SEEN HER NAKED ON THE INTERNET AND SHE IS FINE.
I DON'T KNOW IF SHE REALLY KILLS KILLERS OR NOT, BUT SHE'S GOT A NICE RACK AND AN UNSHAVEN--
GOD DAMN IT
I'M ASSUMING YOU'RE REFERRING TO THE RUMOR THAT THE S.K.K. HAS APPEARED ON THE SUICIDE-GIRLS WEBSITE, CALLER
THAT, OF COURSE, HAS NEVER BEEN SUBSTANTIATED. BUT, HEY, IF YOUR VERSION OF DISCOVERING THE TRUTH IS SEARCHING ALT-PORN WEBSITES, THEN, BY ALL MEANS, DISCOVER AWAY.
WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT WITH NOTED AUTHOR FATHER EVAN PARRISH TO DISCUSS HIS CONTROVERSIAL NEW BOOK, JESUS VERSUS VAMPIRES: CLOWNS CHRIST TO BATTLE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT
SO, UNTIL THE NIGHT IS DRAGGED INTO THE LIGHT, THIS IS ALAN KNIGHT SAYING "GOOD MORNING."
THE END

ODP
$3.50
#30
HACK/SLASH
SUPER SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER
PART 1
THE SAW IS FAMILY
ROMERO
KICK IT
TIM SEELEY
DANIEL LEISTER
MARK ENGLERT
03012>
MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER ***MOTHER!***

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SUPER SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER! pt 1

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by DANIEL LEISTER

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

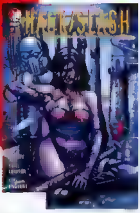
Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and DOMINIC MARCO

Cover B by DANIEL LEISTER and RACHELLE ROSENBERG



DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series VOLUME 1, ISSUE #30 for JANUARY 2010. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2057 W Roscoe St. 3rd Floor, Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2010 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY
CORPORATE PUNISHMENT
NO ONE SHALL ESCAPE THE EVIL MIGHT OF DR. DRACULA!!
OH! OH NO! SUPERHEROINES! YOU MUSTN'T!!
YOU CANNOT HOPE TO STOP DR. DRAC--
MMMFF

I TRUST YOUR VISIT WAS ACCEPTABLE, MR. RATCLIFFE?
YOUR GIRLS NEVER DISAPPOINT.
...SISTER SACRILEGE.
SILLY BOY. NO ONE CALLS ME THAT ANYMORE. I AM MADAME ANJELICA NOW.
AND YOU STILL HAVE YOUR MASK ON.
OH, HA. SOMETIMES I FORGET I HAVE IT ON.
THAT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, BACK IN THE DAY?
THE MASK IS ONLY FANTASY.
HEH.
NOT FOR LONG.

KEEP THE CHANGE.
PRETTY SOON THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.
YOU SHOULD STOP BY THE LAIR SOMETIME. EVERYONE MISSES YOU.
AND YOU'D DO WELL TO GET IN THEIR GOOD GRACES NOW...
...BEFORE YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER USELESS OLD COW.
SEE YOU SOON, SIST--
SANEM.
MADAME.

IT WORKS. HOLY SHIT, GUYS. IT TOTALLY FUCKING WORKS!
LYNN, I USED THE GODBOX MACHINE LIKE THE BOOK SAID. I CAN FEEL IT.
NO TRESPASSING PRIVATE PROPERTY
I'M ALL KEYED UP, LIKE I HAD TOO MANY ENERGY DRINKS, OR JUST ENOUGH... OR... I DON'T KNOW.
IT JUST FEELS SO GOOD.
I'M STRONG NOW. REALLY STRONG. I MEAN, MY BROTHER WILL NEVER MESS WITH ME AGAIN.
I KNOW WE SAID WE'D ALL DO IT TOGETHER, BUT I WANTED TO TEST IT FIRST.
I HAD TO MAKE SURE IT WOULDN'T TURN US INTO ZOMBIES OR EVAPORATE US, RIGHT?
JUST CALL ME RONNIE CARPENTER, THE LAB RAT. WAIT. NO. HAHA.
DON'T CALL ME THE LAB RAT. I'VE GOT A BETTER NAME...
REC

CALL ME NIGHTMARE.
YOU LIKE THAT? I DID, LIKE, A BATMAN MOVIE VOICE. SOMEBODY TELL CHRISTIAN BALE IT ISN'T THAT HARD.
ANYWAY, YOU GUYS SHOULD BE WATCHING THIS VIDEO ABOUT THE TIME I COME IN FROM A NIGHT OF PLAYING HERO. I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT, WHEN YOU JOIN ME. WE'RE GOING TO BE TEENAGE GODDAMN SUPER-SIDEKICKS!
AFTER WE PARTY, OF COURSE.

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.
RIIIING RIIIING
DAMN. THEY'RE STARTING EARLY TONIGHT.
THIS IS LATE KNIGHT A.M. WITH ALAN KNIGHT. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
IT'S YOUR BIGGEST FAN.
BIGGEST? I HAVE MORE THAN ONE?
HE SAID HE CALLED EARLY BECAUSE HE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU OFF-AIR.
:SIGH: I'LL TAKE IT.
RONNIE CARPENTER. HOW ARE YOU, SON? GOT ANY MORE STORIES ABOUT NIGHTTIME AND SLEEPWALKER FOR ME?
IT'S OKAY, AL... YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND YOU WEREN'T SLEEPY WHEN YOU'RE NOT ON-AIR. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR, RON?
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT THE LEGACY OF NIGHTMARE AND SLEEPY IS SAFE WITH ME.
I'M GOING TO BE A GREAT NIGHTMARE. AS GOOD AS BOB OR TERRY.
WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS BEFORE, RONNIE. WE AGREED THAT PLAYING DRESS-UP IS A GOOD WAY TO GET KILLED.
THAT WAS BEFORE I FOUND THE GODBOX. NOW I'M JUST LIKE THE COMIC BOOK GUYS, LEAPING TALL BUILDINGS AND ALL THAT STUFF.

JESUS, RONNIE, ARE YOU USING? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER TOUCH THAT CRAP BECAUSE OF YOUR PARENTS.
I'M NOT HIGH. I'M A SUPERHERO. MY FRIENDS AND I ARE GOING TO SAVE THE GODDAMN WORLD.
AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET KILLED DOING IT.
AGHK!
SHICK
CARPENTER. WHAT'S GOING ON?!
AH... FUH...STABBED ME...
WHUH... YOU CUH...YOU CAN'T...

GHUNH.
CHOOM
I'M ST-STUCK. PLEASE.
PLEASE.
SHLINK
SHUNK
SHUNK
RONNIE! WHERE ARE YOU? GIVE ME AN ADDRESS!
FWUMP
NUHN... PUM... PJMMM
PUMAKIN FAAACE.
TCHK!

SPENCER PUMP 'N' GO.
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.
GOOD AS NEW.
HURRR.
WHAT'S THAT?
HURR. NOTHING.
NO, SERIOUSLY. WHAT WERE YOU WORKING ON IN THE BATHROOM?
INDULGE ME. I'M BORED ENOUGH TO SPEND FIFTEEN MINUTES CLEANING MY BAT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.
I AM WORKING ON A PROJECT. OR A STUDY MAYBE. YES?
WHEN WE USE PUBLIC RESTROOMS, I SEE WHAT OTHER MEN HAVE WRITTEN ON STALL WALLS.
IT IS OFTEN VERY SIMILAR. SO I AM COUNTING IT
A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY ON WHAT MEN DOODLE WHILE THEY SHIT.
WHAT ARE YOUR FINDINGS, PROFESSOR?

I HAVE COUNTED THIRTY-SEVEN "FUCK YOU.."
...TWENTY-THREE "HERE I SIT BROKEN HEARTED" STORIES...
...THIRTY-THREE PHONE NUMBERS, NINE "JESUS SAVES"--
OKAY, OKAY. I GET IT.
SO WHAT'S THE MOST COMMON MEN'S STALL GRAFFITI?
DRAWINGS OF PENISES
PENISES?
YES. USUALLY WITH TESTICLES ALSO. SOMETIMES PUBES.
THAT'S FUCKED UP. WHY WOULD MEN DRAW PENISES?
THAT'S TOTALLY GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF WEIRD PSYCHOLOGICAL THING, RIGHT? LIKE A REPRESSED GAY URGE...
MAYBE A POWER TRIP OR A TERRITORIAL MARKING.
HEE HEE. PENIS

NEAR EMINENCE, INDIANA.
SHIT, CHRIS. WITH AIM LIKE THAT, IT'S A WONDER YOU KNOCKED UP YOUR G'RL.
HILARIOUS, REILLY.
KRANK SPENDS AN AWFUL LOTTA TIME WITH THE SHERIFF.
I SUPPOSE. BUT IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE HER AGE AROUND HERE TO HANG OUT WITH.
EXCUSE ME. I SHOULD TAKE THIS...
HE'S ALREADY GOT A PREGNANT, UNWEDDED WOMAN AT HOME, S'ALL I'M SAYIN'.
DRINK YOUR BEER.
HOLY SHIT.
CASSIE: WE JUST GOT AN EMAIL ABOUT A CASE. AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO SENT IT...
OKAY, THAT WOULD BE UNEXPECTED. BUT IT'S NOT LOU FERRIGNO.
ALAN KNIGHT. THE LATE KNIGHT HIMSELF...
...AND HE NEEDS YOUR SERIAL KILLER KILLIN' ASS TO CALL HIM RIGHT NOW.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY
RED PINE TRAILER COURT
HEY, LYNN. I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU OUT OF THE SHOWER.
IT'S FINE, DAISY. I HAD A LATE SHIFT AT THE BUFFET. DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO BED SMELLING OF HAM AND GRANDPARENTS.
UM, SO, I FINISHED YOUR COSTUME. IT TOOK THE LONGEST.
REALLY? BUT MINE HAS THE LEAST FABRIC TO IT. HA HA.
ACTUALLY, FANTOMAH'S IS SKIMPIER.
OH, RIGHT. SPOOKY JUNGLE BITCH. PERFECT FOR LUS.
WELL, I SHOULD GET GOING.
WAIT...UH. LOOK, I'M SORRY.
SORRY? FOR WHAT?
Y'KNOW. FOR RONNIE. I KNEW YOU LIKED HIM. BUT, IT JUST
STOP. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU.
YOU ARE?
YES, YOU'RE BOTH MY FRIENDS. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.
THANKS, DAISY. SEE YOU TOMORROW, RIGHT?
OH YEAH! TOTALLY!
FUCK.

YES, SIR. WOW. UM...YES, WE CAN DO THAT.
NO, TRUST ME. WE'VE HEARD WEIRDER.
RRRRM
OKAY... UH HUH.
EXCUSE ME A SECOND, MR. KNIGHT.
STOP IT! YES, I AM NERVOUS, YES, I AM SWEATING. HE'S THE GODDAMN LATE KNIGHT!
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
OKAY. YES, WE'RE NOT TOO FAR FROM THERE NOW...
OH...
TELL HER WE'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING, MR. KNIGHT...OKAY. GOOD-BYE.
WHAT DID THE RADIO-MAN SAY?
THERE'S A SLASHER HUNTING KIDS IN NEW JERSEY, BUT IT GETS WORSE...THESE KIDS ARE SUPERHEROES.
AH?
THEN IT GETS WORSE YET...
HE THINKS SAMHAIN IS THE SLASHER.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
RONNNNNIE!
WHERE ARE YA, YA FAG?
I GOT YOUR NOTE. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE INVITING ME TO JOIN YOUR LITTLE NERD CREW.
SUPERHEROES?
YOU ARE NEVER GONNA GET LAID NOW.
THERE YOU ARE. NICE.
REALLY PLAYING UP THIS BATMAN THING, HUH?
LOOK, I KNOW I GIVE YOU A LOT OF HELL. ESPECIALLY SINCE MOM AND DAD TURNED INTO POWDER MONKEYS. BUT...IT WAS COOL OF YOU TO MAKE ME THIS COSTUME AND STUFF.
I REALLY LIKE THE SKULL. KINDA MISFITS BY WAY OF IRON MAIDEN.
WOAH. DAMN, RONNIE. YOUR SUIT IS FUCKING BRUTAL METAL. WHAT'S YOUR CODE-NAME? SOMETHIN' LIKE HALLOWEEN MAN, RIGHT?
OH SHIT! THAT'S MY KNIFE, YOU FAG. BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT!

S'COOL. YOU CAN BUM IT. AS LONG AS I CAN HELP SAVE SOME DAMSELS IN DISTRESS...
THEN FUCK 'EM, RIGHT?
THWUK
THWUK?
UH. THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA BE.
GOOD GUYS...?
YOU ARE GOOD GUYS
AND I'M YOUR BAD GUY.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT
HURRRM. NOT WHAT I IMAGINED FOR THE HOME OF A SUPERVILLAINESS. YES?
QUIET FOR A SECOND.
AGAIN?
PICK UP, GODDAMN IT! OR CALL ME BACK, YOU LITTLE FUCKING ELF!
WE WILL FIND THEM. THEY MAY HAVE NO SIGNAL.
OR MAYBE SAMHAIN KILLED VENUS AND TOOK A TRIP TO JERSEY TO STAB SOME KIDS IN TIGHTS.
HURRM. OR THAT
555
UH...SISTER SACRILEGE?
SI. ALAN TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING. PLEASE, COME IN. AND HEAD DOWNSTAIRS. MY HUSBAND IS STILL SLEEPING.
HURR. THIS IS A MUCH BETTER BASEMENT THAN THE ONE I LIVED IN.
I ASSUME ALAN TOLD YOU HOW HE AND I KNOW EACH OTHER.
YEAH. HE SAID YOU USED TO DRESS IN RED LEATHER AND RUN A BUNCH OF VICE OPERATIONS AROUND NEW YORK CITY.
HE ALSO SAID HE USED TO BE A SIDEKICK TO A SKULL-HEADED MAN WHO FOUGHT YOU.
IT SOUNDS SO CHILDISH WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, BUT IT'S THE TRUTH.
NOW HE'S A RADIO PERSONALITY AND I AM AN AGING WOMAN WITH A VERY SWEET HUSBAND AND AN EVER-EXPANDING REAR END.

LOOK, MR. KNIGHT TOLD US TO ASK YOU ABOUT SOMETHING CALLED "THE GODBOX."
IF YOU COULD TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, YOU COULD HELP US SAVE SOME GEEKS FROM GOING UNDER THE KNIFE.
ACTION COMIC
YES. THE GODBOX...
WHEN WE PLAYED HERO AND VILLAIN, YOU SEE, WE WERE ALL MISSING SOMETHING SHARED BY THE CHARACTERS IN THE COMIC BOOKS.
WE HAD NO SUPERHUMAN POWERS. WE WERE JUST PEOPLE...CRIMINALS AND DO-GOODERS WEARING NOVELTY COSTUMES.
EXCEPT FOR ONE. SHE WAS CALLED FANTOMAH, MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE. NO ONE KNEW WHAT SHE WAS, ONLY THAT SHE WAS NOT HUMAN. INUMANA. AND THAT SHE COULD DO WHATEVER SHE WANTED--FLY, LIFT A BUS, TURN MEN INTO BEASTS...
A GROUP OF BRILLIANT CRIMINALS WITH DREAMS BEYOND PETTY LARCENY BANDED TOGETHER TO DEFEAT FANTOMAH AND FIND A MEANS OF OBTAINING HER GODLIKE POWERS.
THE CRIME CABAL DISCOVERED THAT FANTOMAH HAD ONE WEAKNESS: A RARE PLANT WITH UNUSUAL PROPERTIES. THE PLANT WAS USED AND CULTIVATED BY A CULT--
STOP

LET ME GUESS. THE CULT IS CALLED THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
WHEN THE CROOKS CROSSED THEM, THE SOCIETY SENT OUT A GRIM MOTHERFUCKER IN A PUMPKIN MASK TO TUCK THEM INTO THEIR SOIL BEDS.

YES. IT IS THIS MAN, CALLED SAMHAIN, WHO KILLED BOTH MEN WHO WORE THE MASK OF NIGHTMARE.
HE ALMOST KILLED ME, AS WELL, BUT ALAN SAVED MY LIFE.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, VLAD, BUT I'M GETTING *REALLY* BORED WITH THIS BLACK FLOWER CRAP ALREADY.
YES. I LIKED OUR OLD BAD GUYS BETTER.
IT WAS RUMORED THAT THE CABAL CREATED A DEVICE THAT COULD GRANT POWERS LIKE FANTOMAH'S.

THE GODBOX. SOUNDS LIKE THESE KIDS FOUND IT AND BROUGHT SAMHAIN DOWN ON THEIR IDIOT HEADS.
IF WE CAN GET THE BOX, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE THE TEENS.
ALAN SAID THEIR LEADER LIVES IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY. BUT I'M BETTING THE GODBOX ISN'T IN THE FRONT WINDOW OF THE FUCKING PIER ONE. BY THE TIME WE FIND IT, THE TWEEN TITANS WILL BE KID CASSEROLE.

CAPES AND MASKS HAVE RECENTLY BECOME FASHIONABLE AGAIN.
AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE NOT GIVEN UP ON TAKING OVER THE WORLD.
IF THE GODBOX EXISTS, THEY WILL KNOW WHERE IT IS.

POINT US IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, AND WE'LL STOMP MASKED ASS UNTIL WE FIND IT.
I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE QUITE SO SIMPLE.
THE ARCTIC LAIR IS...HOSTILE TO OUTSIDERS. EXTRAORDINARILY DANGEROUS. BECAUSE OF MY HISTORY AND MY CURRENT WORK, I AM CONSIDERED AN INSIDER. YOU WILL NEED ME TO SPONSOR YOU.
AND YOU WILL NEED A COSTUME.
HUR HUR. I AM HAPPY FOR YOU TO BE WEARING A NUN COSTUME AGAIN.
YEAH, LAUGH NOW, VLAD...
BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY SIDEKICK.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
G'MORNING, HUN.
YOU WERE OUT LATE LAST NIGHT.
YEAH, I ENDED UP PLAYING POOL WITH THE SHERIFF FOR A FEW HOURS.
SORRY.
SORRY? YOU COMPLETELY FORGOT TO TAKE POOCH OUT TO GO POTTY, AND HE REFUSES TO WAKE ME UP, EVEN IF HE HAS TO GO.
Humble Pooch held it as long as he could. But he soiled the rug. Oh, the soils!
YOU'RE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH MAGGIE. I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE THAT.
OH C'MON, LISA. WE JUST ENJOY HANGING OUT.
I DON'T LIKE HER. I SAVE ALL OF THAT FOR YOU.
OKAY. JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES. WE HAVE A BABY COMING.
I KNOW. ALL MY ATTENTION IS ON YOU AND THE BABY.
:Sniffffff:
Pooch can smell it when you lie.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
JASODINSKI!!!
YES, MR. ROBBINS?
LYNN! I TOLD YOU THAT YOUR IDIOT FRIENDS AREN'T ALLOWED TO HANG OUT HERE ANYMORE!
MY FRIENDS?
YOU HAVE US CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE, OLD COUNTRY BASTARD!
I AM THE SUPERHERO KNOWN AS CRASH KID!
THE HEAP AND I ARE MEMBERS OF THE ELITE TEEN SUPERTEAM, THE ALTERNATIVES!
AND WE AIN'T GONNA LET YOU HYPNOTIZE ALL THESE FATTIES WITH YOUR EVIL BUFFET RAY!
MEANWHILE...
GODDAMNIT.

FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.
MERAVIGLIOSO!
THE BIG BOY MAKES QUITE THE VILLAIN.
I DID WELL WITH JUST A FEW ODDS AND ENDS, NO?
MY QUESTION IS: WHAT KIND OF PERSON HAS A GIMP MASK AMONG THEIR "ODDS AND ENDS"?
SHUSH. I HAVE A BETTER QUESTION. IS THE WORLD READY FOR...
SISTER SACRILEGE AND ALTAR BOY?
I AM GOING TO HELL FOR SURE, YES?
TO BE CONTINUED!

WINNER — BEST COMIC BOOK, 2010 FANTASY HORROR AWARDS
DDP
$3.50
#31
HACK/SLASH
WHO SLICES the SideKicks?
TIM SEELEY
DANIEL LEISTER
MARK ENGLERT
SUPER-SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER
PART 2
MATURE READERS

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER!*

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SUPER SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER! pt 2

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by DANIEL LEISTER

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Production by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and DOMINIC MARCO

Cover B by RYAN STEGMAN

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series, VOLUME 1, ISSUE #31 for FEBRUARY, 2010. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2954 N Kedzie Ave, #1 Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH © respective characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2010 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Printed in Canada.

MEGATECH CORPORATE OFFICE.
NEW YORK CITY.

LOMBARDI:
JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE.
Y-YESS R?

I CAME IN HERE TO GET THAT FOURTH QUARTER LOSS PROJECTION.
YOU WEREN'T HERE, SO I FIGURED I'D JUST GRAB IT MYSELF.

SO I CLICK ON THIS HERE POWERPOINT DOC, AND Y'KNOW WHAT I GET?
AHEM NO. I DON'T, BOB.

SOME KIND OF TIMELINE FOR KILLING OFF TEEN SUPERHEROES IN AN ABANDONED LAB.
I CAN EXPLAIN!
SAVE IT, KURT, I'M HIP.
I JUST DON'T WANT MY EMPLOYEES PLAYING THEIR LITTLE MMORPGS ON WORK TIME.
ESPECIALLY NOT IN THIS ECONOMY.
CAPICHE, LOMBARDI?

WHEN I'M KING, YOU'LL JOIN THOSE KIDS ON THE PILE.
WHAT'S THAT?
CAPICHE, BOB.

ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION CLASSROOM.
PATERSON EAST HIGH.
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
"I KEEP... PICTURING ALL THESE LITTLE KIDS PLAYING SOME GAME IN THIS BIG FIELD OF RUH-RYE AND ALL.
"THOUSANDS OF...LI-LITTLE KIDS, AND NOBODY'S AROUND-- NOBODY BIG, I MEAN-- EXCEPT ME.
"AND I'M STANDING ON THE EDGE OF SOME CUH-CRAZY CLIFF."
JESUS CRISTO. SPIT IT OUT.
FUCK YOU, LUZ. AT LEAST DAISY DIDN'T BLOW RONNIE'S RETARD BROTHER.
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH READING FOR TODAY. AND FOR THE WEEK, ACTUALLY.
HAVE A GOOD WEEKEND. WOULD ONE OF YOU TELL RONNIE WHAT HE MISSED ON HIS UNEXCUSED DAY OFF?
AND TRY TO BEHAVE LIKE THE UPSTANDING CITIZENS I KNOW YOU ARE.
UPSTANDING CITIZENS? WE'RE GOING TO GET THE KEYS TO THE CITY.
I WAS JUST HOPIN' FOR ACTION FIGURES.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.
KRAK
GHAH!
I'M SORRY, I DID NOT HAVE AN ALARM CLOCK, BUT I HAVE FOUND I CAN GET QUITE A LOUD NOISE OUT OF MY WHIP.
UNH, IT'S TIME TO GET UP ALREADY?

YES. CORPORAL PUNISHMENT WILL OPEN IN AN HOUR AND WE NEED TO GET YOU TO THE ARCTIC LAIR SOON IF YOU ARE TO HELP THOSE TEENAGERS.
VLAD, WHY DID YOU NOT SLEEP IN THE BED?
HURRM. IT HAS STRANGE... STAINS.
ARE YOU SURE I HAVE TO WEAR THIS?
VLAD AND I HAVE PRETTY MUCH PERFECTED THE "GRAB-AND-THREATEN" METHOD OF INFORMATION RETRIEVAL.
TRYING TO BEAT INFORMATION OUT OF THESE PEOPLE WILL GET YOU NOTHING.
ONLY ONE, PERHAPS TWO, KNOW OF THE ENTIRE PLAN, AND THEY WILL NOT REVEAL IT UNTIL THE APPROPRIATE TIME.
THEY ACT AS IF THEY'RE IN A MOVIE OR A COMIC BOOK, SO THEY'LL ONLY SHARE THEIR DASTARDLY MASTER PLAN WHEN THE HERO IS TIED UP AND AT THEIR MERCY.
I'VE RECENTLY BECOME FAMILIAR WITH THAT SORT OF PHENOMENON.
YOU MUST BE CAREFUL. ADULTS DRESSED IN COSTUMES MAY SEEM SILLY, BUT THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SOME TRULY EVIL AND DANGEROUS PEOPLE AMONG THEM.
KRAK
I CAN BE DANGEROUS, TOO.
I COULD GET USED TO THIS.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
I'M GONNA GIVE MYSELF SOME CRAZY-ASS PLANT POWERS.
I WANNA CONTROL TREES AND SHIT, TO STOP CROOKS, RIGHT?
MAYBE GROW A BUNCH OF REAL GOOD WEED, TOO.
RONNIE ONLY FIGURED OUT HOW TO DIAL UP THE SUPER-STRENGTH POWER SET.
WE'RE ALL GONNA HAVE THE SAME POWERS.
MAN, THE ORIGINAL HEAP WOULD BE DISAPPOINTED.
ME CARRYING ON HIS NAME, BUT ALL$ I CAN DO IS LIFT SHIT.
THE HEAP WAS A REAL MONSTER. HE WASN'T NO UNCLE TOM MONSTER LIKE THAT ORANGE THING.
HEAP WOULD RIP YOUR DAMN HEAD OFF AND PLANT MOSS IN YOUR NECK.
RONNIE'S GOT TO WORK ON FIXIN' UP THAT GODBOX.
LYNN, WHERE IS RONNIE ANYWAY? DID YOU HEAR FROM HIM?
NO, NOT YET. BUT HE'LL BE THERE.
RONNIE PROBABLY HAD SO MUCH FUN KICKING ASS HE DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE WHAT TIME IT WAS.
HE'D BETTER HAVE SAVED SOME CROOKS FOR CRASH KID.
KA-POW!
KRAK!
NUT PUNCH!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I AM SO BORED IN THIS COUNTRY THAT I HAVE GONE ALONG WITH THIS.
HEY, DON'T DISS THE U.S., BABY.
I MEAN, JUST TRY AND FIND AN ABANDONED SUPERSOLDIER PROJECT IN BRAZIL.
WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, IT DOES SOUND KIND OF... WEIRD.
ARE YOU GUYS SURE WE SHOULD DO THIS?
JESUS, DAISY. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING WITH YOUR CHICKEN-SHIT CRAP?
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT MY LIFE BLOWS.
MY PARENTS ARE ASSHOLES. I SUCK AT SCHOOL. I HAVE NO FUTURE.
BUT THE GODBOX IS GIVING US A CHANCE TO LIVE THE KIND OF LIVES YOU ONLY SEE IN COMICS AND MOVIES.
WIDESCREEN. HYPER-COLOR.
MY OLD LIFE CAN KISS MY NEW LIFE'S TIGHT LITTLE SPANDEX-CLAD ASS.
NICE. SPOKEN LIKE A WHITE TRASH CAPTAIN AMERICA.
BULLSHIT.
I THINK SHE JUST HIT ON OUR BATTLE CRY.

SOON.
MAN, YOU LOOK LIKE SOME KINDA GAY NAZI VERSION OF THE BOY WONDER.
GO EAT SOME CANNED CORN, GREEN GIANT.
UH...HEY, GUYS.
"EVIL FEARS THE FEARLESS FLAMINGO!"
UM... RIGHT?
DAMN, GIRL, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!
HEY! MENINOS!
"WHO DARES EXPLORE THE MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE?"
LUZ, I JUST WANNA SAY THAT YOU GIVE ME A GIANT-SIZED MAN-THING.
OH FOR CHRISTSAKE...

NUTLEY TOWNSHIP, NEW JERSEY
SERIOUSLY?
THE ARCTIC LAIR
TONIGHT'S SPECIAL :
$1 DRAFTS
THIS CAN'T BE THE RIGHT PLACE.
UNNH... MAN.
YEEEAAAAAH.
IT IS THE RIGHT PLACE.

TRY NOT TO TURN ME INTO A SUPERHUMAN VEGETABLE, MS. U.S. JONES.
RONNIE AND I WENT OVER THIS DIAGRAM A MILLION TIMES. YOU SAW HIS VIDEO. IT WORKS.
NOW SHUT UP, LIE BACK, AND LET ME MAKE YOU INTO THE HULK.
THE HEA--URK.
AHUHHHNNH!
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, BIG GUY?
PTOO.
OH, I GUESS YOU LIKE IT.

I'M NEXT!
LET ME GO FIRST.
WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?
SEE, I TOLD YA YOU DON'T NEED NO DIET, DAISY.
I GOT A TEXT FROM RONNIE!
COOL. IS HE HERE?
HE WANTS TO MEET ME IN THE STOREROOM. WHEN WE FIRST FOUND THIS PLACE THAT'S WHERE WE FIRST...AHEM...
WE..L, ANYWAY, IT'S KIND OF A ROMANTIC SPOT FOR US.
I'LL BE BACK WITH RONNIE AND WE CAN REALLY GET THIS PARTY STARTED.
YEAH. YOU GO HAVE FUN WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND.
OOOHHH!!
I'LL JUST BE HERE, GETTING SUPERPOWERS, I GUESS.

WE'RE IN. BUT WHERE DO WE START?
I CANNOT TELL IF THIS IS GREAT OR HORRIBLE.
OOOH. BIG AND THREATENING. I LOVE IT. CAN I BORROW YOUR SIDEKICK FOR A FEW MINUTES?
URR?
ALTAR BOY'S ASS BELONGS TO SISTER SACRILEGE!
OOOH! YOU GO, SWEETHEART!
WELCOME TO THE ARCTIC LAIR!
IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AND THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR PLOT REVEALS! THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO SIGNED UP.
WHEN I CALL YOUR NAME, PLEASE COME UP AND REVEAL YOUR LATEST NEFARIOUS PLOT.
IT IS LIKE KARAOKE OF EVIL, YES?
FIRST UP...

"DR. DEVIL...
RECENTLY I'VE BEEN STEALING BITS OF MACHINERY FROM WORK.
I'M GOING TO BUILD SOME KIND OF GUN, I THINK, AND CALL IT THE DEVIL RAY.

"CRIME BIKER...
I'VE MAPPED OUT A ROUTE WHERE I CAN RIDE BY PEDESTRIANS, STEAL PURSES, AND DISAPPEAR IN NO TIME!

"BLACK GHOST...
I'M GONNA HANG OUT AT MY EX-WIFE'S HOUSE AND SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF HER AND HER NEW ASSHOLE BOYFRIEND, DOUG.

"DIGITAL DEMON...
I'VE BEEN HACKING ADULT WEBSITES ON THE NET. CAN YOU IMAGINE? PORN--FOR FREE!

"CRIME WAVE...
SO, MOSTLY I'VE BEEN STEALING YACHTS. WELL...YACHT. JUST ONE. BUT I'M GOING TO USE IT TO BE, LIKE, THE MOST FEARED VILLAIN ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"THIEF OF HEARTS...
I'VE MANAGED TO BECOME "SPECIAL FRIENDS" WITH FOUR OLD MILLIONAIRES.
IT'S A LOT OF WORK, SURE, BUT ALL I NEED IS FOR ONE OF THEM TO PUT A RING ON IT. THEN I'LL BE SITTING LIKE ANNA NICOLE, YO.

"THE MUGGER...
NOTHIN' NEW, REALLY. I MEAN, I'M THE MUGGER. IT'S SELF-EXPLANATORY.

"DR. SPY...
I'VE COMPLETED MY X-RAY TELESCOPE! ONCE I FIND AN APARTMENT DIRECTLY IN LINE WITH THE GIRL'S DORM, DR. SPY SHALL BE TRIUMPHANT!

"DR. MORTA..."
PATHETIC.

UTTERLY PATHETIC.
THIS IS WHAT OUR PROUD TRADITION HAS BEEN REDUCED TO--WEEKEND WRONGDOERS?
HOBBY SCOUNDRELS?
REVEAL SOMETHING, MORTAL, OR SHUT THE FUCK UP!
YEAH! YOU NEVER HAVE A FUCKING THING TO REVEAL.
YOU'VE BECOME NO BETTER THAN COMMON, UNCOSTUMED CRIMINALS: SMALL-MINDED, SELFISH, BORING.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVEN'T BEEN UP HERE IN A WHILE. BUT IT'S NOT BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN SCHEMING.
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A PLOT SO BIG AND COMPLEX THAT THE CRIME CABAL ITSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD.
DR. DRACULA, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND--?
THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW YOUR HISTORY REMEMBER THAT, SEVENTY YEARS AGO, THE CRIME CABAL DEVISED A MACHINE THAT WAS ABLE TO TRAP THE DEMONESS, FANTOMAH.
IT WAS RUMORED THAT THIS GODBOX COULD HARNESS HER INHUMAN POWERS AND BESTOW THEM UPON OTHERS. BUT THE BOX HAS BEEN LOST FOR SO LONG SOME BELIEVE IT NEVER EXISTED AT ALL.
BUT THE GODBOX EXISTS. I HAVE IT.

HERE WE GO.
WHAT ABOUT THE PUMPKIN KILLER? THE ASSASSIN WHO CANNOT DIE?
IF YOU HAVE THE BOX, THE BLACK LAMP WILL FIND YOU.
THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY?
FEH. WE HAVE NO REASON TO FEAR THEM, THEIR AGENTS, OR ANYONE ELSE, FOR THAT MATTER.
BECAUSE, FOR A NOMINAL FEE, DR. DRACULA AND I CAN TURN YOU INTO THAT WHICH YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE: *TRUE* SUPERVILLAINS.
RULERS OF THE WORLD.
BUT A VILLAIN NEVER STEALS FROM ANOTHER VILLAIN.
I INTEND TO EARN YOUR MONEY, AND YOUR FAITH.
SO I'VE ARRANGED FOR A SMALL *LIVE* DEMONSTRATION.
GYM

TONIGHT ROCKS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT SUPERPOWERS AND I'M GONNA FUCK YOU ON THE SAME NIGHT!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ME FUCKING YOU?
BUT...I THOUGHT--
WHY'D YOU RUSH ME OUT OF THE ROOM, THEN?
BECAUSE, YOU ASS, YOUR FRIEND SAM WANTED VERY MUCH TO BE ALONE WITH DAISY.
WAIT, WHAT?
YOU HAVE NOT NOTICED? HE HAS LIKED DAISY FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
BUT, OF COURSE, SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN LOVE WITH RONNIE, SO SHE DID NOT SEE IT.
BUT, NOW THAT RONNIE HAS LYNN, AND SAM LOOKS VERY SEXY, HE HAS HIS CHANCE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS STUFF?
BECAUSE I ACTUALLY PAY ATTENTION.
FAIR ENOUGH. BUT WHAT DOES THAT BIG SOAP OPERA HAVE TO DO WITH YOU FUCKING ME?

I CAN'T HAVE SEX WITH YOU, SILLY BOY. I ACTUALLY *LIKE* YOU.
WHAT? YOU DON'T LIKE ME. YOU HATE ME. I'M DIRT.
NOW LET'S GET NAKED!
HMM. I WONDER HOW STRONG WE REALLY ARE.
I DUNNO. STRONG ENOUGH. MAYBE A BLOWJOB, AT ...LEAST?
SUCH A ROMANTIC. NOW, LET US LIFT.
YEAH, TWO-FIFTY IS NO PROBLEM. EAT THAT, ARNIE.
I WILL PUT MORE ON.
HUNF. HOW MUCH IS THAT? THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE...HNF... LIMIT.
WESLEY, IT IS FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY POUNDS!
NOT EXACTLY *SUPER*-HUMAN, BUT ENOUGH TO K.O. SOME MAFIA DUDES--
WHAT THE--?!

AIIEE!
UHHNN.
GHHKK.
AHHH!
WHUU... WHO THE FUCK...?

YES, MY FRIENDS, YOU ARE WITNESSING A GENUINE SUPERHUMAN BATTLE.
THE TEST SUBJECTS ARE TEEN LOSERS FOOLED INTO BELIEVING THEY ACCIDENTALLY FOUND AN ABANDONED SUPERSOLDIER LAB.
THE MORE SKILLED COMBATANT...
THAT'S OUR VERY OWN PUMPKIN-HEADED ASSASSIN.
AW N--
"AFTER ALL, WHY NOT CELEBRATE OUR NEWFOUND SUPERIORITY BY TAKING BACK FROM OUR ENEMIES...
"AND ELIMINATING SOME COSTUMED DO-GOODERS FOR TRADITION'S SAKE!"
THAT SLATTERNLY FANTOMAH MIMIC IS TOAST, SO ONLY TWO LITTLE TEEN SUPERHEROES REMAIN.
NOW, WHO AMONG YOU WOULD LIKE TO VISIT THE SITE OF OUR REBIRTH?

SO IT DOESN'T HURT?
NAW. IT FEELS WEIRD, LIKE A JOLT OR LIKE AN ORGASM.
OH... HA.
DON'T BE AFRAID, DAISY. THE HEAP IS HERE TO PROTECT YOU.
SAM!
SHIT, I'M SORRY.
NO, IT'S FINE.
I JUST... THERE'S THE RONNIE THING AND...WELL... AH...

"MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST SEE WHERE WES AND LIZ WENT, OKAY?"
POR FAVOR...POR FAVOR...
LIZ
YOU SHOULDN'T SPEAK. PROBABLY NICKED YOUR TONGUE, SO YOU SOUND EVEN DUMBER THAN USUAL.
OH NO... NO...
IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH MORE DANGEROUS A BLADE IS WHEN YOU'RE STRONGER THAN ANYONE ON THE PLANET. WENT THROUGH YOUR FACE LIKE IT WAS AIR.
IT WORKED PRETTY WELL ON BLACK FURY YESTERDAY, TOO. THAT'S ROB CARPENTER, FOR YOU NON-VILLAIN TYPES.
ROB, WES--?
AND NIGHTMARE, TOO. ALL DEAD "SIDEKICKS."
WHY? WHY?!
BECAUSE

I'M THE BAD GUY.
LYNN!
SPLUTCH
THE ARCTIC LAIR.
I'M SORRY, ALAN. I THINK IT'S TOO LATE.
THE ASSHOLE SAID THERE WERE ONLY A COUPLE LEFT.
GOD. SHOULD WE JUST CALL THE POLICE?
NO. NO POLICE.
V_AD AND I WILL GET THE SURVIVORS OUT ALIVE.
AND THEN I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE DR. MORTAL AND HIS LITTLE CRIME CABAL DIE UGLY.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
WE'RE CALLING IT KIND OF EARLY TONIGHT, HUH?
YEAH. AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO DESTROY YOU AGAIN IN BILLIARDS, I REALLY SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME WITH LISA.
SHE'S RAZZING YOU ALREADY? SHE HASN'T EVEN *HAD* THE BABY YET.
NO. IT'S NOT THAT. JUST--WELL, I THINK SHE THINKS THAT I SPEND A SUSPICIOUS AMOUNT OF TIME WITH YOU. Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
KRRRSH
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
CHRIS! SOMEONE'S LEAVING THROUGH YOUR WINDOW!
SHIT! LISA!!
LISA! YOU OKAY, BABY?
TO BE CONTINUED!

WINNER — BEST COMIC BOOK, 2010 FANTASY HORROR AWARDS

HACK/SLASH

#32

$3.50

8 82142 00076 2
03212

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER!*

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM!*

SUPER SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER! pt 3 of 3

Written by TIM SEELEY

Art by DANIEL LEISTER

Colors by MARK ENGLERT

Letters by CRANK!

Produced by SAM WELLS

Edits by JAMES LOWDER

Cover A by TIM SEELEY and RACHELLE ROSENBERG

Cover B by FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:

www.devilsdue.net

HACK/SLASH: The Series VOLUME 1 ISSUE #32 for MARCH, 2010. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 2954 N. Kedzie Ave. #1, Chicago, IL 60618. HACK/SLASH all associated characters and their respective likenesses are ™ and © 2010 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. 1 mean, look at those guys, do they LOOK like real people?™ No portion of this comic book may be reproduced by any means, digital or print, without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact adsales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

ALBION, NEW JERSEY
"HEY, DAISY. IS STUFF GONNA BE WEIRD BETWEEN US NOW?"
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SAM?
I DUNNO. JUST... YOU KNOW, I WANTED YOU AND, WELL ..
NOT ONLY ARE WE FRIENDS, WE'RE SUPERHERO TEAMMATES NOW. SO, UH, ANY KIND OF WEIRDNESS BETWEEN US COULD BE EXPLOITED BY OUR ARCHENEMIES AND STUFF.
HOW ABOUT WE FOCUS ON FINDING LUZ AND WES?
C'MON. YOU REALLY THINK THEY'RE LOST?
THEY'RE YOUNG, SUPER-POWERED, AND WEARING TIGHT OUTFITS.
"THEY'RE SAFE SOMEWHERE, RIPPIN OFF EACH OTHER'S SPANDEX.

FLAMINGO...
YES, HEAD?
I.. I FOUND WES AND LUZ.
LUZ! ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?
DAISY WAIT.
IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? CUZ IT'S NOT FU--
OH
THEY'RE DEAD. THEY'RE--
DAISY!

MOVE!
UNGH!
YOU OKAY?
AW, NO! SHIT. I'M SORRY..
WHAT'S WRONG, SAM? DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH?
THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THAT. SEE
I KNOW MINE REALLY WELL

DR. MORTIMS "BADDIE" BUS...
THE MAGICAL MISERY TOUR.
ON THE ROAD FROM NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY.
SHEEZ. I CAN'T BELIEVE I AGREED TO THIS.
I MEAN, YOU EVER HEAR WHAT FANTOMAH COULD DO?
APPARENTLY SHE ONCE TURNED A GUY INTO A NEANDERTHAL, THEN FED HIM TO A PRIDE OF LIONS.
AND THAT DOESN'T SCARE YOU?
HONEY, I'M ALL ABOUT IT.
WE HAVE ARRIVED. THE SOURCE OF GODLIKE POWER LOOMS CLOSE!
BUT FIRST, I'D LIKE TO ADD A LITTLE TWIST TO THE PLOT.
AFTER ALL, TREACHERY AND BETRAYAL ARE IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF A TRUE VILLAIN'S ORIGIN..

"WE HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY FUCKED OVER BY ONE OF OUR OWN--A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER WHO STRAYED FROM THE PATH OF THE UNRIGHTEOUS AND FORMED AN ALLIANCE WITH HER OWN ARCHENEMY.
"WE ARE DEALING WITH HER APPROPRIATELY. YOU SEE, THE TRAITOR HAS FRIENDS, FAMILY, A LOVING HUSBAND.
"THOSE GIVE HER SOMETHING A VILLAIN SHOULD NEVER POSSESS.
"A WEAKNESS. WEAKNESSES ARE FOR THE HEROES."
"THE TRAITOR SOUGHT TO TRICK US BUT A MIND AS REFINED AND DEVIOUS AS MY OWN CANNOT BE FOOLED.
ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE TURNED HER SCHEME INTO A TREAT FOR YOU ALL.
I WILL AWARD ONE FREE TREATMENT IN THE GODBOX.
"TO WHOEVER KILLS THE IMPOSTERS IN OUR MIDST.
DEATH TO SISTER SACRILEGE AND ALTAR BOY!

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM?
C'MON, SHE WAS JUST ATTACKED! CAN WE SAVE THIS FOR LATER?
NO, NO. IT'S OKAY. I'M FINE.
HE WAS MEDIUM BUILD... STOCKY. I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE. HE HAD A SOUTHERN ACCENT, I THINK.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE TOOK? WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR?
"NO DEA. I WALKED IN ON HIM IN THE KITCHEN. HE HIT ME IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD. THEN ONE OF THE DOGS CHASED HIM OUT."
Loyal Pooch will find you, human-who-has-hurt-Pooch's-mistress.

I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
LET ME KNOW IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT'S MISSING.
SURE. THANKS, MAGGIE.
CHRIS, CAN I TALK TO YOU A SECOND?
I AM SO SORRY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE. I SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE. OUR BABY--
PLEASE SHUT UP
I DIDN'T RUN INTO THE GUY IN THE KITCHEN.
I WALKED IN ON HIM IN THE BASEMENT.
THE OFFICE.
RIGHT. THIS WASN'T A RANDOM BREAK-IN.
THIS GUY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.
HE WENT STRAIGHT TO THE OFFICE...
"AND HE COPIED ALL THE HACK/SLASH, INC. FILES."
Whiiinnn...

KRAAK
THE SOUND IT MAKES WHEN YOU'VE GOT SUPER-STRENGTH AND YOU PUNCH ANOTHER SUPERHUMAN-- GOD, DON'T YOU JUST LOVE IT?
:SNIFF:
W-WHO ARE YOU?
JESUS. ALWAYS THE SAME QUESTION. I DIDN'T REALIZE THE DOWNSIDE OF WEARING A MASK. IT'S ANNOYING.
DAISY!
RUN!!
FATHOOM

SHYAGH
KRAAK
HUNNGH!
SWAK
YEAH, THAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT SUPER-STRENGTH.
NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOUR MUSCLES ARE, YOUR HANDS ARE STILL MEAT AND BONE
WHIFFING WITH A PUNCH IS LIKE THROWING YOUR FIST AT A BRICK WALL AT FIFTY MILES AN HOUR
MESSY
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I HAD THE SAME RESTRICTION?
YOU GOT YOUR STRENGTH FROM THE GODBOX, YEAH?
WELL, WE'RE EVEN THEN. WE CAN DO THIS ALL DAY.
SAM, YOU FUCKING IDIOT
WE SET THE GODBOX SO THAT "THE ALTERNATIVES" COULD ONLY ACCESS ONE SUPERPOWER

WHKRAK
EEEEIGH!
...LET'S SEE HOW THOSE OLD MEN LIKE YOU WITH NO NOSE BITCH.
WE MUST SAVE THE TEENS. RUN TO THE BUILDING WE WILL SPLIT UP THERE.
ONE OF US DRAWS THESE GEEKS. THE OTHER FINDS THE KIDS.
DEAL.
AND IF WE DON'T MAKE IT?
IT HAS BEEN GOOD BEING YOUR SIDEKICK.
SO ON, YOU COWARDS GET SOME BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS.
BEEP BEEP
REPORT!
ANOTHER ONE DOWN. ZAPPY HANDS ROCK.
BIO-ELECTRIC MANIPULATION, MY DEAR PUMPKIN KILLER. YOU MAY HAVE TWO UNWELCOME VISITORS SHORTLY. THE "VILLAINS" I BUSSED IN ARE PRACTICALLY USELESS.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT
DADDY.

STUPID, STUPID FUCKING IDEA.
ANGGGGH.
STUPID
GYM
THE STOREROOM? RONNIE AND LYNN WERE GOING TO--
MAYBE THEY'RE STILL--
RONNIE...?
STORAGE
OH GOD. RONNIE.
OH NO. NOT YOU, TOO!
WHY?
WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS TO US?
STORAGE
BECAUSE WE CAN. BECAUSE I CAN

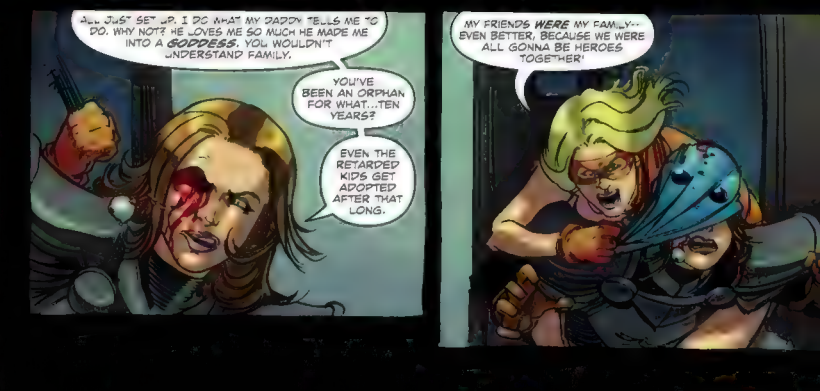
SO YOU'RE IT FOR THE ALTERNATIVES.
THE LAST HERO STANDING.
I'LL ADMIT, I PRETTY MUCH FIGURED YOU'D DIE FIRST.
THE FEARLESS FLAMINGO
HA HA. YOU KNOW RONNIE PICKED THAT NAME FOR YOU BECAUSE IT'S IRONIC, RIGHT? YOU? FEARLESS?
OH NO NO NO
YOU'RE AFRAID OF EVERYTHING CHRIST, YOU WERE TOO AFRAID TO EVEN USE THE GODBOX.
AND NOW HERE YOU ARE, POWERLESS IN FRONT OF ME. THE STRONGEST FUCKING WOMAN ON THE PLANET
BUT THAT'S NOT THE SADDEST PART
THE MOST PATHETIC THING IS THAT YOU WERE TOO CHICKENSHIT TO TELL RONNIE YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH HIM.
AND BECAUSE OF THAT, YOU LEFT HIM WIDE OPEN TO BE PLAYED LIKE A LITTLE BITCH BY THE NEW GIRL, WHO ALSO HAPPENED TO BE A SINISTER SUPERVILLAINESS--
STOP
KRAK
EEEEE!

YOU ARE DEFINITELY NOT SAMHAIN.
KRAK
AGGHGH!!
C'MON. SHOW ME SOME BLOOD!
I WANNA SEE YOUR--
KRAKOOM
OW. FUCKING BITCH. YOU GOT LUCKY. APPARENTLY THE GODBOX DOESN'T THINK INVULNERABILITY SHOULD COVER EYEBALLS.
YOU MUST BE ALAN KNIGHT'S LITTLE SPY.
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND, DAISY. I'M GONNA CUT THIS BITCH INTO SPAGHETTI.

JUST BECAUSE WE CLOSED UP FOR THE NIGHT DOESN'T MEAN THIS PLACE CAN'T SEE SOME ACTION.
DR. MORTAL TENDS TO FROWN ON THIS KIND OF THING, BUT I FIGURE IT'S ONLY FAIR SINCE HE GETS TO BE AT THE LAB.
BASTARD!
NOW, NOW. IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO A LOYAL CUSTOMER? JUST CONSIDER THIS AN EXTRA SESSION, ON THE HOUSE.
STAY PUT. I'M GOING TO GRAB MY CAMERA. .
YOU ARE IN FOR A HELL OF A SHOW, HUBBY!
KUHNK
ALAN, IS THAT YOU?
YEAH, IT'S ME.

ALL THESE YEARS WORRYING IF I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN ON THE LEGACY...
AND I LET A KID DO MY JOB.
DON'T WORRY, CASSIE AND VLAD WILL MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
HE WENT THIS WAY!
HURR.
HURR.
HURR.
WHERE TO GO NOW?

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, DAISY. WAIT YOUR TURN.
whap
YOU... YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS, LYNN.
YOU KILLED THE NICEST BOY I'VE EVER MET.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND.


ALL JUST SET UP. I DO WHAT MY DADDY TELLS ME TO DO. WHY NOT? HE LOVES ME SO MUCH HE MADE ME INTO A GODDESS. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND FAMILY.
YOU'VE BEEN AN ORPHAN FOR WHAT...TEN YEARS?
EVEN THE RETARDED KIDS GET ADOPTED AFTER THAT LONG.
MY FRIENDS WERE MY FAMILY... EVEN BETTER, BECAUSE WE WERE ALL GONNA BE HEROES TOGETHER!

UGK!
YEAH, WELL, NOW YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER MASKED DOPE THAT NO ONE CARED ABOUT UNTIL YOU WERE DEAD.
AND NOW DR. MORTAL AND HIS DEADLY DAUGHTER CAN GO ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF TAKING OVER THE WORLD, JUST AS OUR FOREFATHERS INTENDED.
SHUNK
WHO NEEDS KRYPTONITE, ASSHOLE?

GRRAH!
ENOUGH. IT'S CLEAR NONE OF YOU WILL WIN THIS CONTEST, AND TIME GROWS SHORT.
SHIT, MORTAL, GET THIS BIG--
WAIT A MINUTE.
IS THAT THE GODBOX?
THE GODBOX!
DO NOT TOUCH THAT!!
BLAM
chak
OH CRAP..

THE BOX IS IMPORTANT TO YOU.
ESPECIALLY THIS PART.
GOOP.
FRAK
HURR. MAYBE NOT GOOD.
FANTOMAH IS FREE ONCE AGAIN.
NO LONGER SHALL MEN STEA- MY POWERS FOR THEIR OWN.
WHO AMONG YOU HAS EVIL IN HIS HEART?
SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ALL THAT.
FANTOMAH...
WE-- WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS...

FANTOMAH KNOWS THE FIENDS FROM THE RIGHTEOUS.
MY RAGE HAS BEEN IMPRISONED FOR TOO LONG.
EVIL MEN REMOVED ME FROM MY HOME AND PREVENTED ME FROM PROTECTING THE JUNGLE.
YEEAARSGH!
NOW ALL THOSE WHO KNOW EVIL SHALL FEEL MY WRATH.
WHAT HAVE I BET PREFF?
GOD SAVE ME. PLEASE!
YOU. YOU ORCHESTRATED THIS. YOU REVERE THE EVIL MEN WHO IMPRISONED ME.

YOUR MASK MEANS NOTHING TO FANTOMAH. TO ME, YOUR SIN IS YOUR TRUE FACE. TO ME, ALL YOUR PLOTS ARE REVEALED.
YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF BETTER THAN THOSE AROUND YOU.
I AM BETTER. NO ONE LISTENS TO KURT LOMBARDI. BUT THEY'LL LISTEN TO DR. MORTAL.
AND MY DAUGHTER WILL GET A CHANCE TO BE SOMEONE.
YOUR CHILD IS NO MORE.
...LYNN? NO....
FOR ALL YOUR TALK, YOU HAVE A WEAKNESS, TOO.
A DAUGHTER YOU LOVE AT THE EXPENSE OF THE REST OF HUMANITY.
YOU WILL BE REUNITED WITH HER IN HELL.
SO SAYS FANTOMAH, MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE.
VLAD!!
CASSANDRA?
WHO ELSE DARES FACE FANTOMAH?
VLAD! THE VILLAINS?
JRR... GONE.
GOOD. THIS CHICK IS GONNA BE DEAD QUICK UNLESS WE GET SOME HELP.
THE VILLAINS ARE... DEAD.
FANTOMAH.

FANTOMAH? IS SHE THE BITCH GODDESS EVERYONE SAYS SHE IS?
SHE... URRR...
I AM FANTOMAH.
WAIT. SHE--
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN DO ALL THE SHIT PEOPLE SAY YOU CAN, LADY...
BUT I'VE GOT A DYING KID WHO COULD USE A MIRACLE RIGHT NOW.
WHO ARE YOU TO ASK A FAVOR OF ONE SUCH AS FANTOMAH?
LOOK HERE, FAY WRAY. IF IT WASN'T FOR US, YOU'D STILL BE POWERADE TO A BUNCH OF UNDERWEAR-PIRATES; SO IF YOU CAN HELP THIS KID, YOU'D BETTER FUCKING DO IT.
CASSANDRA...
THERE IS GREAT DARKNESS IN YOUR SOUL, CASANDRA HACK. PERHAPS EVEN EVIL...
BUT YOUR HATE REMAINS DELICATELY BALANCED BY YOUR DESIRE TO PROTECT THE WEAK AND INNOCENT.
SKOFF! SKOFF! WHUUU?

IT IS A CONFLICT FANTOMAH UNDERSTANDS.
COOL. UM... THANKS?
SHIT. IT'S FANTOMAH!
AND THE SKANK THAT TOOK MY FUCKING NOSE. KILL HER!
BEGONE.
OH FUCK ME.
THIS IS THE WOMAN YOU BOSSED AROUND.
I SHALL RETURN TO MY JUNGLE...
JEEZ. WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE RAIN FOREST.
WHERE MY RAGE WILL BE CHANNELED INTO ITS DEFENSE.
I MAY NEVER SLEEP AGAIN.
WE JUST WANTED TO BE SOMETHING GREAT.
SHE IS THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE?
YEAH...
THE REAL WORLD IS NO PLACE FOR TEEN SUPERHEROES.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
ELF & SAM
CASSIE. WE JUST GOT YOUR MESSAGES. VENUS SAID YOUR CALLS WERE URGENT.
NO. IT'S NOTHING.
I'M...I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE STILL A GOOD GUY.
AND, PLEASE, CALL ME AVA.
EVERYTHING'S OKAY?
YES. I THINK SO, VENUS.
GOOD.

LATER.
ST. JOSEPH'S REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER.
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.
SHE ALL RIGHT?
SI. IT SEEMS ALL THE DAMAGE IS FIXED. AT LEAST THE DAMAGE WE CAN SEE.
CASSIE, FORGIVE ME. I SENT YOU INTO DANGER AS A SACRIFICE, ALL THE WHILE HOPING THAT ALAN--
HEY, STOP. YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO DO. FAMILY COMES FIRST.
YEAH, WELL, ANJELICA AND I WERE TALKING, AND--
WE THINK YOU SHOULD STAY HERE. VLAD, TOO. YOU WON'T NEED TO RUN ANY MORE. ALAN, MY HUSBAND, AND I--WE WILL BE YOUR FAMILY.
"I...
"LOOK, THERE'S A FORMER SUPER-SIDEKICK IN THAT ROOM WHO NEEDS AN OFFER LIKE THAT RIGHT ABOUT NOW. SHE DID ALL THIS SO SHE COULD BE A PART OF SOMETHING GOOD."
I'D HELP HER OUT, MAYBE EVEN STICK AROUND.
BUT I'VE ALREADY GOT A SIDEKICK-- AND PLACES TO BE.
FANTOMAH HAS HER JUNGLE. I HAVE MINE.
THE END.